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[redacted]





Fac-simile of a Letter of M. G. Lewis to his Mother:

Wednesday

My dear Mother,

The Papers will have already informed
~~[illegible]~~ your affec[illegible] Son

M G Lewis





THE

LIFE

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MONK," "CASTLE SPECTRE," &c.

WITH MANY

PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

"Hail, wonder-working Lewis!"

BYRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

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MEMOIRS

OF

M. G. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

Oatlands—Lord Erskine—Inverary Castle—Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan—Duke of Bedford—Lady Anne Hamilton—Perplexities with servants—General Whitelocke.

AMONG the visiters at Oatlands, during the period to which Lewis alludes in the foregoing letters, were Lord Erskine, and the witty and accomplished Lady Anne Cullen Smith, with both of whom he was on terms of intimacy and friendship; and one evening, after dinner, these three amused themselves in writing what is not inaptly called "thread paper rhymes." It was commenced by the following impromptu of Lord Erskine, on returning Lewis's pencil:

"Your pencil I send you, with thanks for the loan;
Yet writing for fame now and then,
My wants I must still be content to bemoan,
Unless I could borrow—your *pen*!"

His lordship having indulged in a not very complimentary comparison at the expense of the ladies, was thus answered by Lewis:

"Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Says, wives are tin canisters tied to one's tail;
While fair Lady Anne, as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
Yet wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's useful, and polish'd, and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the *puppy* to whom it is tied!"

To which Lord Erskine immediately rejoined:

"When smitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
If marriage should not be your lot,
A ball from a pistol will end your despair—
It's safer than *canister-shot!*"

The subject of the canister was not suffered to drop, but in the course of the evening, produced the following. The "thing of shreds and patches," from which we copy it, hardly permits us to give it correctly.

"Ah! happy dog, too blest were I
With the fair canister I loved,
Whose prattling music spoke the tie
Of gentle guidance, as we roved.



Un-*canister'd* through this world's strife,
On its rough way I growling jog,
Proving myself (upon my life!)
A very stupid, idle dog.

How would it cheer life's pilgrim hours,
The sounds of tin or *tongue* to hear!
As joyful, 'mid life's sweetest flowers,
Fidelio would his treasure bear;
Perceiving he this rule aright,
From which no honest dog would stray,
That the fair canister, *still bright*,
Must prove his own *well-chosen way*.

Then, surly hound, or puppy vain,
Deem not a canister's a log;
Winning such prize—*ah! prize the chain!*
And think yourself—a lucky dog.
For in Pandora's box of ill
The smiling *hope* yet lingering there,
Assurance sweet to man was still,
That *canisters* should banish care."

We are unable to determine correctly the precise year in which the two following letters were written. The first epistle is from Inverary Castle, endited during one of Lewis's periodical visits to that hospitable mansion, where the





indeed, so gentle, that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving trouble (he says), it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that, when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says, 'Oh! pray don't get dinner on purpose for me; I'll take a dish of tea instead:' and he declares himself certain, that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant, with great gentleness and composure, 'Pray, William, is there any water in the house?'—'No, madam; but I can soon get some.'—'Oh! dear, no; it does not signify; I dare say the fire will go out of itself!'

Many thanks to you for your care about my dog. I have heard of the safe arrival of the puppies at their several destinations; and am assured that both are reckoned beautiful. Jessy begs to be remembered to Fatty, and says that she would write, only she hurt her right paw the other day, running after a roebuck; and besides, truly, what with one thing and the other, she has so much to do.

"Edward Bligh, whom I mentioned to you, is a brother of Lord Darnley's: he is gone away;



and I make no doubt is totally ignorant whether he has ever had a great-grandmother or not. I like him very much, but he is not an intimate friend of mine. However, his sister is married to Charles Stuart, one of my greatest friends, and when I return to London, I shall endeavour to establish a relationship with her, through the medium of your genealogy.

"Since the duke's return (which took place about a month ago), every nook of the castle has been occupied by visiters of all ranks, colours, and descriptions. Among the most distinguished have been Lord and Lady Holland, the Marquises of Ely and Downshire, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. With the two latter I am perfectly charmed. The duke was always a favourite of mine: he is remarkably good-humoured and well-bred, with the pleasantest smile possible; and when he got at ease (for he is uncommonly shy), his conversation is enlivened by a number of well-selected anecdotes, which he tells with peculiar point and neatness. The duchess is very pretty, lively, good-humoured, and obliging; but when she went away she did something so *very* good-tempered, that it quite won my heart. She had brought with her a novel, called 'Corinne,' of which she had read only the two first volumes. I

wished to read it; she left me these first volumes; but when the Duke of Argyle's horses returned from conveying her the first stage, she sent me by the groom the *third* volume, though she had not read it herself, for the leaves were still uncut. Mrs. Sheridan says, 'that this was a piece of good-nature which she could not have prevailed on herself to show to the person she loves best in the world.'

"Send me some theatrical news. Has Miss L— been acting during the summer? Is she likely to get any business at Drury Lane? Is there any talk of doing either 'Adelgitha,' or the 'Wood Demon?' Are any new pieces in rehearsal? How is your health?

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"I am told my father has been at Worthing."

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

"I passed four days at the Duke of Bedford's very pleasantly, and was much pressed to stay longer; which I like on first visits, as it at least proves that I am not thought to have stayed too long already. The house, grounds, and mode of living are all in a style of magnificence truly



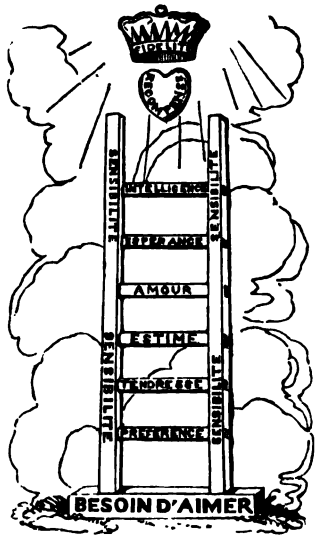
princely. We have turtle, venison, burgundy, and champagne, in profusion every day; and as an instance of the ordinary splendour, I shall tell you, as peculiar to Woburn, that at breakfast every person had a silver teapot appropriated to his own use. The party in the house was very large, and most of them, not merely people whom I like, but whom I am very intimate with; among others, Lord and Lady Holland, and the Duke of Argyle. On Sunday last I came to Lady Charlotte Campbell's, in Buckinghamshire. This is a villa in a different style from Woburn Abbey, but nothing can be more beautiful in its kind. It is a long, low, white house, all over verandahs, and rustic colonnades, and covered with fruit and flowers in profusion. For myself, I inhabit a small cottage, about a stone's throw from the house, consisting of only three rooms, opening into a flower-garden, and so quiet and pleasant that one would think it had been built with a view to my living in it.

"I have heard twice from young William Sewell, who is coming home, and in both his letters he begged to be remembered to you. I have ordered my music to be left for you in Gerrard-street.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis."

During this visit to the Land o' Cakes, Lewis wrote the following bagatelle, at the request of Lady Anne Hamilton, with whom he had become on terms of intimacy. It is probable, from the drawing with which the poet has embellished his effusion (from the original of which, by the kindness of a lady, its present possessor, we give the copy), that the honour of the invention of the ladder—since so common among the nick-nackery of the *boudoir table*—may be attributed to his eccentric fancy.





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

You bid me, lady, use my art,
To show what steps will reach your heart;
But sure it far exceeds my strength
To mark the road to such a treasure,
Who has not of your *foot* the length,
Can never hope your *heart* to measure.
But *you* command: the muse obeys,
And thus the rhyming babbler says.
Besoin d'aimer (whence oft arises
Love's first success) implies with me,
That soft susceptibility
Felt by each heart, which justly prizes
The power to bless, and blest to be.
Yet should you think those words would show
More than you'd rather men should know,
Put in their stead, "Indiff'rence." *Best*
By a blank space 'twill be exprest.

But tho' awhile Indifference reigns,
Her powers at length are forced to fly:
Something, you scarce know what, obtains
Your *preference*. You scarce know why

You watch the object thus preferr'd,
And singled from the vulgar herd.
You find upon approaching nearer,
Each seeming merit, brighter, clearer.
Each seeming fault grows less and less;
And manners sweet and talents pleasing,
Hourly the infant flame increasing,
Your *preference* becomes *tendresse!*

The heart with goodness overflowing,
The mind illumed by wisdom's beam,
Her temper kind, and bosom glowing
With generous warmth, produce *estime;*
And in our bosom, when we find
Esteem and tenderness combined,
Love can't be very far behind;
In fact, with half an eye you'll see,
Amour fills up the next degree.

But Love's a flame which soon expires,
Unless its ardour you maintain;
And, therefore, if you like your swain,
Let *Espérance* still feed his fires.
And as when on some stormy day,
Friends who their visits ride to pay,
Wet through, to drive the cold away
Ask for a dram, and servants speed for't;
While bidding in their glasses flow
Rich cherry-bounce or bright noyeau,
We take a social sip or so
Ourselves, though we've just then no need for't,—



So, when your cordial heart you ope,
  In pity to some love-lorn elf,
And bid him take some drops of hope,
  You'll take a little sip yourself.
Your love and you thus *bottle friends*,
The event is clear—the struggle ends,
And prudish tremours lose their force:
  For when you once have got your hand in,
  So far, a mutual understanding
Soon follows, as a thing of course.

Need I proceed? No more is wanted:
  You give your heart with all your soul;
But mind! that *recompense* once granted,
  Fidélité should crown the whole.
Your sister Susan* says, I know,
You ne'er should *recompense* bestow,
  Until *fidélité* is certain;
Which sage remark but serves to show,
  She never was behind the curtain.
She (like some heroine, to whom romance
  Emblazons on its folio pages),
Would have, forsooth, her lover dance
  Attendance for some dozen ages.
Showing his faith can long endure,
At length she weds him. Ah! sure,
His faith must then be *quite* secure,
His heart quite fixed, his love quite pure,
Quite warm, quite fond, quite—Heaven knows what!
Thus men should be, but thus they're *not*.

* The present Dowager Countess of Dunmore.

No, ladies! while we strive to please ye,
And win your still untasted love,
Our constancy's a thing quite easy,
And man in faith exceeds the dove:
But when he gains the point in view
(Tho' e'er to own our shame may grieve me),
And has no motive to be true,
Save that he *ought*—ah! Lady Sue!
"Then comes the tug of war," believe me!
I fear you'll lay some blame on me,
As wanting fancy, when you find
I've written *sensibility*
On both my ladder's shafts; to mind
This repetition was design'd,
To show 'tis needful there should be
On *both* sides, *sensibility*.

Some girls, who think (these steps while counting),
Their hearts would be too long in mounting;
And youths, who fear to lose their time,
And take long strides when hearts they climb,
Will sometimes skip one step, and move
From tenderness at once to *love*.
But she for whom I write, to none
(At least, too wise my judgment deems her)
Will e'er give recompense, but one
Whom *she* esteems, and who esteems her.

Lewis, as might naturally be expected from his general character, was an extremely kind and indulgent master, and became, in consequence, frequently subjected to whimsical annoyances. The following letter gives a humorous account of some of these:

"Barnes, Sunday.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"You will be surprised to hear of the confusion in my household. When I arrived at Barnes, I found *both* the servants gone to town, the house locked up, and (for fear my haste should betray their excursion), the devils had taken the key with them, and the locks were so good, that the blacksmith tried to pick them in vain. But what angered me most was, that poor Jessy had been locked up in the cold for above thirty hours. They had put food by her, to be sure; but if she eat it (as was natural) all in the first hour, she must have fasted for the last twenty-nine. You are also to understand, that they have both—but separately—played me this trick before. I then assured them, the first who committed this fault again, should go, as an example to the other: so they thought they should nick me, by both being in fault at the same time; but, on the contrary, *I* nicked *them*,

and told them, they should both march off together. The case was so flagrant, that when I said this to Cartier, he could find nothing to answer but—'*Ma foi, monsieur, il faut l'avoir nous le méritons bien.*' However, tears and compassion 'for the weaker vessel,' have made me accept Mrs. Betty's solemn *oath* (for nothing less would I hear of), that she never will commit this fault again; but as Cartier has no excuse on earth, he must go positively; therefore, pray make some inquiries for another man-servant for me—the wages, thirty guineas—board-wages, fourteen shillings, and a guinea—*when travelling*—only. He must be able to shave and keep accounts, not mind living always in the country, nor walking a good deal, nor sitting up late. These are the only material points, besides the common ones of honesty, sobriety, &c. Send no letters after three o'clock on Wednesday. Poor Jessy seems quite humbled and low-spirited by her late involuntary retirement from society.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"Betty is very anxious, that Mrs. Blake should not know her misconduct; for she says, 'she is the only friend she has in the world.' I have pro-



mised not to 'peach: therefore, mention nothing about it to the people of Foley-place."

"My dear Mother,

"I am getting well, though slowly; I hope to be in town about Monday se'nnight, but not sooner. My new servant is very anxious to please me, if nature had not unluckily denied him the requisites. He is very stupid, and very forgetful; and so awkward, that when he comes into a room, he seems to communicate the principle of life to all the books, and chairs, and cups and saucers—they all tumble about. I gave him a glass jar of magnesia yesterday to put upon a shelf, under which stood a single china basin. In this shelf there was a single hole. He put the jar into the hole, upon which it fell so exactly into the basin, that he broke both. If he wants to put any thing out of his hand immediately, the room appears to be chuck full: there is not a single corner unoccupied, and he turns round, and round, and round, in the most comical embarrassment possible. But if he has one thing to put down, and another to take up, he does *neither*, but performs instead *half* the motion of *each*. This morning I bade him get some water, for there was none in the ewer; so he asked me, whether I wanted to drink or to wash,

as he could get it either in the tumbler or the basin accordingly. He looked quite surprised at my ingenuity, when I assured him, that if he got it in the ewer, I could fill either. I am sure he is the very man who had the cat and kitten, and when he cut a large hole in the door for the *cat* to go through, he cut a little one for the *kitten*. However, he is very humble and attentive, and now I cannot afford such a servant as would exactly suit me.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis."

We cannot allow this period of the memoir to pass, without noticing an event which created a great sensation at the time, and, on account of relationship through marriage, was much felt by Lewis and his family. We allude to the celebrated trial in 1808, of General Whitelocke, the husband of Lewis's paternal aunt; and which, from the painful nature of some of the personal charges, was a source of great distress to every one with whom he was connected. The trial was a very important one, from the great military names that sat upon it, its novel character, and the feeling of the nation at the time.



An idea of the general nature of the charges brought against General Whitelocke will be afforded by the following passage from the introductory speech of the Judge Advocate.

"Sir William Meadows and General Officers of the Court Martial,—Though you are met together on the most important occasion in the military history of this country, that ever called for an inquiry like the present, I shall not detain you long in opening the charges. The subject is too painful for unnecessary details, and the events are too recent and too deeply impressed upon the memory and the feelings of every man, to require that I should take up much of your time in this stage of the proceedings. It is needless to tell you, that the expedition under the command of General Whitelocke, which was considered, in the opinion at least of those who planned it, as more than sufficient in point of force to accomplish its object (the reduction of the province of Buenos Ayres), has totally failed: that it failed with the lamentable loss of a large proportion of the gallant army engaged in it; that it failed not only in accomplishing its object, but that it ended in the absolute surrender of those valuable advantages which the valour of the British troops, under ano-

ther commander, had previously acquired in the important post of Monte Video.

"By this most unfortunate event, all the hopes have been defeated which had been justly and generally entertained of discovering new markets for our manufactures, of giving a wider scope to the spirit and enterprise of our merchants, of opening new sources of treasure, and new fields for exertion, in supplying either the rude wants of countries emerging from barbarism, or the artificial and increasing demands of luxury and refinement in those remote quarters of the globe. Important as those objects must be at all times to this country, the state of Europe, and the attempts which have been daily making to exclude us from our accustomed intercourse with the continent, have added to the importance of those objects, and to the disappointment of those hopes. The disappointment, too, has been cruelly imbittered by the disgrace which such a failure, under all the circumstances, have attached to the British arms. A diminution of our military fame must be ever felt as a great national calamity; but at no period so severely as in this crisis of the world, when our military character is become more essential than ever, not merely for our honour and our glory, but for



the independence, the liberties, the existence of Great Britain."

The following may be considered a summary of the charges having reference to *personal* conduct—as distinguished from those purely military—which the evidence seems to have substantiated.

It appears that General Whitelocke, on the 5th of July, remained stationary at the Corrall—a place described to be about six hundred yards in length, and five hundred and fifty in breadth, from which nothing but the tops of the houses of the town could be seen—from six in the morning till it was dark, with the exception of about half an hour, during which he retired to Mr. White's house, which was about two hundred and fifty yards in the rear; that the firing of cannon and musketry began almost immediately after the troops marched by his orders into the town, at half-past six in the morning; that it continued to be heard at the Corrall with more or less violence during the whole day, or, as one witness states, till four o'clock in the evening; that all communication almost immediately after the commencement of the attack was cut off between General Whitelocke and the columns, who by his order marched into the town; that he sent Lieutenant-colonel Foster into the town to reconnoitre;

I believe I am not quite accurate as to the time, but about ten o'clock; that Lieutenant-colonel Foster met the 6th Dragoon Guards, and a squadron of the 9th Light Dragoons, who had been ordered into the town by Lieutenant-general Whitelocke, and which were forced to retreat with loss. That Lieutenant-colonel Foster reported to Lieutenant-general Whitelocke, about eleven o'clock, that from the tops of some of the highest houses he could distinguish the riflemen firing from the top of a church; that a British flag flew on a building, which he took to be, as it proved to be afterwards, the Residentia, and another flag to the left; that the houses from which Colonel Foster made those observations were not more than a mile from the Corrall; that Lieutenant-general Whitelock sent Lieutenant-colonel Foster several times in the course of the day to make this reconnoissance; that later in the day it grew hazy, and he could only distinguish the flag continuing to fly on the Residentia; that Lieutenant-general Whitelocke sent Major Castles, with only two or three dragoons, to reconnoitre on the left, who returned without success; that about two o'clock he sent Captain Whittingham with an escort of ten mounted dragoons, and thirty infantry; that about four o'clock Captain Whitting-



ham returned with no other escort than the ten mounted dragoons, having left the infantry at the Plaza del Tamos; that he reported the situation of Sir Samuel Achmuty, and Sir Samuel's advice that General Whitelocke should remove his head-quarters to the Plaza; but that he could maintain his post, and desired the general not to hurry himself; that when it was nearly dark, General Whitelocke left the Corrall and went to Mr. White's house, where he passed the night; that when he left the Corrall he was in ignorance of the fate of the light brigade; that he made no personal attempt to communicate with or support the different columns of his army, or any other attempts of any other kind than those already mentioned, except the giving other orders of a similar nature to different officers of his staff to reconnoitre, and let him know what was going on. That he might have changed his station with advantage about the middle of the day; this is proved by the evidence of Major-general Gower, Lieutenant-colonel Bourke, and the adjutant-general. That the whole of the reserve under Lieutenant-general Whitelocke, including those employed in guarding the hospital and prisoners, and including the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the 9th Light Dragoons, were about 1100 men on the

morning of the 5th; that after the casualties which occurred to the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the squadron of the 9th Light Dragoons, the amount of the numbers was 1050 men.

The general was allowed some days to prepare his defence, which, at Lewis's earnest request, was drawn up by his friend Lord Erskine, and read in court by the following individuals:—General Whitelocke read part of the first; which Mr. Sewell finished, and read the next; Mr. Lewis, senior, read the third and fourth; General Whitelocke the fifth; the Hon. Brigadier-general Meade the sixth; and Mr. Sewell the conclusion. It does high credit even to the pen of Erskine himself; and imbodies, with singular felicity, the feelings of a soldier with the acumen of a lawyer. It proceeds thus:

"The disappointment of the hopes I had entertained of the success of an expedition upon which such expectations in every point of view, military, political, and commercial, had been formed, had prepared me to meet a strong and general feeling corresponding to my own, the natural and almost necessary attendant upon public disappointment and misfortune. I had prepared myself, also, to hear the clamours of the disappointed, and stric-

tures upon my conduct from those whose wishes and interest led them to judge from events only, without any adequate means of information. But, feeling conscious that I had zealously and earnestly *endeavoured* to perform my duty, and that, in the ultimate sacrifices which adverse circumstances had induced me to make, I had disregarded all interested considerations, and been actuated only by public motives,—I confess it was with surprise, as well as mortification, that I found on my return that the opinions which had been so industriously propagated, as to my conduct in South America, had, almost without inquiry, been adopted by the highest authorities; that calumnies, the most injurious to my character, had been made the subject of discussion; and that, in the absence of any evidence to support them, or of any individual offering to stand forward as my accuser, proceedings (novel in our military jurisprudence, however they may be sanctioned in other courts) were adopted, for the purpose of considering whether those calumnies were to be still further sanctioned, and made a subject of charge. The conduct of myself and others had been prejudged, and made the subject of intemperate and premature discussion in the daily papers, while I was absent; and I was, without trial, or even inquiry, held up as

an object of public indignation and scorn, and as having disgraced myself and my profession, and the military character of my country. It soon became known that the government had determined that an investigation of my conduct should take place: the editors of the public papers, actuated by a sense of decent propriety and common justice, immediately forbore any further comments. But a subaltern officer, who served in the expedition, thought fit, with a full knowledge of my being under arrest, and therefore, to all purposes of law and justice, upon my trial, to publish a libel upon the conduct of myself and others, for the express purpose of procuring a profit to himself, at the expense of a gross violation of every principle of honour or feeling, and of the laws of the country; endeavouring to keep up and excite the strongest prejudices of the public against me, and, if it were possible, to influence the minds of those who were to be my judges; and a field-officer, of another regiment, has felt no shame in patronising this libel, and distributing it with the greatest industry."

After pursuing the whole details of the charges, as borne out by the evidence, combating them



with great effect in some passages, and throwing out occasional bursts of indignant contempt for various constructions which had been put upon his conduct; General Whitelocke reduced the case to one solely important to him as affecting his honour, rather than his military conduct; brought forward a host of documents, despatches and other public papers, corroborative of the gallantry which had distinguished his military career, and left his case, with apparent confidence, in the hands of his judges.

As many unfounded rumours, respecting the conduct of General Whitelocke, are to this day current in certain circles, it may not be uninteresting to introduce one or two testimonials, which are at singular variance with the generally received character of this unfortunate officer.

"Portsmouth, Dec. 15, 1807.

"My dear General,

"It grieves me more seriously than I can possibly describe, to think that *you* should find it necessary for *me* to give this testimony of your conduct, during the time I had the pleasure of serving under you in St. Domingo; but as it is a thing that you conceive expedient and proper, I

have great satisfaction in openly avowing that your conduct, during the time we served together, was what I always admired, and what I thought showed decision, judgment, and proper firm conduct in the field.

"In saying this, I beg leave to recall to your recollection the acknowledgment which the officers of the 13th regiment, and myself, took the liberty of making, by addressing you in a letter of thanks, expressing every thing which was handsome, and becoming for almost any officer to receive, and their great regret at your leaving St. Domingo.

"Believe me, my dear General,

"Yours, very faithfully and sincerely,

"B. SPENCER."

"Lieutenant-general Whitelocke."

"Port au Prince, June 8, 1794.

"SIR,

"Being favoured with your letter, expressing your thanks for the conduct of the officers who served under your command in St. Domingo,

"We return you our warm and cordial thanks, for the handsome manner in which you have expressed your approbation of our conduct, and with



real esteem and sincerity, beg leave to express our feelings on the present occasion.

"We congratulate you, sir, upon the possession of so valuable a colony with so little loss; and, considering the smallness of the force, the unavoidable sickness of the troops, the number of places to be defended, and the enemies of all kinds to be encountered, we can ascribe our success to your conduct and vigilance alone; and sorry as we are to lose you, we entertain a hope, that your active and zealous services in this country will meet with the reward they merit, and we are convinced will be honoured with his majesty's approbation.

"We have only one more word to add,—that, as we have already served with unanimity and confidence of success hitherto, we trust that hereafter we may meet again, and again succeed under the command of an officer, who carries with him such universal approbation, and so well earned applause.

"I have the honour to be, sir (in the name of the army that served under your command in St. Domingo), your obliged and very humble servant,

"B. SPENCER,
"Lieutenant-colonel."

" Lieutenant-colonel Whitelocke."

SENTENCE ON LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WHITELOCKE.

The court-martial, having duly considered the evidence given in support of the charges against the prisoner Lieutenant-general Whitelocke, his defence, and the evidence he has adduced, are of opinion, that he is GUILTY of the whole of the said charges, with the exception of that part of the second charge, which relates to the orders that the columns should be unloaded, and that no firing should be permitted on any account.

The court are anxious that it should be distinctly understood that they attach no censure whatever to the precautions taken to prevent unnecessary firing during the advance of the troops to the proposed points of attack, and do therefore acquit Lieutenant-general Whitelocke of that part of the said charge. The court adjudges, *That the said Lieutenant-general Whitelocke be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever.*

" General Orders, Horse Guards, 1808.

" The king has been pleased to confirm the above sentence; and his royal highness the commander-in-chief has received his majesty's com-



mands, to direct that it shall be read at the head of every regiment in his service, and inserted in all regimental order-books, with a view of its becoming a lasting memorial of the fatal consequences to which officers expose themselves, who, in the discharge of the important duties confided to them, are deficient in that zeal, judgment, and personal exertion, which their sovereign, and their country, have a right to expect from officers intrusted with high commands.

" To his majesty, who has ever taken a lively interest in the welfare, the honour, and reputation of his troops, the recent failure in South America has proved a subject of the most heartfelt regret; but it has been a great consolation to him, and his majesty has commanded it to be intimated to the army, that, after the most minute investigation, his majesty finds ample cause for gratification, in the intrepidity and good conduct displayed by his troops, lately employed on that service, and particularly by those divisions of the army which were personally engaged with the enemy in the town of Buenos Ayres, on the 5th of July, 1807; and his majesty entertains no doubt that, had the exertions of his troops in South America been directed by the same skill and energy which have so eminently distinguished his commanders in

other quarters of the world, the result of the campaign would have proved equally glorious to themselves, and beneficial to their country.

"By command of his Royal Highness, the Commander-in-chief,

"HARRY CALVERT."

"Major-general, and Adjutant-general of the Forces."



CHAPTER II.

"Rugantino"—"Adelgitha"—"Romantic Tales"—"Feudal Tyrants"—"Tales of Wonder"—"Ancient Ballads"—"Venoni"—"Bluebeard"—"Timour the Tartar"—"Wood Demon."

THE romance of "The Bravo of Venice" having fallen into the hands of Harris, the manager of Covent-garden Theatre, it struck him that the incidents were such as might be introduced with good effect upon the stage. Accordingly, at his suggestion, Lewis threw them into dramatic form, under the title of "Rugantino." The piece was produced the following year; and as the plot was one exactly suited to Lewis's taste, abounding in stirring incident, mystery, and romance, he displayed his usual tact in giving them the most effective arrangement. The character of Rosabella, "the doge's lovely niece," was originally intended for Mrs. Henry Johnston, but on account of that lady's indisposition, it was kindly undertaken by Mrs. Colman, then known as Mrs.

Gibbs. Johnston himself succeeded in looking superlatively ferocious as the dreaded bravo, and was also acknowledged to be irresistible as the "handsome Florentine,"—delighting the author and audience, all through the piece, by his rapid transformations of character. Mrs. Mattocks, long a favourite on the stage, personified the coquettish gouvernante, "Camilla," admirably, and elicited a long and loud burst of applause, by her half-arch, half-tender appeal, "If the *bud* be more delicate, has the rose *full blown* no charms?" Besides the exertions of popular performers, Harris spared no expense in splendid scenery and decorations; and "Rugantino" not only made a most triumphant *début*, but continued long after to be popular as an acting piece.

The plaudits, however, which it received, Lewis himself justly and modestly admitted to be due, in a great measure, to the German novelist from whose work the piece was taken, and who bestowed upon the plot that interest to which the drama was chiefly indebted for its popularity.

The following year he produced, with equal success, the tragedy of "Adelgitha." It is written in blank verse; and, like "Alfonso," contains numerous passages of great poetical beauty. It met with the most flattering reception, became the



favourite for the rest of the season, and considerably increased the dramatic fame of its author. But for all this, it did not escape being assailed, on the old ground of immorality. Lewis has certainly put a very objectionable sentiment into the mouth of one of his characters:—

"'Tis in man's power never to sin at all;
But, sinning once, to stop exceeds his power."

This is something like the "moral" of "The Monk," and calculated rather to exculpate wickedness, than to exemplify the easy descent from vice to infamy. It is also highly indicative of the distorted judgment which the author so often displayed in matters of a similar nature.

But with this solitary, and, some may think, trivial exception, it is difficult to perceive any real foundation for further blame. The piece is called "Adelgitha; or, the Fruits of a Single Error;"—a single error is therefore assumed to have been committed, the consequences of which are certainly direful enough; for it must be admitted that, if Lewis was fond of painting errors, he was by no means sparing of their punishment.—We are told of Adelgitha, that,

" When on her cheek sixteen had hardly shed
The bright reflection of its roseate wings;
While yet she knew not guile, but thought mankind
Pure as her heart (for *then* her heart *was* pure);
A wounded youth beneath her father's roof
Found kind protection. Long she nursed him,
Pitied, and soothed: and when she saw him suffer,
The fond thing wept herself.—He was a *villain!*"

In spite of her frailty, Adelgitha's principles and conduct are afterwards unexceptionable. She becomes the wife of Guiscard, Prince of Apulia; and her son, Lothair, whom she had represented to her husband as a foundling, that had early been the object of her care and solicitude, enters the prince's service, and, by his valour and virtues, rises to considerable dignity and command. At this period, Michael Ducas, the Emperor of Byzantium, having been driven from his throne by his rebellious subjects, finds an asylum at Guiscard's court, who, moreover, employs his forces in the cause of the exiled monarch. Lothair, as yet ignorant of his origin, falls in love with Imma, the emperor's daughter, and the young princess returns his passion. Meanwhile, Guiscard at the head of his forces has nearly reduced Byzantium to obedience; and in his absence, his ungrateful guest,



having conceived a guilty passion for Adelgitha, employs a Persian slave to assassinate her husband. The slave is intercepted, and a letter found on his person, which criminates Michael, falls into the hands of Adelgitha, who upbraids the emperor with his perfidy and ingratitude. He seeks not to deny it, but confesses, like Shakspeare's "Richard"—

> "'Twas I who kill'd king Edward,
> But 'twas those heavenly eyes which set me on."

Adelgitha rejects his passion with becoming disdain; and, soon after, Guiscard and young Lothair return to Apulia. Meanwhile Adelgitha's early indiscretion becomes known to Michael, who signifies the only terms on which he proposes to conceal it from her husband. Either alternative is dreadful; and the tumult of conflicting passions with which she is agitated—her love for her lord—the detestation of her admirer, and the continued dread lest her secret should be discovered—are admirably depicted. At length she resolves to acquaint Guiscard with the whole, and trust to his love, and her spotless conduct as a wife, for pardon and forgiveness. She accordingly relates the circumstances of her own story as having oc-

curred to one of her female attendants, in order to ascertain his feelings before she makes the dreaded disclosure. Guiscard replies,

" Best love!
Thy story both affects and pains. Oh! spare me
Thy tale of sorrows, which admit no cure.
Her doom is fixed; no power can now recall it;
Honour, like life, once lost, is lost for ever!
And she who rashly leaps its fatal bounds,
Like the sad ghost who floats o'er Lethe's billows,
Goes to return no more!"

Adelgitha still earnestly pleads for the supposed delinquent, and informs him, that she fondly loves one of his own followers; to which he again replies—

" Ha!—No! thou canst not mean it!
Thou canst not *wish* I should exert that power
To place pollution in his arms, and bind
With Hymen's sacred bands a wanton's temples.
The damsel loves?—Ne'er let her hope to know
Those best of earthly blessings, fair renown,
Respect, and love of those, whose love's an honour;
Be those bright gems to deck *her* brow reserved,
That virgin bride, chaste spouse, and blameless parent,
Whose husband counts his wife Heaven's choicest gift,
And son ne'er blush'd to hear his mother mentioned.
She loves, thou say'st—*dares* love a man of honour?
Were she his wife——



ADELGITHA.

[Hastily, and with great emotion.] She is!

GUISCARD.

What!—Holds my court
One man so dead to shame, so blind with passion,
He with a wanton shares his name?

* * * *

ADELGITHA.

[Extremely agitated.]—Yet one word—one question:
Say, 'twere *thy* case, wouldst thou refuse all pardon,
All trust—all love—should some most dear relation—
Thy friend of youth—thy much-loved sister—

GUISCARD.

[Violently.] *Mine!*
Proceed not!—Mine!—my sister!—mine!—Oh! gods!
Were I so cursed, and owned I such a shame,
And were my heart so base as still to love her,
I'd tear that heart out!

ADELGITHA.

Guiscard!

GUISCARD.

Let her fly!
(Fly where she might, she'd bear her worst foe with her,
The sense of shame deserved!) Far let her fly
From all the world, but most of all from *me*."

This interview is admirably contrived: the earnest appeals of Adelgitha—the defeat of her intended

disclosure—and her subsequent mortification and despair, are painted in the happiest manner. The plot continues to advance in interest; increased by the arts of Adelgitha's tormentor, who, surprising the son and mother together, accuses him to the prince of having meditated his dishonour; and Adelgitha, to avoid the discovery of her former shame, is forced to confirm the assertion, and become the involuntary agent of her son's disgrace and ruin.

The news of Lothair's treachery now reaches the ears of Imma, and her surprise and anguish at the supposed falsehood of her lover, together with Adelgitha's remorse at being the cause of his unmerited sufferings, continues to add to the interest of the piece; and affords an excellent opportunity for the author to colour his scenes with those wild descriptions of female passion, which, in all his works, he seems to have delighted to portray.

The catastrophe, like that of many of Lewis's other plays, is tragic and violent. Imma, notwithstanding her belief of Lothair's treachery, assists him to escape, and conducts him for concealment to a cavern, in which, at that hour, Adelgitha meets the emperor, and prays him to restore the fatal letters, and to save her from



shame. This he refuses, and, in an agony of despair, she threatens to stab herself. He laughs at the threat, and informs her—

> "—— 'Mid yon rocks, e'en now the vessel waits
> Destined to waft thee hence."

She kneels, and implores him to spare her, but he is implacable; then suddenly, in a tumult of passion and terror, she seizes the dagger, and, starting up, stabs him.

MICHAEL.

> "'Tis to my heart!—Oh! rage!—What, hoa! Dercetus!
> Fly to my aid—and seize—I faint!—Oh, murderess!"
> [He staggers back some paces, and falls senseless on the earth.]

Lothair approaches from another part of the cavern, and finds the emperor murdered, and Adelgitha in a state of frenzy and despair. Imma, after a short period, enters, and gives way to the wildest grief for her father's death; while, to add to the general confusion, the guards arrive, and make Lothair, a second time, prisoner. In addition to former charges, Lothair is accused of having slain the emperor. Imma's grief for her father is mingled with horror on discovering that her lover is the murderer; while Adelgitha's agony at know-

ing that she is the cause of all, gives the most painful interest to the scene. Lothair is about to be led to execution, but the feelings of a mother can now be no longer suppressed; and there follows a wild and passionate scene, in which Adelgitha confesses her guilt. This is succeeded by the surprise and agony of her husband, who, at first, resolves to cast her off, but after a few violent struggles between principle and feeling, he yields to the latter, and bursting out with a gust of returning fondness, forgives her. Adelgitha's next speech is startling:—

ADELGITHA.

"I'm happy! Guiscard, Guiscard! thus I thank thee [embracing him],
And next *reward* thee thus!"—[stabs herself.]

Such is the plot of Adelgitha, from which it will be seen that while endeavouring to delineate the consequences of a "single error," the author has fallen into several of his own. The scenes, generally, contain more that is painful than pleasing, particularly the catastrophe, which leaves the mind impressed with a disposition rather to censure than to praise. The death of the emperor by a woman's hand, could never have been a pleasing spectacle, nor is her suicide, in the last scene, much calculated to enhance the interest of the drama.

It also abounds with much extravagance of expression, which could hardly have been effective even when uttered by such actors as were then upon the stage; while, in print, the piece appears not only overstrained, but occasionally even ridiculous. The glow of genius, however, which animates other passages, makes some atonement for all those errors of style; and, whatever may be the rank of the play in point of literary merit, many of the charges of immorality which have been applied to it, are certainly unjust. Lewis states that his object in writing it was "to illustrate a particular fact, viz., the difficulty of avoiding the evil consequence of a first false step." In some degree he has done this, and done it too in a manner which—with the exception already pointed out—is not, on the point of morality, open to any reasonable ground of challenge. The tragedy is dedicated to the Duchess of York.

For the next two or three years Lewis abandoned dramatic composition, but he published in the interval his "Feudal Tyrants," "Tales of Terror," and "Romantic Tales." The first of these is a romance in four volumes, taken from the German, written in the light racy manner of a lively and luxuriant imagination. It belongs to that class of writings—so highly popular

about the end of the last century—in which incident succeeds incident with stirring rapidity, arousing the mind by an endless succession of ingenious scenes, in which, although common sense, probability, and even good taste are at continual warfare with the narrative, yet we wander on through every extravagance, pleased for the time, and amused, "we know not why and care not wherefore." The host of worthless novels of this class which load the shelves of every circulating library, has contributed much to bring the whole "common family" into disrepute, and modern taste may be said to have rejected them altogether. But, notwithstanding the deep condemnation of this public "bah!" there are many of the class by no means deserving of the Dunciad's "eternal rest;" and if we would allow them the record of a ruin, "Feudal Tyrants" is one of those that deserve to be preserved. Although taken from the German, it does not contain so many characteristics of that school as some other works which Lewis gave to the public as his own, and may, indeed, be said to be rather an English work copied from the German, than a translation of any portion of German literature.

His "Romantic Tales" and "Tales of Terror" come nearer the favoured character of modern



fiction. Many of them are taken from the German, Spanish, and French, but all are more or less altered from the originals; to some of which, indeed, the author is only indebted for the outline of his plot. The "Romantic Tales" are dedicated to Lady Charlotte Campbell, of whose influence over the heart of the sensitive author we have ventured to speak in another place; and he here addresses her in the following lines:

"While stranger eyes, whene'er her form is seen,
Own her of captive hearts unrivalled queen,—
While stranger ears, catching some passing strain,
The music of her voice through life retain,
Admired by all, with truth she still may boast,
The few who knew her best, admire her most."

These tales are still much read, and many of them are highly deserving of popularity. They contain some good ballads in the old style, a species of poetry in which Lewis excelled. Among these is the well-known ballad of "Bill Jones," which was founded on the following story told the author by his friend Sir Walter Scott.

In spring, 1801, Mr. William C——, Advocate, while travelling to London in the mail coach, had for his companion the person by whom the story was originally told. He was a seafaring man, and

a native of Liverpool, but had been lately settled at Hamburgh, whence he had been driven by the threatened rupture betwixt Britain and the Northern Powers. A magpie having appeared by the side of the road, the seaman made some superstitious observations, exactly to the purpose of the first verses.

"Now, well-a-day!" the sailor said,
"Some danger must impend;
Three ravens sit in yonder glade,
And harm will happen, I'm sore afraid,
Ere we reach our journey's end."

"And what have the ravens with *us* to do?
Does their sight then bode us evil?"
"Why, to find *one* raven is lucky, it's true,
But it's certain misfortune to light on *two*,
And meeting with *three* is the devil!

"I've known full threescore years go by,
And only twice before
I've seen three ravens near me fly,
And twice good cause to wish had I
That I ne'er might see them more.

"The first time I was wreck'd at sea;
The second time by fire
I lost my wife and children three,
That selfsame night; and woe is me
That I did not then expire!



"Still do I hear their screams for aid,
Which to give was past man's power:
I saw in earth their coffins laid,—
Well! my heart of marble must be made,
Since it did not break that hour!"

The second ill-omened conjunction of three of those birds was, I believe, however, only a fall from a horse. This led to the story here called "Bill Jones," which the seaman, who had been mate aboard the vessel in which it happened, told under the evident feelings of the strongest conviction. He mentioned the date of the event, the name of the vessel and its owner, with those of the captain and murdered man, and gave so circumstantial a detail, as to leave no doubt on the mind of the hearers that the events, so far as natural, were certainly true, and that the marvellous had been supplied by the superstitious imagination of the sailors. The narrative is literally versified, excepting in the following particulars. The captain shot the sailor with a blunderbuss, and had gone indeed down to the cabin to provide himself with that weapon after the quarrel commenced. The man was on the yard-arm when he received the mortal wound, and was handed down by his companions. When he lay dying on the deck,

the dialogue passed between him and his murderer, precisely as in the ballad.

> "At the point of death poor Bill now lies,
> And stains the deck with gore :
> And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,
> ' Captain, alive or dead,' he cries,
> ' I'll never leave you more ! ' "

It may also be mentioned, that the spectre was only affirmed by the mate to be visible to the crew during the night. He had often seen him, he said, himself upon the yard-arm. He had also interfered to prevent the murder, or rather after it was over, for which the captain put him in irons, and he was not released till he had made a submissive apology. The captain communicated, or rather hinted, his resolution of suicide to the narrator, when they were together in the cabin. He said he could not stay—that he must leave the ship—that the spectre, whom *they* saw but occasionally, was constantly before his eyes, and that he could bear it no longer.

At this moment something obliged the mate to go on deck, when he heard a heavy plunge into the sea, and saw the captain floating astern the vessel: the drowning man gave a wild cry, exclaiming, "Bill has me now!"



The sailor left the audience to make their own inference; he himself seemed rather to insinuate that the apparition had some immediate share in the captain's death.

After this strange story was finished, Mr. C—— asked the seaman whether he did not think the captain mad? He paused as if the idea had never before occurred to him, and answered after some deliberation, he did not believe he was, for unless in the frantic fits of passion into which he was thrown by the least opposition, he "*conversationed* well enough."

Lewis has given to the world many exceedingly happy imitations of the quaint old ballad, a style of poetry in which he eminently excelled. It was exactly suited to that wild imagery which he so much delighted to portray; and it is a style which he may be said to be the first modern writer of any note who has attempted to revive, although he has been most successfully followed by Scott, Hogg, Cunningham, and some others. His olden ballads abound with high poetical romance, blended with occasional touches of pathos, and are perfect in the harmony of their versification. In his earlier years he was in the frequent habit of writing them and sending them to magazines; but he never failed, eventually, to collect and introduce

them into volumes. The first collection which he made of these was his "Tales of Wonder," published in 1801, which, besides his own pieces, contains "The Eve of St. John," "Glenfinlas," and other ballads by Sir Walter Scott, as well as some of Leyden's, and others. Beside this, Lewis borrowed freely from all sources, ancient and modern, to fill up the book; and some one wrote in a morning paper, at the time,

> "The 'Monk' has published 'Tales of Wonder:'
> The public calls them Tales of Plunder."

But, notwithstanding its piebald claims to popularity, the work was much neglected, although many of the ballads it contains met with a better reception when brought before the public at subsequent periods. Some of these are translations from the German; others are successful imitations of the old Scottish ballad; and, as we might expect from such a writer, they are all, more or less, embued with *diablerie*. Of this the following passage in "Alonzo the Brave," first published in "The Monk," but also forming part of this collection, affords a horrible specimen:



" At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene!"

Bothwell's "Bonny Jane" is a fine Scottish ballad, and an exquisite imitation of those metrical romances which used to be sung in the halls of the nobles of the north. Here he has introduced his three pet characters—a demon, a damsel, and a monk. The latter is made to ask,

"If at thy castle-gate, daughter,
At night thy love so true
Should with a courser wait, daughter,
What, daughter, wouldst thou do?"

To which "Bonny Jane" replies,

"With noiseless steps the stairs I'd press,
Unclose the gate, and mount with glee;
And ever, as I sped, would bless
The Abbot of Blantyre Priorie."

The Monk takes a fancy to the lady himself, and, personating the lover, appears at the appointed hour, and bears her away on his "berrie-brown steede." But after riding some time, the maiden discovers not only who her companion is, but also what his intentions are; and, we are told,

"The damsel shriek'd, and would have fled,
When, lo! his poniard press'd her throat;
'One cry, and 'tis your last!' he said,
And bore her fainting to the boat.

The moon shone bright, the winds were chain'd,
The boatman swiftly plied the oar;
But e'er the river midst was gain'd,
The tempest-fiend was heard to roar.

Rain fell in sheets, high swell'd the Clyde,
Blue flamed the lightning's blasting brand:
'Oh, lighten the boat!' the boatman cried,
'Or hope no more to reach the strand!

E'en now we stand on danger's brink—
E'en now the boat half filled I see;
Oh, lighten it soon, or else we sink,—
Oh! lighten it of your gay ladye!'

With shrieks the maid his counsel hears,
But vain are now *her* prayers and cries,
'Who cared not for her father's tears,
Who cared not for her father's sighs.'



Fear conquer'd love. In wild despair,
The abbot viewed the watery grave,
Then seized his victim's golden hair,
And plunged her in the foaming wave.

She screams! she sinks! 'Row, boatmen! row!
The bark is light,' the abbot cries;
'Row, boatmen! row to land.' When, lo!
Gigantic grew the boatman's size.

With burning steel his temples bound
Throbb'd quick and high with fiery pangs;
He roll'd his bloodshot eyeballs round,
And furious gnash'd his iron fangs.

His hands two gore-fed scorpions grasp'd,
His eye fell joy and spite express'd:
'Thy cup is full!' he said, and clasp'd
The abbot to his burning breast!

With hideous yell down sinks the boat,
And straight the warring winds subside;
Moon silver clouds through ether float,
And gently murmuring flows the Clyde."

"The Cat King," "Fire King," and "Cloud King," are in a style of well-sustained romance; and in spite of every absurdity that forces itself upon the judgment in perusing them, such is the

fervour of the author's imagination, that the mind continues powerfully and agreeably enchained, the interest is suspended, and the fancy pleased. "The Fire King" is a fine heroic ballad, and perhaps the most perfect of the three. One of its best passages is that in which the warrior unwittingly slays his mistress.

"The war-cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward, the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low
Before the cross'd shield to his steel saddle-bow;
And scarce had he bent to the red cross his head,
'*Bonne grâce notre dame!*' he unwillingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire King.



He clench'd his set teeth and his gauntleted hand,
He stretch'd with one buffet that page on the strand,
As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd,
You might see the blue eyes and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood."

"The Gay Gold Ring" is another happy effort in this style of ballad poetry; the subject is chosen with great skill and admirably handled. Of the same character is "The Grim White Woman," "The Erl King's Daughter," "King Hacho's Song," and many others, which, blending as they do the wildest imagery with the softest pathos, possess in an eminent degree the power to fascinate and arouse. The line between the wonderful and the absurd is often approached, but never overstepped, and the images which these little poetical romances cause to pass across the mind are too vivid and delightful to permit us to pause for the purpose of considering the absence of probability, or to inquire into errors of literary taste. We willingly give up the reins of reason into the poet's hands, and amply does he repay us by the pleasurable emotions he creates. This, we apprehend,

is the first object of poetry, and the poet who attains it may laugh at the strictures of those who, judging of genius by the dogmas of the schools, give laws to taste, and apply the rule and the compass to emotions of the mind. It is certainly a matter of regret that Lewis so soon deserted these ballads, in which he had such an ample field for the exercise of his peculiar talents, to employ them on the claptrap of tawdry dramas, which, whatever reputation they may have given him at the time, are by no means calculated to confer upon him a lasting reputation. To these, however, we must now return.

Soon after the publication of his "Romantic Tales," Lewis brought another tragedy on the stage, called "Venoni; or, the Novice of Saint Mark's." In this drama, which is taken from the French play "*Les Victimes Cloitrées*," Lewis introduced a scenic arrangement, at that time a novelty on the English stage, though since, in one or two more modern instances, successfully adopted and improved upon. This was a representation of a double scene in the last act, by means of a partition passing up the centre of the stage, leaving the parties in each visible to the audience, but supposed to be unaware of their mutual proximity.

Previous to the representation, many doubts had



been expressed in the grand council behind the scenes, as to the probable result; in which doubts Lewis himself acknowledged that he participated. The scene represented two captives, the lady and her lover, confined in separate cells, when the gallant Venoni (Mr. Elliston), overhearing the plaintive tones of his fair neighbour, on listening, and recognising the voice of his Josepha, resolves upon her rescue; and accordingly commences thumping and battering the party wall, at the evident risk of knocking out her brains in the majestic person of Mrs. Siddons; and, although that talented lady assured the audience that it was "*he, her* Venoni," they very bluntly gave her to understand that he should not be *theirs;* for, just as the gentleman was giving his mistress a *striking* proof of his affection, by hurling a lump of mortar at her head, the disapprobation became so loud and so general, that the wall and the drop-curtain came down together.

Great was the consternation—numerous the shakes of wise heads behind the scenes. "Upon my soul, Lewis, this won't do!" was the *nem. con.* of the cabinet. "All was going off so well till it came to the confounded bricks! But don't you think now, if the last scene could be altered—"

"Call a rehearsal to-morrow morning," said Lewis, "and I'll see what can be done."

"New piece to-morrow at one, ladies and gentlemen," was the apathetic cry of the matter-of-fact call-boy; and Lewis left the theatre immediately.

"Dear Matthew, what a pity!" exclaimed his wondering mother on his return home. "I could not hear a word of that sweet speech of Josepha's about the expiring lamp: what *could* make the people so angry?"

"Order pen and ink, and strong coffee immediately," said Mat; "and pray all of you go to bed, and desire Cartier on no account to disturb me till I ring."

"But, Matthew, you say you have to be at the theatre to-morrow morning—really, you are killing yourself!"—"Now! now! my dear mother, don't oppose me; 'tis all *prepared*, only to be put to paper; for I am resolved, when I go to-morrow, to give them an entire new act."

And on that night an entire new act was written: no patch-work, not the old wall painted, or newly plastered, but an entirely new edifice arose like the castle of Alladin, the structure of a single night. Managers and actors were astonished, new

characters were given out next morning for study, and fixed for representation on that day week. Good humour was thus restored behind and before the scenes, and "Venoni" proceeded in a triumphant career of eighteen representations, when a stop was put to it by the burning down of Drury-lane Theatre.

In February, 1811, the proprietors of Drury Lane produced the celebrated dramatic romance of "Bluebeard," in which "real horses," for the first time, made their appearance on the stage of a royal house, and having met with the greatest success, it was succeeded at Covent Garden, in the following May, by Lewis's splendid "spectacle" of "Timour the Tartar." These two novelties may be said to have formed the commencement of a new era in the history of the drama, and one more unpropitious to its best interests, its annals cannot afford. The attractions of the ampitheatre were no sooner introduced, than they were run after with avidity. We are told, that in "Bluebeard,"* "sixteen most beautiful horses, mounted by *Spahis*, suddenly appeared before the spectators, and were received with immense applause; their various and incessant action produced a delightful

* Life of Kemble, vol. ii., p. 543.

effect upon the eye, and when they were afterwards seen ascending the heights with inconceivable velocity, the audience were in raptures as at the achievement of a wonder." Subsequently, however, they seemed still more astonished at the sagacity or recollection of the noble animals before them: in the charge, some of the horses appeared to be wounded, and, with admirable imitation, fainted gradually away. One of them, who in his anguish had thrown off his rider, and was dying on the field, on hearing the report of a pistol, sprung suddenly upon his feet, as if to join or enjoy the battle; but his ardour not being seconded by strength, he fell again as if totally exhausted. It is hardly necessary to say more upon the subject, than that this splendid novelty was completely successful, and showed to the proprietors that means, however irregular, might still be found to compensate in some degree the losses they had sustained. "Bluebeard" and "Timour" were rapidly succeeded by other, but much inferior productions of a similar nature: a cry for novelty was thus created, and gratified by an endless succession of tawdry spectacles, until at last the charm of the poet's influence may be said to have fallen into less favour, than that of the artist who decorates his scenes. Horses, lions, and tigers are now es-

teemed the worthy successors of Garrick, Kemble, and Kean; processions of dirty tinsel are thought more attractive than the creations of the greatest genius that ever ministered to the stage; and if a modern dramatist could only manage to introduce a stage-coach, a live bull, or any other absurdity, into his piece, it would secure it a better reception from managers, and attract more gaping crowds to witness it, than if he produced a play worthy of the pen of Shakspeare himself. We have fallen upon the "evil days" of the drama; which seems with a suicidical hand, to be accelerating its own destruction. If a new state of things does not speedily intervene, the stage will gradually descend to its earliest insignificance, become once more peopled with puppets, and instead of affording amusement to the intelligent and refined, serve only as a raree-show for children, or a gazing-stock for fools.

But the sin of Lewis's share in this novelty does not entirely rest with him; for "Timour" was written at the earnest request of Harris, who was anxious to have a spectacle in which horses might be introduced. Lewis, indeed, had great doubts of the success of these new performers, and constructed the drama in such a manner, that, by substituting a combat on foot for one on horseback,

the cavalry might be omitted without injury to the plot; and the piece was actually represented in the country at the time with the above alterations, and with considerable applause.

Mrs. Henry Johnston played the part of *Zorilda*, and was the first actress that ever *rode* the boards of Covent Garden. She performed the part to admiration, and was loudly greeted by the audience as she made her appearance, dressed as an Amazon, mounted on a courser richly caparisoned, and attended by four African boys, in golden chains, and holding fans of painted feathers. Two of the boys then prostrated themselves, the others threw a canopy over them, and the courser having knelt, *Zorilda* stepped upon the slaves and dismounted. The horses then having paid their homage to Timour, withdrew.

The mutual understanding at present existing in Drury Lane, between Mr. Van Amburgh and his formidable associates, may, perhaps, render the following anecdote, as related by Lewis, worthy of being mentioned: — It seems that during the rehearsal, one of the horses chose to make a sudden halt, at a very critical period of the scene, and on repeated trials refused to pass a certain point; which alarming pertinacity threatened most materially the interests of the piece. In fact, it was



clear that the talented Hounhouym had forgot his part, and that he required the aid of *his* prompter, whose method of reminding his charge was by leading him quietly to the spot where he had faltered, and, after steadfastly fixing his eye upon him for the space of about a minute, suddenly exclaiming in a terrible voice, and with the most horrible contortions of face, 'Ha! what!—will you *dare*—will you *dare?*' till the poor animal was in a perfect tremour. 'I don't think he'll do it again,' observed the experienced trainer; 'but I never employ whip or spur; I am of opinion that the voice and eye are a more powerful and certain method.' The horse never afterwards exhibited reluctance to pass the objectionable point.

"Timour the Tartar," although written, according to Lewis's own assertion, as a *vehicle* for the horses, is one that would certainly have *run* without the aid of the noble cattle, and without any danger to the hopes, fears, and all the other usual frail cargo committed to such vehicles; for "Timour," although chiefly spectacle, is by no means deficient in the dramatic requisites so undeniably Lewis's forte; it abounds in matters of contrivance, connivance, concealment, and escape. It met with the most triumphant success; but this, when we consider the effect it produced on

the acting drama of the day, is rather to be regarded as matter of regret; and, we have no doubt, had Lewis himself foreseen the calamitous consequences which were to follow, it is a regret in which he would cordially have participated.

It was during the representation of Timour, that he wrote the following bagatelle one evening in the green-room. It relates, we believe, to a celebrated actress of that day.

"What's in a name?" old Shakspeare cries,
And brings a proof potential
To show that, in mere names, there lies
No difference essential.

But thy fond practice, fair Annette,
The bard's position parries;
Else wherefore is thy fancy set
So strongly on the Harry's?

As husband, Henry J——n first
Chastely thou didst prefer, Ann;
But soon the marriage bands were burst
To fly to Henry C——n.

As Helen fair, but, ah! more frail!
Ere long thou fled'st thy Paris;
And as thy favourite next, we hail
Triumphant Henry H- s.

But soon from him thy ready charms,
By golden trump are summon'd;
Presto! we find thee in the arms
Of happy Henry D—— d.

Not long, I ween, erratic fair
With thy *fourth* Hal thou'lt tarry;
But if a fifth to take thee dare,
There is but one—*old Harry!*

"Timour" was the last original drama which Lewis wrote, but he afterwards altered his "Wood Demon,"—a play of which we have not yet spoken—into an opera, under the title of "One o'Clock," and his "East Indian" into another opera, under that of "Rich and Poor." The subject of the "Wood Demon" is by no means original, and Lewis, long before preparing it for the stage, used frequently to revert to a romance that had struck him as possessing excellent material for dramatic effect. This work is by Pickersgill, and is entitled "The Three Brothers." He appears also to have borrowed from "The Grim White Woman," in his "Tales of Wonder."

The story is, that of a deformed and remarkably ugly fellow, who takes a fancy to a very pretty woman (who happens to have too much taste to encourage his pretensions), and has recourse to the rash ex-

pedient of concluding the terrific, and somewhat hazardous bargain, which usually characterizes such tales, with a certain awkwardly-exacting personage — whom it is needless to name — in the shape of a forest fiend.

The following is the relative passage in the ballad:

* * * *

Till it chanced that one night when the tempest was loud,
And strong gusts of wind rock'd the turrets so proud
As Roland lay sleeping, he heard a voice cry,
" Dear father arise, or your daughter must die."

He awoke, gazed around, looked below, look'd above,
—" Why trembles my Roland? what ails thee, my love?"
—" I dreamt through the skies that I saw a hawk dart,
Pounce a little white pigeon, and tear out its heart.

" Oh! hush thee, my husband, thy vision was vain."
Lord Roland resign'd him to slumber again;
But soon the same voice which had roused him before,
Cried, " Father, arise, or your daughter's no more!"

He woke, gazed around, look'd below, look'd above.
" What fears now, my husband? what ails thee my love?"
" I dreamt that a tigress, with jaws open'd wide,
Had fasten'd her fangs in a little lamb's side."

" Oh! hush thee, my husband, no tigress is here."
Again Roland slept, and again in his ear,
Soft murmur'd the voice, " Oh, be warn'd by your son;
Dear father, arise, for it soon will strike—' one!'



" Your wife for a spell your affections to hold,
To the Grim White Woman, her children hath sold;
E'en now is the fiend at your babe's chamber-door;
Then father, arise, or your daughter's no more!"

From his couch starts Lord Roland, in doubt and dismay,
He seeks for his wife—but his wife is away!
He gazes around, looks below, looks above,
Lo! there sits on his pillow a little white dove!

A mild lambent flame in its eyes seem'd to glow,
More pure was its plumage than still-falling snow,
Except where a scar could be seen on its side,
And three small drops of blood the white feathers had dyed!

" Explain pretty pigeon, what art thou, explain?"
" The soul of thy son, by the white demon slain,
E'en now is the fiend at your babe's chamber-door,
And thrice have I warn'd you, I warn you no more!"

The pigeon then vanish'd, and seizing his sword,
The way to his daughter Lord Roland explored,
Distracted he sped to her chamber full fast;
And the clock it struck —" one," as the threshold he past.

And straight near the hearth, by a caldron's blue light,
He saw the tall form of a female in white;
Ellen wept, to her heart while her baby she press'd,
Whom the spectre approaching, thus fiercely address'd:

—" The Grim White Woman who haunts yon wood,
The Grim White Woman who feasts on blood,
Since now she has numbered twelve months and a day,
Claims the heart of your daughter, and comes for her prey."



This said, she her nails in the child would have fix'd.
Sore struggled the mother, when rushing betwixt,
Roland struck at the fiend with his ready drawn brand,
And glancing aside his blow lopp'd his wife's hand.

Wild laughing, the fiend caught the hand from the floor,
Releasing the babe, kiss'd the wound, drunk the gore,
A little jet ring from the finger then drew,
Thrice shriek'd a loud shriek, and was borne from their view.

Lord Roland, while horror still bristled his hair,
To Ellen now turn'd, but no Ellen was there;
And lo! in her place his surprise to complete,
Lay Janet all cover'd with blood at his feet!

"Yes, traitor, 'tis Janet!" she cried, "at my sight
No more will your heart swell with love and delight,
That little jet ring was the cause of your flame,
And that little jet ring from the Forest Fiend came."
&c. &c.

In July, 1812, "The East Indian" once more appeared on the stage, in the guise of the opera of "Rich and Poor," and this we believe was the last dramatic production, either original or altered, which Lewis ever gave to the public. Nothing can better show the favour with which authors look upon their early efforts, even at a period when in Lewis's own words they might be supposed to have

"More just decision, and less partial thought,"

than the revival of this comedy. A more worthless composition never issued from his pen, and yet it is singular enough that he hardly ever wrote a play which for the time succeeded better. The opera had several recommendations, however, which the comedy had not. The music by Horn was excellent, and some of the songs introduced into the piece — such for instance as "The Banks of Allan Water," already spoken of—are popular to this day. To these, and to the superior acting of Miss Kelly, who played the heroine in a manner that more than realized the author's hopes, the opera in a great measure owed its success. Both of these last-mentioned dramas were produced at the English Opera-house, and we believe they were the only pieces Lewis wrote for that theatre.

CHAPTER III.

Illness and death of the elder Lewis—His character.

We have already observed that Lewis's conjecture—regarding the reconciliation with his father being only a temporary one—was far from being unfounded; and the result proved that his suspicions were just. The influence, which the lady before alluded to continued to possess, was powerful enough to enable her, whenever she felt so inclined, to interrupt any harmony which might exist between his father and himself; and as she well knew the feelings the latter entertained for her, and his undisguised aversion to her society, it is hardly to be wondered at, that she soon exercised this influence to create a second estrangement between the parties. Indeed, from the commencement of this person's intercourse with the family until it ceased with the death of the elder Lewis, his son appears not only to have been deprived of a father's love, but even to have

been an object of his continual resentment. He was banished from his house, and there was not only an absence of social intercourse, but of all community of natural affection; the persecution was stern and unrelenting: cruel, because it was undeserved.

There can be no doubt that the treatment to which Lewis was thus subjected must have much imbittered his youthful years, and it is impossible to contemplate it without feelings of indignation towards that despicable person to whom it entirely owed its origin. Through her he was exposed to a succession of insults and injuries, that would have broken the resolution and subdued the spirit of many, or have induced them to succumb to circumstances, which their better judgment might have told them to condemn. But in Lewis they produced no such result, and the consequence was, that the same hostile course was pursued towards him, with a perseverance that almost amounted to malignity.

It is truly surprising, that a person acting as this lady did, should have continued to maintain her position in society; a position which from her connexions with some of the magnates of the day, was far from being either an obscure or an humble one. Her house was as often filled with titled visiters,

her carriage was as often seen at the doors of the great, and her name was as boldly announced on her entrance to the courtly saloon, as if she had been a perfect pattern of amiability and prudence; affording another instance of how much blackness of heart may be carried under the mantle of those superficial qualities, which so often pass current for virtues in the eyes of the world.

To Lewis's honour, however, it must be recorded, that the estrangement of one parent served only to cause him to maintain the more assiduously his affectionate intercourse with the other. But a change was fast coming over the aspect of his affairs. His father fell into bad health, and the unnatural animosity which he had so long cherished against his son became at length subdued by the influence of bodily suffering, or lessened, perhaps, by the prospect of approaching death.

For some time Lewis had regarded his father's illness without alarm, although he had been unremitting in his inquiries respecting it; and during its continuance he omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to be reinstated in his affection. This, in a great measure through the kind mediation of his sister, Lady Lushington, he was at length happy enough to attain; and the various steps to its accomplishment, the progress of his father's

illness, and the state of his own mind at this trying period, he has well described in the following letters:

"March 31.

"My dear Mother,

* * * *

"My father has been extremely ill ever since November: not actually in danger, but in what the physicians called 'a very precarious state.' However, he is now a little better; and I hope his complaint has taken a favourable turn. I wrote to him on Friday, to request him to see me. My sister said, 'the letter was just what she wished it to be;' so that I suppose it to be one with which he *ought* to be satisfied; yet there was nothing in it, but what I have said to him and written to him twenty times before. Maria told him, that she had a letter for him from me, which she thought would give him pleasure, when his strength would allow him to read it. He said—'Well, wait a little; don't give it me just now.' He has not asked for it; so its fate is still undecided. Maria told him, that his illness had affected me extremely; on which he said (with kindness and interest)—'Ah! he is a foolish boy.' From all this I have some little hope, that his illness must have softened

him a little towards me. At all events, I shall have done all that it was in my power to do.

"When I can ask Taylor again for an opera-box, I will not forget you. My acquaintance with Mrs. —— has been dropped for many years, and did not end agreeably; therefore, if you meet her again, pray do not mention my name to her on any account.

"I send you 'Timour the Tartar.' By the printer's omission of *The Usurper's Bride* in the *advertisement*, there is a piece of fine nonsense.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis."

"My dear Mother,

"I send you an opera-box order for next Saturday; the new ballet is beautiful and will please you much, both from the music and the picturesque grouping of the dancers. Pray, only take *five* persons, and leave word at the door (as before) that another gentleman is to be admitted, as I may want one admission for myself. I have much to say to you, but nothing pleasing except that the account of my father yesterday was rather more favourable. I will call on you either to-morrow, or the first fine morning; for six o'clock is an

hour too late on the one hand, and too early on the other.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"Wednesday."

"The Albany, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I am sorry to say, that your confidence in a reconciliation having taken place is unfounded. My sister told my father on Sunday se'nnight, that she had a letter for him from me, and that it could not but give him pleasure. This was eight whole days ago, and he has never asked for the letter nor mentioned my name. Either the sense of his own illness occupies his mind too much to admit of his thinking of any thing else, and he has forgotten my letter; or else he is waiting till his health shall be restored, in order that in case it shall not be exactly what he has required he may have strength enough to reject any reconciliation. However, I went to Sir W. Farquhar on Sunday evening, and he said that, in my father's state, it was absolutely necessary that he *should* see my letter; that he felt for me, and understood perfectly the hardship of my case; that he would let Monday pass over, as there was, on that day, to be a consultation of physicians, and it was

desirable that it should take place without my father's being exposed to any agitation; but that on Tuesday, he would speak to him himself on the subject of my letter, and would speak not merely as a physician or even a friend, but as a father, to advise him how a father ought to act in his situation.

"That his state is so dangerous, my father has not any idea; perhaps, when he is aware of it, he may feel his heart soften towards me, and his danger may diminish Mrs. R——'s influence over him. I fear that he is very ill indeed. Sir Walter told me that there was no immediate danger, and that nothing fatal had as yet taken place: he might go on in his present state for months; but he said of his ultimate recovery he had very little hope; even should he get over the present illness, he would be subject to a similar one on the first occasion of cold. The complaint is an hectic; of which, they say, few people at his time of life recover. Lushington was with me to-day, and says that Dr. Baillie, yesterday, allowed him to be in danger, and added, that he could see him grow weaker every twenty-four hours; and that, unless some *very* favourable change should take place, he did not think that he would last as many weeks as Sir Walter says months. You may believe that I

am deeply affected by his danger; but yet I feel quite differently, I am persuaded, from what I should have done ten years ago. The *recital* of his sufferings pains me cruelly; but, at least, his alienation from me has spared me the agony of *witnessing* his gradual decay day after day, which I really think would have been insupportable. Thus is every evil still attended with some good. At present, his illness makes me melancholy; his sufferings give me pain; I am sincerely anxious to hear of his being better. But as it is now above nine years since I have had any intercourse with him that carried with it any kindness, his loss will alter none of the habits of my life; I shall have but few remembrances of his affection; I shall not miss his place at the table, nor the morning welcome, nor the affectionate good-night. Often and often, in my early days, when I quite doted upon him, I have thought that my heart would break, if I were ever obliged to attend him on a deathbed. Nine years of constant harshness or indifference, on his part, have now made us strangers to each other; but still I dread so much the thoughts of witnessing his sufferings, that I scarcely know whether, for my *own* happiness, I ought to wish for a reconciliation *now*. To have been on such terms with him while he lived, as would have given

me opportunities of contributing to make him happy, would have been worth any price; but I have done no wrong, and need not his *forgiveness.* In a mercenary view a reconciliation may be desirable for me, but in what other? Good God! to have his affection restored to me, merely that I may instantly lose it again for ever—it seems shocking to me; and the kinder his treatment of me might be *now,* the more bitter will be my regrets at losing him. But he will decide as suits best with his own feelings and pleasure: for me, I must be content with thinking that I have left nothing undone to effect a reconciliation. I assure you, my dear mother, it was a great consolation to me, when I read in your letter your testimony, that I had nothing to blame myself for in my conduct."

* * * *

There is much feeling and beauty in the manner in which the son speaks of the absence of his father's regard. "I shall," says he, "have but few remembrances of his affection. I shall not miss his place at the table, nor the morning welcome, nor the affectionate good-night." No heart was more susceptible of filial love than Lewis's, and none could have felt more acutely the want of a corre-

sponding attachment. Those things which, to many of his years and position in life, would have been thought unworthy even of a passing pang, were to him a source of lasting unhappiness, that often threw a shade of sorrow over the brightest moments of his life. It is true, that in this letter he would almost wish to make it appear that he had become, in some degree, reconciled to the estrangement to which he had been so long subjected; but it is easy to see that it still preyed upon his mind; and even his reluctance to witness his father's sufferings, show how keenly these sufferings must have afflicted him. This will be rendered still more evident by the succeeding letter.

" Thursday.

" My dear Mother,

" I have seen my father, and lose no time in telling it you, but I have seen him in a sad time. He was better yesterday morning: in the evening a visible alteration took place; now there is no likelihood of any favourable change happening again. He only said to me, " God bless you," two or three times. I was ordered not to speak: I made it up in *crying*, as you may well believe. My head aches shockingly. I write to you from Devonshire-place; God bless you my dearest

mother. I have suffered cruelly this morning, and feel that I must suffer still more.

"I think you might as well write a *few words* (but mind, only a *few*, and those not as strong, as I am sure you will feel), to thank Dr. Jackson for this reconciliation. Nothing could be *more kind*, or *more anxious*, than he has been on this occasion, and he is entitled to gratitude from all who feel affection for me. You might send your letter to him to Devonshire-place, if you think proper to write one; but do not enclose it to *me*, nor mention that I did more than say, that to Dr. J.'s good offices I hold myself indebted for my father's blessing.

"Yours,

"M. G. Lewis."

It would seem that the eagerly-coveted blessing was bestowed but just in time; for not long after Matthew had been reconciled to his father, the latter breathed his last. If the elder Lewis had wronged his son during his lifetime, the next epistle will show that he made such amends as were possible in his will.



" Barnes, Tuesday.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

" As you may possibly not have seen your brother William, I may as well tell you, that I received this morning a copy of the will; no bequests (except rings to the three executors, Brownrigg, W. Sewell, and Lushington, of 100*l.* each, and a year's wages to servants) are made except to Mrs. R. and myself. He leaves her 500*l.*, and a release *for her family* for sums lent by him (the sum not mentioned, but avowedly several thousands), and to myself he bequeaths every thing else, *without exception.* My sisters have not so much as a token of remembrance; neither is there in lieu of it any expression of affection for them, nor any recommendation of them or any one else to my care and kindness. Sophia is expressly barred from her claim to the 5000*l.* in the codicil to his will. It is supposed that the same was done in Maria's marriage settlement: in that case, we conceive, that the whole becomes mine, or rather that my estate is relieved from that claim on it. What my circumstances will turn out, I have still no idea; but I confess the *general* terms of my father's bequest to 'his beloved son,' has justified my feelings beyond any sum that he *could* have left me; and if he meant to strengthen

the claims upon me of all who are dear to him, he could not have taken a more effectual mode. You may conceive what inexpressible satisfaction I feel in reflecting, that there was no person about whom I could guess him to *wish* me to feel an interest, whom I did not mention kindly to him during the few days I was suffered to pass under his roof.

" And now, my dear mother, I will give you a commission, that will be perfectly to your taste. Mrs. S—— has formerly not acted by you as she should have done; in consequence, when she was in England, I shunned her; she perceived it, and therefore probably hopes for no favour from me. She is not mentioned in my father's will; her situation is, I believe, most forlorn, and his loss must be a terrible blow to her. Pray write a few lines to her, and tell her from me, that I am aware of my father's affection for her, am sensible how heavily she must feel his loss, and that I hope to find, that he has left me in circumstances that will permit me (without injustice to those who have stronger claims on me), to continue whatever little kindness he may have been in the custom of showing her. You may add, that as soon as my circumstances are ascertained, she shall hear from you again as to what it may be, or may not be, in my power to do for her; and beg her to acknow-

ledge the receipt of your letter. Poor woman! she must be in great affliction at this event. I know not her address, and therefore you had better send your letter to Sir H. Lushington. But pray write without loss of time, to relieve her anxiety. I am not quite well, but yet not ill, and rather in melancholy spirits than in a very agitated frame of mind. God bless you, my dear mother.

"Your truly affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

We have hitherto regarded the elder Lewis in a somewhat unamiable point of view, and the letters of his son relative to him, being those of complaint, must naturally have created in the minds of our readers the most unfavourable impressions of this gentleman's character. Far be it from us to attempt to justify his conduct in the instances alluded to—it were an unworthy and an useless task, and could only serve to render yet more apparent the culpability of the actions we might seek to defend. Yet as this is the only light in which he has been permitted to appear, it is but fair that, before taking leave of him altogether, we notice a few of the less censurable and more general features of his character.

At a very early age he entered the War Office,

and by his great talents, and almost unexampled assiduity, he rose at length to the honourable post of Deputy-Secretary at War; an office which he held for many years, and under several administrations, in a manner no less creditable to himself, than beneficial to the public service. We are not aware when he came into the possession of the West Indian and other property which he ultimately inherited, but, certain it is, that his first rise in the world was entirely the result of his own exertions; and this circumstance, no doubt, much contributed to steel, as it were, his character, and to add a degree of sternness to its natural inflexibility.

He was a man of a tall and commanding person, cold and somewhat stately in his manners, and, even in the relations of husband and father, more likely to be respected than loved. He was far, however, from being destitute of generosity:—to his wife, notwithstanding the severest provocations, he allowed a regular provision; and during all his misunderstandings with his son, although at one time he reduced his income, as appears by Lewis's own letters, it was soon restored, and he continued to allow him a thousand a year. At an earlier period he was equally bountiful to him, and the ultimate bequest of his whole property is no



less indicative of justice and generosity on his part, than corroborative of the purity of the motives which he must have felt had actuated his son.

He was also a liberal friend to others whose claims upon him were more remote, and such as, by many in similar circumstances, would have been disregarded altogether. Slow in forming friendships, he was firm and honourable in maintaining them; but in his animosities, he was unrelenting and unforgiving. No man was ever more respected in his intercourse with the world, both in public and in private life; and if he had not many familiar friends, they were few, indeed, who called themselves his enemies. His failings were great, and so also had been his trials, and of a nature the most calculated to sour his temper, and to shed a baneful influence over his character.

But it is dangerous to sit in judgment on our fellow-men. The springs of the human heart are so hidden, and the motives to action so numerous and varied, that in cases where we cannot commend, it is always better to be silent than to condemn. The individual whom we are considering had many faults, but he was not destitute of certain virtues, and it is not for us to say which of the two predominated in his character. There is

One who judgeth aright, at whose dread tribunal the censurer and the censured shall one day stand together; and whatever *now* may be the measure of a brother's guilt, it still becomes us to think charitably of all men, and ever to bear in mind that, in the same sacred volume which contains the precepts of life, it is also written that there is none perfect—"no, not one!"



CHAPTER IV.

Acts of charity and kindness—Anecdotes—"The White Cottage"—Its mistress and its guests—A pordigal protegé.

THERE is no period of Lewis's life, in which we do not discover a rich vein of feeling running, like the golden ore in the mines of Golconda, through the hidden recesses of his heart. The large fortune which came into his possession on his father's death, made no alteration in his habits or character. He still continued to occupy his cottage at Barnes, and his apartments in the Albany; his mode of life was the same, and the only increase of pleasures which his fortune afforded him, was the means he acquired by it of adding to the happiness of others. He allowed his mother one thousand a year, a sum which he also secured to her on his death; and he was equally beneficent to others in the proportion of their claims upon his bounty. No man could be more charitable and humane; the poor man's appeal never fell

coldly upon his ear, and all his acts of kindness had the merit of being without ostentation.

He was in the habit of falling into deep trains of thought during his walks, and on these occasions any interruption very much disconcerted him. He was well known to all the mendicants frequenting the places which he usually passed, and having found their lengthened expression of thanks nearly as inconvenient and perplexing to him as the appeals themselves, he was in the habit of carrying loose sixpences in his pocket, and when beset by these troublesome applicants, he thrust the douceur upon them, with "No more words!" and hurried on with the most whimsical dread of further molestation.

In one of these solitary wanderings, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and the violence of the rain obliged him to take shelter without ceremony at an open door the moment it was about to be closed. He, however, made his entry good, and was welcomed, though with confused looks, by the inmates, who appeared to be ashamed of their situation. On the floor sat a child eating a potato; by the side of the fireplace was a young woman nursing an infant, while her fingers were busily employed with the needle; in another part of the room, by a table covered with scraps of



paper, sat a young man of a pale and sickly aspect, tying up the blank covers of letters in the form of a book; and as pen and ink always had attractions for Lewis, he inquired if his host was literary. Seeing signs of poverty, he ventured to inquire his employment. The young man modestly replied, "that he had little pretensions to literature, but for want of better employment he wrote tracts and sermons, for which he received about seven shillings a week, which gave them bread."

"Sermons!" exclaimed Lewis in surprise.

"Yes, sir. I once was usher in a clergyman's school, and, observing that his discourses were mixed up with extracts, it struck me that originals would be less likely to be detected; so I offered my humble productions, and now often hear them from the pulpit; but their produce, I fear, only lengthens the line of misery."

"What else could you do?" inquired Lewis, "since theology pays you so badly."

"Could I be employed in a warehouse, or open a small shop," said the poor fellow, "with my pen and industry, I might then be able to earn a livelihood for my family."

"Your disposition deserves encouragement," said Lewis; but the storm being now over, he took his leave with thanks for the shelter, after having

thrown into the lap of the child on the floor the remainder of his mendicant sixpences, the only money which he happened to have with him at the time.

In a few days the sermon-writer received a letter by post, enclosing a bank-note of some amount with the words, "You are well spoken of; continue industrious." The little household was soon broken up, and instead of it a small stationer's shop and circulating library may now be seen in a certain town, where industry and comfort dwell together. Nor did the sermon-writer know who was his benefactor, until one night, some years after, when on one of his business-visits to London, he went to Drury Lane, and in the manager's box, recognised the visiter to his cottage, to whom he owed his happiness.

Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk* Lewis,



waited upon him at the inn, to request the *very* trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time, an unpublished trifle, called "The Hindoo Bride," in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude, at being requested to call for the MS. the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, "The Bride" was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B——. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment: from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the

morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity:

"There now, mother, always that old story,—when I've just brought such good news too;—after I've had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!"

"I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice, "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought—"

The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathizing author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses and despatched a porter to the young actress, with the epistle.

"MADAM,

"I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my 'Hindoo Bride' has behaved most improperly—in



fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene, in which you lately sustained the character of 'The Daughter!' Brides, of all denominations, but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public, and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt.

"Trusting you will permit the enclosed in some measure to discharge the same,

"I remain, Madam,

(With sentiments of respect and admiration),

"Your sincere wellwisher,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"To Miss ——, at Mr. Green's, &c."

Such was the envelope of notes to the amount of fifty pounds, for which the benevolent donor did not await even an acknowledgment, but quitted the place before his messenger returned. Ere many years had passed, by one of those turns in Fortune's wheel, to which the votaries of Thespis are more than the rest of the world liable, the itinerant actress of a country barn became the leading star of a metropolitan theatre, and often met in society, and acknowledged the generosity of Mr. "Monk" Lewis.

Nor were these the only instances of Lewis's eccentric generosity, as many a similar act of spontaneous kindness might be enumerated, were it needed, to prove the active benevolence of his nature.

But we must again refer, in the order of our narrative, to the conduct of the youth, whose ill-requital of his patron's munificence we have previously hinted at. The record of ingratitude is always painful, and we have, therefore, no wish to linger on it; and the few letters which we have selected out of many on the same subject will show the anguish which Lewis felt at the overthrow of the hopes he had formed of his youthful favourite.

Yet though he erred "even seventy times seven," he was not cast off. With what tenacity does the goodness of his patron's heart make him cling to the prodigal! How often was the wanderer welcomed back, and what solicitude is shown by Lewis to convince the youth that his favour is not lost past all recall, if the proper efforts on the part of the offender be only made! And even amid the fiercest storms of his anger, when his just indignation can no longer be suppressed, the sun still breaks from the cloud like the Bow of Promise, betokening pardon and peace!

To put the crowning stroke to the rest of his follies, young K——, in a moment of irritation at some reprimand from his superiors for neglect of duty, threw up his situation in the War Office, and set his patron at defiance. This was too flagrant an act to be borne with; yet though Lewis no longer recognised his unworthy *protegé* as a member of his family, he gave him an allowance, sufficient with honest industry to keep him above want. In death he was not unmindful of this child of his bounty, but revoking what would have given affluence, left him a sufficiency for support. To do more, as he himself expressed it, would have been useless.

The love of parading his good deeds to the

world was certainly not one of Lewis's failings; but since "the evils that men do, live after them," surely the good should not be "interred with their bones;" and if we have touched somewhat too lightly on this trait in his life to do full justice to his benevolence, we content ourselves with the assurance, that it is recorded on a more lasting page in that book which all men shall one day have opened before them. There, among the "Poetry of Heaven," it shall be read when human records have passed away.

"The Albany, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I saw William K—— on Thursday last, probably later than his mother's letter to you, and I believe I parted with him kindly enough to prevent him thinking me angry with him; at least I certainly told him that he might call on me when he pleased, which must preclude all idea of my serious displeasure. However, if you like, you may assure Mrs. H—— that I am not in the least offended with him; to be *particularly pleased* with his conduct I do not see how I *can* be, till he does something to make me so. But the late complaints against him have made no alteration in me towards him, I have already done for him as much

as other claims on me will allow. I know of no further advantage that I can be of to him, except by giving him my *advice* (or rather my *opinion*), and *that* he is welcome to whenever he is in doubt about any thing, and chooses to ask it. But even in *this* respect I can be of very little use to him, not knowing myself how he may best manage to make his income do, and in which probably his mother, or at least Mrs. Ingall, may be able to inform him. At the same time, if I continue to hear nothing but complaints of him, and if he goes on to conduct himself foolishly and childishly, then he will be a source of vexation to me, and, in self-defence, I shall be obliged to say, that as I cannot do him good by my seeing him, there is no reason why I should submit to his giving me pain, and therefore that I had better see no more of him; though *then* I should not part with him in anger, but merely because I would not be tormented without any reason for my being so. At present, I am no longer displeased with him in the least, and I wish you to assure his mother so.

* * * * *

"If William is unhappy from the thought of my being displeased with him, I have given *you* full power to do that idea away; but it appears to me that no idea whatever makes a durable impression

on him. He may be happy if he chooses to be prudent. If he is not so, he must be miserable, and no human being can prevent it.

"I thank you much for your kind letter. I certainly am most anxious to avoid any dispute with you, because I cannot contend with you on equal grounds. When *other people* annoy me, I make no scruple of telling them what I think of their conduct as strongly as I can. If I have truths to produce against them, out they come, however disagreeable they are; the less likely am I to be troubled with a fresh dispute. But with *you*, my dear mother, I am not only obliged to take pains to prove myself in the right, but not to do it by saying things which it would give you pain to hear. I will now only add, that my affection for you is unaltered, and if I express it less than I had used to do, I really must say 'tis yourself who have compelled me to *restrain* its appearance. Pray now let this be the last word ever said on the subject.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis.

"The Albany, Aug 4, 1815.

"My dear Mother,

"I have written to Miles respecting the ad-



dition, and of course it will be made to you next month; in reward for which, I found these letters on my arrival in town, by which you may judge of William K——'s truth even *now*. Show them to him, but do not let me ever hear his name again. Human patience cannot stand such repeated insolence and vexation. Of course I have returned no answer, but word is left at my door that I know nothing about him.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"Pray make W. K—— aware of the unpardonable liberty he took in describing me to his tradesmen as his 'patron,' and his falsehood in making them trust him on that account, especially as I had forbidden his ever mentioning so much as my *name* to any one of them, even as an acquaintance. Let him understand that this last circumstance has greatly increased my anger against him."

"TO WILLIAM K——.

"Barnes, Wednesday.

"I need not tell you that I have been equally surprised and grieved at the accounts which I have lately heard of your conduct. I had previously forbidden your writing to me, in a letter to your

brother ——, and had also expressed myself that I should not answer any that you might send. I now only break my resolution in order to tell you, that if you have any communication to make, it must be made through *my mother,* who will let me know whatever is necessary for me to hear; and you know the goodness of her heart well enough to be *assured* that she is always on the side of penitence and misfortune.

* * * *

"I need not add, that on seeing *your hand-writing,* I did not read your letter. Indeed, all the late accounts I have heard respecting you are such as would totally justify my taking no further notice of you. You have presumed to draw a draft upon me, and that not only without authority, but after the most solemn promises that you would not even mention my name. * *

"What will become of you? Heaven only knows! I have done all I could to serve you; God is my witness! I gave you a good education, I provided you not only with honest bread, but fitting for a gentleman, and if your conduct would have allowed me, I would have endeavoured to get you forward in the world as opportunity might offer.

"It would have rejoiced me, William, to have

seen you turn out a *good and worthy* character, and my disappointment is great and bitter.

"I can now only say, that penitence and good conduct may yet induce me to notice you. But I must *have proofs* before I can interfere further in your concerns; and after all that has been done for you and said to you, I fear that nothing *but* adversity will correct you. But till you can give me such proofs (which time only can enable you to do), I request, if you feel any gratitude for the numberless acts of kindness I have shown you for all of which I have received no return but vexation, you will forbear to force yourself upon my remembrance—and on this condition alone, may you expect any restoration to my favour.

"Your faults towards me and others have been very great—are at present so—but you are still young enough to mend, and my nature is not implacable. I shall not forget you, and my mother can make known to me what you want to say, and through her I shall return my answer. You may tell her I desired you to do this, or send her this letter as your authority for writing to her. I advise you to write to Mrs. H—— and get her to interest herself with the L—— family, for their interest is all-powerful. I can say no more, except that I deeply grieve for your misconduct; and sin-

cerely pray, that you may so conduct yourself in future, as to become a worthy character, and justify my again taking an interest in your welfare.

"Your sincere friend,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"Saturday.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"When I gave William K—— permission to send me a message through you, he was still in the War Office. He had not then presumed to draw upon me* (a most monstrous piece of ingratitude, for which I think drunkenness and debauchery no excuse.) He had not then * *

* * * * * *

nor conducted himself so as to make it *impossible* for me to notice him further. Since that, on his giving a solemn written promise never to apply to me under *any circumstances*, nor to write to me, I consented once more to take him out of prison, at the same time telling him explicitly, that I would have nothing more to do with him in any way. In return for numerous favours heaped upon him for fourteen years, I demanded that he should totally forget me, and never trouble me again.

* Lewis is wrong here, as he mentions the draft in his previous letter.



How then can he pretend that he had still permission to send to me through *you?* I tell him that his so sending was a breach of promise, and if he commits a second, and obtrudes himself again upon me in any way without my desire, I will never forgive it, so help me God! Re-establish him in the office! I could as soon get him into the moon. His folly has made him incapable of such a character as would fit him for any place of trust; and as he has put it out of my power to serve him, he must now find other friends. When sufficient time has passed to allow him to show by his actions (not his words, for he has deceived me with them too often and too grossly), that he *has* reformed, *I may* possibly notice him again; but till I inquire about him *voluntarily*, I insist upon his considering me as a *total stranger*. This is *a sine quâ non*, if he wishes to keep any hope of my ever taking the slightest notice of him again.

"However, my dear mother, as *your* feelings seem to be greatly hurt at the thought of his being quite abandoned, I will go so far as to say, that if *you* choose to make him a small weekly allowance, I will order your monthly allowance at Hoare's to be increased. But let it be quite understood—I do this in consideration of *your* feelings, not my own,

and that he must consider he receives this from *you*, not from *me*.

" I insist that, if he has one spark of a gentleman's honour left, he adheres to his solemn promise: if he again breaks it in any way, that instant shall even this allowance cease, nor will I ever more take of him the slightest notice whatever.

* * * *

" Indeed to do this much is getting a great conquest over myself, as your letter threw me into a perfect *fury*. What most annoyed me was his

* * * *

" Your letter has done more than vexed me, but *not with you*—pray observe—not with *you*, though it enraged me beyond measure. If you still choose to interest yourself for this most ungrateful boy you may, but I shall look on that person as intentionally offending me, who mentions him in my presence.

" Your affectionate son,

" M. G. Lewis.

" I think of going to Lord Gage's for two or three weeks, and therefore may not see you for some time."

" Barnes, September 5.

" My dear Mother,

" I am very sorry to find that you have not re-



ceived a letter from me which was sent either on Friday or Saturday *before last.* It was franked by Lord Holland, at least I sent it to Holland House to be franked. It was addressed to Mrs. Lewis, care of Mrs. Ingall, 21, High-street, Ramsgate. I *think* it was High-street, but it was the street mentioned in your direction. Pray inquire for this letter, and recover it if possible. It was to tell you that Miles had taken care that you should receive the additional allowance at Hoare's, for your benevolence to William K——. It also enclosed a letter *to me* from a tradesman, called Le Bas, desiring *me* to pay William K——'s bill to him, because he had only trusted him from my being his friend and patron. Did you ever know such intolerable impudence? There was also a note from Le Bas to William K——, which (I suppose) contained his bill; therefore pray take some pains to recover this letter, and when you write to me, or see William, remind him from me that I had most expressly forbidden his not only using my name, but even so much as mentioning it, as to his having any thing whatever to do with me, and as he had most *solemnly* promised me that he would *not.* You see how he has kept his promise, and may imagine how much these repeated instances of his misconduct and ingratitude increase

my displeasure. He well knew beforehand how much he should displease me, and yet he went and acted just as he pleased himself at the moment; as if what I wished was no concern of his.

"I shall certainly not go abroad until the middle of October, probably not till November. You need not tell me every thing as to what William says on this occasion; make him sensible, *if possible*, that the only means of getting the better of my displeasure, is to let it wear itself away, by my not thinking of him for some time. At present, every thought of him only serves to refresh my sense of his folly and misconduct, and renew my vexation against him. He must trust entirely to time on my part, and reformation on his own.

"You will now be certain of receiving the allowance for him, which is enough to keep him from absolute starving; and now, till time and his better conduct have rendered him deserving of notice, pray take care that he does not obtrude himself upon my recollection any further.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

It has been seen from the foregoing letters that Mrs. Lewis had also the redeeming virtue of charity; but in this, as in many other things, she was unfor-

tunately extremely improvident. On one occasion, before the death of the elder Lewis, when she was regretting her embarrassments, on account principally of her inability to continue certain acts of kindness which she had been in the habit of conferring, her son hinted to her the necessity of a general retrenchment, and kindly offered to take the payment of a portion of her pensioners upon himself, provided she would not, for some time at least, swell the list with more. Mrs. Lewis pleaded hard that one or two others might be added to those he had taken upon himself: to this, however, he objected, foreseeing her inability, and knowing that, on account of his own estrangement from his father, he would be unable to assist her; when after giving her a great many reasons for acting as he recommended, he concluded by observing, "I know well the luxury of relieving distress; but, my dear mother, we are both at present extremely poor, and you know there are many luxuries which the poor must learn to forego;" a beautiful expression, and one that reflects equal honour on the son that used it, and the mother to whom it was addressed.

But Mrs. Lewis's circumstances were now much improved. She inhabited a beautiful rural abode, to which place her son often gladly retired from the

vortex of the fashionable world, to spend a few hours in her society. This cottage residence is more than once alluded to in his letters, as that abode of peace, where she who, from early domestic sorrows, had, but for his filial affection, perhaps been "doomed to inhabit the bleak world alone," drew around her a chosen circle, and found in social intercourse, a balm and solace for many of the evils of life. The cottage was situated in one of the loveliest parts of Surrey, adjacent to the town of Leatherhead, and was simply designated in those unsophisticated times, "The White Cottage;" the rage for high-sounding names for rustic retreats not being then quite so general as at present.

Like her son's cottage at Barnes, the "White Cottage" was fitted up in a style of unique elegance, and while it awakened encomiums on the *recherché* taste of its occupant, frequently enriched, during "Madam's" absence, the pocket of the old domestic left in charge. It was in this retreat,—from which, to use the poetical metaphor of Cowper, the "roar of the great Babel was heard without feeling the annoyance of its crowd,"—that Mrs. Lewis was wont to welcome the select few whose intellectual society made "the scene of enchantment more dear." Here did Mrs. Parsons



blend moral instruction with innocent amusement in her unassuming page—here did the Rector of Byfield, the estimable George Sewell, prepare many of those pious exhortations, to which his flock used to listen with attention proportioned to their esteem of a pastor whose example inculcated the lessons which he taught.

The virtues of the excellent man just named, reflect the best and truest eulogy upon his life. He was the youngest of Mrs. Lewis's brothers, and early married to the daughter of Sir William Young, a lady of habits and disposition as amiable as his own.

Miss Portia Young, the sister of Mrs. G. Sewell, was also a frequent visiter at Mrs. Lewis's cottage, and we cannot let her name pass without a record of her talents, and many amiable qualities. This very charming girl had the misfortune, we believe, to be lame from her birth; a circumstance that precluded her from mixing in many of the gaieties congenial to her years; but the sweetness of her disposition in submitting to so severe a trial, found ample compensation in the resources of her elegant mind, which beguiled many a weary hour of bodily suffering by the amusement of her pen. The following little effusion, written while on a visit to the White Cottage, will show the happy turn of he

fair author's mind. It must be recollected those were not days when every young lady contributed to albums and annuals, and the goddess of song was more sparing of her favours than she is at present.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE BIRD OF MRS. LEWIS.

Thou pretty, graceful, lively thing!
How thou dost chirp and gaily sing
Within thy cage confined!
A solace still art thou to me,
And as I list, sweet bird, to thee,
A lesson too I find.

And thou shalt be my monitor,
Thou little simple chorister;
And while my hapless lot
Is cheer'd by listening to thy lay,
I'll smile upon my fate, and say,
"Submit, and murmur not!"

The death of the Rector of Byfield plunged his amiable partner not only into the deepest grief, but into pecuniary difficulty; and Mrs. George Sewell, who, as well as her sister, was a votary of the muses, published a small volume of poetry by subscription, which her extensive connexion among the high born and wealthy perfectly justified. Lewis alludes to this volume in one of his letters.

Mrs. Lewis's *penchant* for animals displayed itself in the variety of favourites domesticated at her residence. It required not the skill or courage of a Van Amburgh to reconcile opposing natures at the "White Cottage." There might be seen the noble house-dog, the pet spaniel of the drawing-room, and two of King Charles's breed, faithful attendants of son "Mat." Then, for the feline dependants, first came the privileged puss of the parlour, and for kitchen adherents, stragglers from the stable of every size, colour, and disposition; to say nothing of an occasional sleek kitten, received to oblige a friend, and more frequently a strayed one in distressed circumstances, to oblige itself. Then there were two squeaking, frolicsome guineapigs, making themselves quite at home in every part of the house; an impudent meddling daw, and a pair of waddling ducks upon the lawn. Such was the *mélange* to be seen generally together before the door, and even occasionally on the hearth-rug.

Mrs. Lewis was peculiarly alive to the quiet delights of social life, and lived to realize that picture of her favourite Cowper, whose works her son first recommended to her as peculiarly suited to her taste. For her the winter's evening, with its close-drawn curtains and "hissing urn," possessed more than common charms, while the easy toils of

the work-table, the amusing volume, and social converse, were ever enhanced by being shared with the few she esteemed. But though winter's social hour was her favourite season, never did the summer sky shine unheeded on her rural domicile: then were the pic-nic parties and the gipsy-excursions contrived, or the home revels under the tent pitched on the lawn, carried into effect. Then was heard, amid the clatter of tea-cups, the light laugh of childhood ringing out above the more subdued enjoyment of maturer years; while, like the beneficent fairy of the magic circle, the hostess moved about, dispensing smiles and gladness, and showering hospitality on her assembled guests.

Nor was the presence of first-rate talent on many of these occasions wanting to complete the enchantment. Often might be heard the "note of preparation" from different instruments drawing up to concert-pitch, for the brilliant rondos of Ursellitz, or the inspired performances of Westley, and "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," were ever sure to await the visiters admitted to this rural retreat.

Having dwelt so much upon the animal *agrémens* —biped and quadruped—of "The White Cottage," it would be unjust to the taste of its inhabitant not to glance at the arrangements of its interior.

The sitting-rooms were all on the ground-floor,

a small hall of entrance dividing the two principal apartments, and commanding a very pleasing though not extensive prospect. The cottage faced a high embankment, that formed, at the period of which we speak, a sort of upper road shaded by pine-trees, and parallel with the common thoroughfare. From this elevation the occasional pedestrian or horseman, in spring and summer, passing amid the trees, produced a pretty effect. At the farthest end of the hall, and opposite the entrance, was a recess, to which some former inhabitant of the cottage—doubtless a plain matter-of-fact person—had affixed a door, and added a strong lock, and probably had appropriated the so made cupboard to the receipt of sundry pickles, preserves, and other good things in the housekeeping department. Mrs. Lewis, however, with a finer eye for the picturesque, though not one used "to throw the house out at the window," resolved to try the experiment of turning the closet out of doors. An ingenious device suggested itself to her ever tasteful fancy, which, to use the concise progressives of Shakspeare's Rosalind, was no sooner thought than decided, no sooner decided than ordered, and no sooner ordered than executed. The old receptacle of vinegar-jars and candied fruits, as if by magic, was transformed, and appeared glowing in

all the pride of opening roses, and fragrant honeysuckles, while

> "The sweetbriar and the vine
> And the twisted eglantine,"

were weaving their verdant tendrils round a green lattice, and clustering a magnificent mirror that reflected the surrounding scenery. Beneath was represented a low white gate half open, disclosing a winding path and shady perspective of wood and water. The artist had succeeded most happily in producing the effect intended, and the illusion was so complete, that on entering by the house-door, the visiter was frequently led to pass on to the supposed scene in the distance, till stopped by the reflection of his own figure, which explained the deception. The effect on moonlight evenings was almost magical; nor even at the usual hour of bolting and barring up, was this little fanciful arrangement permitted to "rest in the shade." The hall was papered with a corresponding pattern of trellised work and flowers, and at night in its picturesque recess were placed lighted lamps, concealed by small protruding wings, in the manner of those at the sides of a theatre, their light casting full effect upon the fairy scene beyond.

The principal apartments of the cottage were furnished and ornamented with corresponding taste; and, though not conspicuous for costliness, exhibited similar demonstrations of the elegant mind of the occupant. The walls of the dining-room were enriched by the masterly achievements of Cipriani, Bartolozzi, and other eminent artists. Lighter specimens decorated the gay saloon, opening on a *parterre*, that, when ruffled by the light breeze of summer, resembled a sea of waving bloom, and, as visible through the spacious windows, might perhaps remind the gazer not unaptly of Zobiede's favourite palace of pictures in "The Arabian Tales." In this room were suspended some water-colour drawings done by Lewis himself, of which he speaks in a strain of banter, and with good reason; for they were specimens of the art certainly, but not of high attainments in it. To the eye of affection, however, they possessed the greatest possible merit, and were gems of value to the mother, as the productions of him she most loved.

The cottage was upon a scale too circumscribed to admit of a library;—ornamental bookcases and hanging-shelves were, therefore, the substitutes in the two apartments already mentioned. The selection of books, though various, was strictly classical.

A collection of the British Poets, with valuable Encyclopediæ, were of course among the number; while many rare volumes upon subjects more abstruse than might have been expected, greeted the eye.

And here, while we describe an arrangement reflecting credit on the taste of Mrs. Lewis, we must not omit to notice one that will give a higher lustre to her memory. Some newly-arrived guest is, we will suppose, lounging carelessly with others along the little suite of decorated rooms, and fairy lighted hall, occasionally pausing in admiring contemplation of the artist's skill, or acknowledging the magic rivalry of the sister art, as her harmonies are awakened by commensurate talent. Moving onwards, he turns from a passing bend over some lovely unfolding exotic, and takes a volume from the well-stored bookcase before him. We must imagine this guest to be as yet almost a stranger to his elegant hostess; his first visit it may be—but perfectly aware that she is the mother of the celebrated author of the "Monk." From all he has heard, he is by no means surprised at the unique concentration of literary treasure by which he is surrounded, and which appears to combine philosophical research with the most approved specimens of belles-lettres. The titled backs of the

handsome volumes, continue alternately to court his taste and task his judgment. Delighted, perhaps, he dips into the enchantment of Tasso, or revels in the fairy imaginings of Spenser, ponders awhile on the reasonings of Locke, or turns to be charmed by the diction, and edified by the sound doctrine of Blair or Tillotson; or, possibly, the stranger passes on without inspecting further than the titles, and concludes he has acquainted himself with the extent of the intellectual store contained in Mrs. Lewis's pretty cottage. But, hold! the small bookcase in yonder remote corner he had nearly overlooked—what can it contain? Not many volumes, to judge from the dimensions. A natural curiosity urges him to approach, and he reads inscribed upon the rich, yet modestly adorned incasement, these remarkable words:

"THIS ALONE DURABLE."

His curiosity receives no abatement from this discovery; yet conjecture speedily follows. It is probably an enthusiastic tribute to some favourite, half-idolized author; perhaps some rare edition of the Bard of Avon. The stranger, as he pauses, smiles, as fancy suggests the possible partiality of maternal judgment—some *chef d'œuvre* of the eccentric "Monk Lewis,"—something that must immortalize him beyond all contemporaries. Well.

it is pardonable—it is natural! Such are the half-formed thoughts flitting through his mind, as, glancing over the opened page he holds, his surprise is converted into a better feeling, on beholding—"THE BIBLE!"

This incident will recall to the mind of the reader the youthful bride, in all heedlessness of beauty, entering on her gay career, courted, caressed, yet turning amid the fascination of the world, and the gaieties that surrounded her, to request instruction from the astonished prelate, upon points she felt to be necessary to her future peace. Years had passed away, and the questioner had learned many of the world's stern lessons—had learned them in disappointment and in bitterness of heart; yet still, in the autumnal shades as in the spring time of life, reflection, ever pointing to the sacred page, whispered to her conscious heart, "This alone durable!"

CHAPTER V.

First visit to Jamaica—Negro festivals—Amelioration of the condition of the slaves—Return to England from Jamaica—Tour to the continent—Lord Byron and Shelley—Codicil to will—Return to England from Italy—Angel of mercy.

LEWIS was now in the zenith of popularity; his laurels were in all the vigour of their bloom; he was rejoicing in the blaze of the admiration of the many; yet not without being cherished in some instances by the sober judgment of the discerning few. By turns he had astonished, fascinated, and amused; and in spite of the errors which had distinguished his career, his name, on the whole, was received as that of a man of genius, and one, moreover, from whom greater literary achievements were looked for than he had hitherto performed. A man of wealth and influence also, he seemed on all sides to be surrounded by the gilded halo of fortune's smiles. Flattered and caressed by the

great—the associate of princes, and the proudest names in rank and talent which his country could boast,—admired as an author, respected as a man, and beloved as a friend. If an union of these highly-prized acquisitions—the tendency of which is supposed by the moralist to lead to selfishness, and to shut up the heart from the sufferings of our kind—could in the case of Lewis have led to such a result, there certainly was no lack of the means of attaining it, nor of circumstances by which their efficacy could be judged.

But no state of things could call forth such feelings in a mind so constituted as his; on the contrary, his desire of conferring happiness seemed to increase with his means of doing so. It had always been the greatest pleasure of his existence, and the colour or condition of the recipients of his bounty in no way lessened his gratification in bestowing it. An undertaking more noble, and more consonant with the genuine feelings of his nature, than any in which he had hitherto been engaged, was now opened to him—the amelioration of the unfortunate negroes on his extensive West Indian estates; and zealously and effectually did he labour to obtain it. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he entered upon this good work, and on no occasion were the amiable qualities

of his heart more conspicuous than in the generous ardour with which he pursued it. In this he was not actuated merely by a transient impulse, but by the most fixed and characteristic feeling of his mind; nor were his views of its accomplishment those of a visionary, but the careful conclusions of a practical man. And even after he had fallen a victim in this cause of humanity, it was found that he had taken every means in his power to secure to his slaves a continuation of that mild and considerate treatment, which during his own life he was at such pains to bestow.

The reader has seen, from several of the foregoing letters, that for a considerable time Lewis had contemplated making a voyage to Jamaica, the island in which his estates were situated. This intention he ultimately put into effect, and at the close of the year 1815, he embarked for the West Indies. In making this voyage he was solely influenced by a desire of ascertaining by personal investigation the real condition of the negroes; an object in which he warmly reciprocated the wishes of his benevolent friend Mr. Wilberforce, though he never could precisely agree with the great philanthropist, as to the means of attaining it. Lewis had upwards of five hundred slaves; and from the period of his first arrival in Jamaica until the day of his death, the

amelioration of their condition never ceased to occupy his mind.

The reason which he gives in the following letter for having avoided to take leave of his mother is highly indicative of his character; and all the matters of which it treats, are relative to the wants and happiness of others. An air of kindness pervades it, and there is no mistaking the fervour of his repeated farewell.

"November 7, 1815.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Your suspicions were just, and I hope that you will not think it unkind, that I *have* 'given you the slip.' The scene of taking leave would have been so very painful to myself, and probably to you, that I thought it infinitely better to spare each other the unnecessary agony, and say to you in writing, farewell for a few months, and God Almighty bless you!

"Mrs. Blake *did* decline the dog; her offer, she says, 'was only made in laughing:' *ainsi va le monde.* Miss Goodenough (at Barnes) has, however, undertaken the charge, and Folly set off with a long cord, and a little boy about an hour ago; so *that* dilemma is provided against. Having provided the dog with a house, there cannot be the slightest necessity for your

being troubled with her; at the same time, if for your own pleasure or comfort you should wish to have the animal with you now and then, I have no objection to your borrowing her, but Miss G.'s must be considered as her home till my return. When I go to Italy, I shall take Folly with me. I *particularly* beg that you will not say any thing to any person whatever, as to my probable return: indeed, you had better say, that probably I shall not be in England for two years; which I shall *not* be, to *reside*, I hope; and remember, that you must on no account write me a single line to Jamaica, nor allow any one else to do so. The letters which you sent were mine. Pray manage to let —— have his ten shillings weekly, through ——, if you do not object to *him* also; if you do, beg Mrs. Ingall to apply to Mr. John Field, 2, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, who (I doubt not) would take the trouble, and you could give him the 2*l.* a month, and *he* might pay it weekly. I enclose a little money for a parting present, and again farewell, and God bless you and preserve your health!

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"I am sorry to say, that I have received a letter with a very bad account of Betty's new husband.

It may be false; but it describes him as a very unsafe person to have any thing to do with, and therefore it will be as well for you to avoid any risk.

"Do not mention the name of Hoares, as the banker from whom you receive your money, or as having any thing to do with me, to any person whatever; this is a necessary precaution during my absence."

The reason for this last somewhat singular request was to preserve his address unknown to his friends, in order to avoid the possibility of hearing bad news from home; which to a sensitive mind like his, was a calamity of the most serious nature, and one that in a foreign country might have been fatal to him.

"On Ship-board, Wednesday night.

"My dear Mother,

"I forgot to mention that I informed Mr. Plummer of your wish to have your money paid at your end of the town. He proposes sending his clerk with it monthly: but if you are out of town, or your house let to others, your money may run a risk of not reaching you. However, you will find him very polite, and disposed to arrange this matter

in the manner most convenient to you. He said that he purposed calling upon you.

"Harold, who brings this, will tell you that I am safe on board, and as comfortable as a ship will allow.

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

On the 10th of November he sailed from England, and arrived in Jamaica on New Year's Day following, as will appear from the annexed letter.

"Jamaica, January 10, 1816.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here I am quite safe, quite well, and really more happy than I ever was in my life; *Je ne vois que des yeux toujours prets à sourire,*" and I have opportunities of doing some little kindness or other almost every hour of the day. When you will get this I know not: unluckily the packets sailed two days before my landing; no other is as yet arrived; and when one comes into port, a fortnight always is allowed before the departure of another. I trust you will believe that I would not lose a single day without informing you of my arrival. My passage was a very tedious one, but we had no dangers of any kind: we were nearly

eight weeks on board. During the first four I was all sickness and headach; but after that I read, wrote, and drew, as comfortably as if I had been on shore. I have got a very clean and comfortable house. The weather as yet is as delicious as the finest spring weather in England. Unluckily, this is owing to the blowing of the north winds, which, though very agreeable to my blood, are very detrimental to my pocket, by drying up the canes destined for the next crop. I am told that I may reckon myself to pay a guinea for every mouthful of this north-wind which I inhale. However, as I cannot prevent its damage, I at least console myself with the pleasure of it. Of course, I must expect the heats to arrive; but I landed on New Year's Day, and as yet I find myself infinitely better in health than I ever felt before: no headachs, no bile; excellent spirits, and tolerable appetite; with all kinds of good things to eat—quails, turtle, shaddocks, pine-apples, and excellent fish and fruit of various descriptions. The logwood perfumes the whole air, and an orange-tree in full bearing grows against my window. As to the negroes, they seem to be the happiest people I ever saw in my life: our labourers in England would be mightily astonished, if they were to see the *nonchalance* with which the slaves

set about doing any thing, and they are always laughing, singing, and dancing. There are very few sick in the hospital, none dangerously so; and two children have been born since my arrival, whom I am to christen, and have promised to stand godfather, if they should be lucky enough to survive the dangers of infancy. Nothing could equal the rapture of the poor people on my arrival, and the noise which they made was something wonderful; they all said, that "Till now they were afraid that they had *no* massa," and all the old people were in one story—"now they had once seen massa, they did not care if they should die to-morrow!" I gave them a holiday on Saturday, with a couple of heifers, and as much rum and sugar as they chose. Numbers of old servants of my grandfather and uncle came to show themselvés to me; and even a great many negroes, who had formerly belonged to my estate, and had obtained their freedom, came flocking from all parts of the country—for fear it should seem ungrateful if they did not come to see massa, because they were free. The servants, too, they take such care of me, that they will not let me eat or drink any thing they think likely to hurt me; nor will any of the others suffer me to talk to them in the open air, when the dews are falling: and as to the old

women, do all I can, I cannot prevent them from falling down to embrace my knees, and kiss my feet. I have also finished my disagreeable business much to my satisfaction; and even if the rest of my stay should prove unlucky, I shall still think myself overpaid for coming here, by what I have already seen and done.

"My departure for England is quite uncertain. I rather think now, that I may possibly defer it till the end of the year; and, indeed, I think of making an excursion to see North America before my return, in which case I shall leave Jamaica before long. I shall tell you no more at present, as I am keeping a regular journal; and when we meet in England, you shall read the 'full, true, and particular account' of my proceedings, and see my drawings of the landscapes, plants, &c., which (I think) will amuse you. However, I will now and then write you a few lines just to say that I am well; but opportunities of sending letters are rare, therefore expect nothing, and if you do not hear, take it for granted that I am well. If any accident happens to me, you will be sure of hearing it quite soon enough; otherwise, should a long silence intervene, you must conclude that I am gone to North America. Pray remember me kindly to my uncle William, and tell him that I am safe

and well, and satisfied with my expedition. God Almighty bless you, my dear mother! and grant that, on my return to England, I may find you in good health. If Maria is still in England (which I do not suppose), you had better let her see this letter; and I dare say Sophia will be glad of a sight of it; and as I could but write the same things to them, I will desire them to ask you for its perusal.

"Ever your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"Still quite well.—January 22."

The journal he mentions here was duly kept, and ultimately increased to a volume of considerable size, which was published afterwards as a posthumous work. The reception given him by his negroes, to which he alludes in the last letter, is thus recorded in the journal:

"Soon after nine o'clock we reached Savannah la Mar, where I found my trustee and a whole cavalcade waiting to conduct me to my own estate; for he had brought with him a curricle and pair for myself, a gig for my servant, two black boys upon mules, and a cart with eight oxen to convey my baggage. The road was excellent, and we had

not above five miles to travel; and as soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; every thing that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters, and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, by a 'bland assimilation,' the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere may be doubted; but certainly it was the loudest that I ever witnessed: they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—'Look, massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!'—Another complained, 'So long since none come see me, massa, good massa come at last.' As for the old people, they

were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—'them no care!'

"The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches of Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected: perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my *slaves*. To be sure, I never saw people look more happy in my life; and I believe their condition to be much more comfortable than that of the labourers of Great Britain; and, after all, slavery in *their* case is but another name for servitude; now that no more negroes can be forcibly carried away from Africa, and subjected to the horrors of the voyage, and of the seasoning after their arrival. But still I had already experienced in the morning that Juliet was wrong in saying, 'What's in a name?' For soon after my reaching the lodging-house at Sa-

vannah la Mar, a remarkably clean-looking negro lad presented himself with some water and a towel. I concluded him to belong to the inn; and, on returning the towel, as he found that I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself by saying, 'Massa not know me! *Me your slave!*' and really the sound made me feel a pang at the heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good humour, and his whole countenance expressed anxiety to recommend himself to my notice; but the word '*slave*' seemed to imply, that although he did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he must have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him, 'Do not say that again—say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave!'

"Altogether they shouted and sang me into a violent headach. It is now one in the morning, and I hear them still shouting and singing. I gave them a holiday for Saturday next, and told them that I had brought them all presents from England, and so I believe we parted very good friends."

The officious attention of his domestics, and the negro feast alluded to in the letter, are also thus detailed in the Journal:

"Polly is a pretty delicate-looking girl, nursing

a young child; she belongs to the mansion-house, and seems to think it as necessary a part of her duty to nurse *me* as the child. To be sure she has not as yet insisted upon suckling me; but if I open a jalousie in the evening, Polly walks in and shuts it without saying a word, 'Oh, don't shut the window, Polly!'—'Night air not good for massa;' and she shuts the casement without mercy. I am drinking orangeade, or some such liquid: Polly walks up to the table, and seizes it. 'Leave that jug, Polly, I am dying with thirst.'—'More hurt, massa!' and away go Polly and the orangeade. So that I begin to fancy myself Sancho in Barataria, and that Polly is the Senor Doctor Pedro in petticoats."

Then follows the account of the festival.

"The dances performed to-night seldom admitted more than three persons at a time: to me they appeared to be movements entirely dictated by the caprice of the moment; but I am told that there is a regular figure, and that the least mistake or a single false step is immediately noticed by the rest. I could indeed sometimes fancy, that one story represented an old duenna guarding a young girl from her lover; and another, the pursuit of a young woman by two suitors, the one young, and the other old; but this might be only fancy. How-

ever, I am told, that they have dances, which not only represent courtship and marriage, but being brought to bed. Their music consisted of nothing but gambys, eboe drums, shaky-shekies, and kitty-katties: the latter is nothing but any flat piece of board beat upon with two sticks, and the former is a bladder with a parcel of pebbles in it. But the principal part of the music to which they dance is vocal; one girl generally singing two lines by herself, and being answered by a chorus. To make out either the rythm of the air, or meaning of words is out of the question. But one very long song was about the Duke of Wellington; every stanza being chorused with

"Ay! hey-day! Waterloo!
Waterloo! ho! ho! ho!"

I too, had a great deal to do in the business, for every third word was 'Massa!' though how I came there, I have no more idea than the duke.

"The singing began about six o'clock, and lasted without a moment's pause till two in the morning; and such a noise never did I hear till then. The whole of the floor which was not taken up by the dancers was, through every part of the house, except the bedrooms, occupied by men, women, and children, fast asleep. But although

they were allowed rum and sugar by whole pail-fuls, and were most of them *merry* in consequence, there was not one of them drunk, except indeed one old person, and that was an old woman, who sang and shouted, and tossed herself about in an elbow-chair, till she tumbled it over, and rolled about the room in a manner which shocked the delicacy of even the least prudish part of the company. At twelve my agent wanted to dismiss them; but I would not suffer them to be interrupted on the first holiday that I had given them; so they continued to dance and shout till two, when human nature could bear no more, and they left me to my bed, and a violent headach."

Before taking leave of this journal, we will here introduce one of a different kind, but not less curious and characteristic, and certainly not less amusing, which however we were not fortunate enough to obtain till that portion of the memoir to which it belongs, in point of date, had gone to press. It appears that at the period in question Lewis's sister Sophia had been teasing him to keep a journal, with which it seems he was not then inclined to comply; so she declared she would do it for him; and having been an attentive observer of his movements for the space of a week, Lewis, somewhat to his surprise, one morning found the result of her observations in

the form of a diary, supposed to be written by himself, lying on his breakfast-table; and so correct a chronicle was it of the events which it professes to relate, that he was afterwards frequently seen to exhibit a whimsical degree of dread, lest his sister should be "taking notes" of his movements.

DIARY.

"*Monday.*—Woke between eleven and twelve —'lullaby, lullaby, hush thee, my dear,' ringing in my ears. Remembered I was to attend the rehearsal at one, no time therefore to be lost. Rated Cartier for some time for his negligence, having forgotten to do so the night before; however, made it up *handsomely*—Cartier *quite satisfied* upon the subject! Breakfast—the papers—'Herald' —hum — hum — 'Monk' — hum—'abominable' — hum—'blasphemy' — hum—hum — 'early depravity — death — devil — raw head and bloody bones!—fee fau fum!'—pooh! boring over the paper—such a waste of time—'Chronicle'—'their royal highnesses took a drive'—ay, ay, court paper —let's see, now: 'Lewis—extraordinary genius! —thunders of applause!—breathless interest—electric effect—pit, box, gallery, simultaneous shriek—rapturous *dénouement!*'—not but what a paper at breakfast is vastly agreeable sometimes—

Cartier! rehearsal waiting, I must dress immediately. Off to the theatre—found nobody in the green-room but Tom Sheridan at the old harpsicord, trying over a part in that pretty bit of harmony,

> 'When Oberon in fairy land,
> The king of ghosts and shadows there.'

"'Bravo Tom!' said I, 'try again; take care you don't make a break down, Tom.'

"'Better than my father making a break up, eh?'

"'Well, Tom,' observed I, 'Castle Spectre' 'bit of a *pull* up at one time, my boy.'

"'Spectre?' says Tom, as he goes on singing in a provoking manner, *shadows, shadows*, sha-a-a-dows! But Tom's a mere coxcomb after all—what the women call a "pretty young man"—makes pretty speeches—sings a pretty song—wears a cloak romantically—his *speaking* voice, music itself certainly—but Tom aiming at wit, and smart insinuation; pooh! shadows! shadows!

"'Do you see how I spin it out?' said Tom. —'Yes,' said I, 'but it seems a *threadbare* job after all.'

"'No, hang it,' said Tom, 'not spin—flourish,

I should have said, flourish! ahem! flourish!—faith I'd better say no more about it, for though I *could* utter *volumes*, I think they had far better remain where they are.'—'Yes, Tom,' said I, '*bound in calf!*'

"Tom Sheridan has three good qualities—he always understands a joke—is always amused by it—and though at his own expense, is never angry or disconcerted by it.

"Rehearsal well attended—Fanny Kelly, girl of wonderful promise—does any thing at present—will do *every thing* by and by for herself and the house, too, or I am much mistaken—*shall* do something in a piece of mine ere long, I'm resolved.

"Five o'clock dined at my mother's—she all kindness and smiles—began boring me with a glass of mulled wine, and a little tea-spoonful of something or other, because, as she says, it's so apt to to be damp behind the scenes. Dined, sipped wine—felt myself growing extremely good-humoured—told my mother the events of the morning—amused her very much—knows nothing about theatres—asks such odd questions, particularly what characters Tom Sheridan acted! —told her he was like a great many others, *acted*

whenever it suited him.—'Ah! dear me,' observes the kind creature, 'he must be sadly flurried.'—'Um,' says I, 'practice makes perfect, you know.'

"*Tuesday.*—Rose tolerably brisk—knocked off letters and billets by dozens, then set to work at new tragedy—murdered an obstinate man very much to my satisfaction, and without, I trust, murdering the piece. Took a few turns about the room—hummed over that exquisite little air to which Lady Caroline Lambe requested me to adapt the words, 'I've crossed the steep mountain.' Lady C. C. much taste, clever too, only now and then a *little* fanciful, I think. Suddenly recollected I had promised William Lambe to meet him for a drive before dinner, so summoned Cartier and proceeded to dress.

"Dined out, afterwards dropped in at theatre—one of my pieces acted—my most affecting incident coming on, so crept slily into the pit to catch the remarks. Found myself near a large gentleman, with a very round head, and a natural smirk on his face, enough to ruin the effect of a condemned sermon.

"Mrs. H. Siddons just coming to her speech of appealing pathos—no time to be lost; so, as if by accident, contrived to stumble upon the toes of the large gentleman till I brought the tears in his eyes

—apologized most handsomely—bowed low, and returned home in a singular harmony of temper.

"*Wednesday.*—Found myself at breakfast deep in the pages of 'Montorio'—Maturin a highly talented man—infinite powers—vigorous imagination—pathos irresistible—began to feel sentimental—indeed, at last, quite affected, and—gave Jess a bit of buttered toast—contemplated the poor animal pensively, till I fancied she looked pale! Suddenly recollected the dog is entirely white, so felt relieved. Thought I'd stroll to my mother's—couldn't help falling into reflections suggested by the hubbub round me—recognised a thriving shopkeeper shoving past a poor man with a barrow, who scraping his foot humbly, got so hastily out of the way as to run against a little chimneysweeper, whom he cuffed accordingly—*station* an universal licence, that's certain. Just then Lord B—— gave me a sort of triumphant nod as he whirled by with his spick and span new equipage; and the very next moment, I came full upon a fellow who, with much the same expression in his face, was stumping *stoutly* and *gleefully* on his *two wooden legs!*—must say that I sympathized equally with both parties!—did not fail to describe it all to my mother—just in her way—thought how she'd moralize—which she did, and



talked so long that I should positively have been bored to death if it had happened to have been any body else. Found that her little *protegée* was going to the theatre, and offered to see the little girl safe. Mother profuse in her thanks, and I accordingly departed with my charge. Took the opportunity of offering proper advice as we went along—knew it would please my mother, so talked a great deal about pretty behaviour and proper conduct in future path of life. Just then unluckily stepped into a confounded puddle, and splashed my dress-shoes and silk stockings half way up my legs—devilish provoking—impossible to appear at Lady C——er's without changing my dress—thought I heard the little devil at my side tittering too. Mem. never to lecture on propriety again to please my mother or any one else.

"*Thursday.* — Delightful evening at Lady C——er's—music, dancing, and I don't know what—she is a most pleasant affable woman too—not but I ventured to lecture her a little upon permitting her daughter to wear any dress but white—like to see girls in white—looks so appropriate. As I stood thoughtfully playing with my watch-chain, heard some people just behind me discussing the merits of my last piece. 'Too long!' 'too short'—'too many songs'—'not singing

enough!'—Poo, poo! truly if I were to listen to every fool—By the by, saw Lady Anne Hamilton—gave me a pretty idea of a poem which I promised to write for her*—laughed with me at the criticisms on my piece—am not sure if I shan't adopt some of their hints though—told my mother so, as we sat together, after dinner looking at the cat washing her face—cats always so graceful.—Mem.: Never saw a cat do a foolish thing. Obliged to take an early leave of my mother, having promised to accompany the Duke of Argyle to Drury Lane—afterpiece the 'Wood Demon,' in which D'Egville's pupils elicited the duke's marked approval. Indeed, as I observed him attentively watching their superlatively elegant movements, I perceived his eyes suffused with tears. 'It is always so,' he replied; 'whenever I witness any exquisite achievement of talent, I cannot help it.' This appears singular even to *my* enthusiastic notions; nevertheless I think I like the duke even better for this cause: he is a man of keen sensibility—that's evident: that he is a truly estimable one it is needless taking the trouble to remind myself.

Mrs. H. Siddons as Una looking very pretty

* Probably the one written afterwards in Scotland, of which a copy has been given in a previous chapter.

as usual, and acting charmingly. Say what I can, she will *not* wear some ornament upon her head. I hate to see a woman's head without something —looks so like a boy's head; and a little *bandeau*, or a bunch of flowers, looks so feminine—why will she not wear flowers?—even a *sunflower*—any flower but a *cauliflower*.

"*Friday.*—Breakfast scarce over, when received an early visit from Harry Johnston—benefit pending — nothing original quite ready for him this season; so in place of a new drama substituted twenty pounds, with my hearty good wishes, and a promise of conducting a monstrous dashing party to the box reserved—adding, at the same time, my conviction of his having proved himself the main prop of 'Rugantino,'—without endeavouring at a pun; alluding to his so manfully sustaining one of the falling scenes one night, which as it represented part of the Doge's palace, might well prove his (Johnston's) legitimate claim to the subsequent speech hailing him 'Saviour of Venice.' Johnston then told me his wife was sufficiently recovered to sustain the character of Rosabella, originally written for her, but undertaken by Mrs. Gibbs—congratulated Johnston, adding that my heroine would at all events be still *prettily* represented. Johnston took his leave, and I remained a little while

playing with Folly's* tail, whose name naturally reminded me what a simpering fool I had just been with my *pretty pretty* compliments—my original pun! and my *pancake* jokes! I don't think Harry Johnston thought so though. How should he? He left me with *twenty* manifest reasons for thinking me a man of the most profound sense and discernment.

"Resolved on devoting the rest of the day to my mother, who seemed to be rather unwell after dinner, therefore sang to her my new song, 'The Banks of Shannon Water,'* which I have adapted to one of the sweetest of simple melodies. Then recited some of 'King Lear,' which however made her cry terribly; so changed my ground, and attempted to describe Tom Moore's excellent acting the other day at Lord Abercorn's, in a character in the 'Poor Soldier,' together with a few recollections of my grotesque self as Mr. Drugget, in 'Three Weeks after Marriage;' till my poor mother laughed as much as she before had cried. Then routed out all sorts of odds and ends, 'shreds and patches,' among others a sketch of a fairy spectacle, in which there is a scene of the

* The Spaniel given him by the Duchess of York.

† Afterwards altered to *Allan* water.

moon rising, and gradually expanding as descending to earth, till it fills the whole stage, and unfolding to soft music, discovers Queen Mab, and her fairy court. Just to please my mother, told her that her little *protegée* listening at her elbow should play Queen Mab, causing the said little girl to cut a great caper of delight, and my poor mother to brighten up wonderfully. Saw she was in much better spirits—so kissed her and bade her good night.

"*Saturday.*—Recollected that I had promised to meet Sheridan at Westminster Hall, before I attended the rehearsal of the 'Wood Demon,' at Drury Lane. Arrived just in time to hear Billy Brown,* in full professional costume of apron, paper cap, &c., give evidence before Lord Ellenborough, touching a chimney said to be on fire, belonging to an oil-shop adjoining the theatre.

"'Well, sir, what are you?'

"*Brown.*—'One of his majesty's sarvants, as Mr. Sheridan there can testify.'

"'Indeed!—Well you're tall enough for any thing.'

"*Brown.*—'Six feet two in my stockings, sir, the divil a bit less, for I am the greatest man in

* An eccentric character, who may yet be remembered by many in his avocation of carpenter to Drury-lane Theatre.

the theatre, as Mr. Sheridan there knows; I was to have done the giant in the 'Wood Daymon,' plase your lordship, but the giant was done by somebody else, and so was the 'Daymon,' as Mr. Sheridan there can tell you; but I was to have done it, if they could have managed the flats, sir.'

"'The flats?—What do you mean, man? are you one of the flats?'

"*Brown.*—'No, sir. I *manage* the flats, as Mr. Sher——'

"'What *do* you mean by the flats?'

"'I manes them as goes on and off the stage, sir. Mr. Sheridan there knows what I mane."

"*Sheridan* (being appealed to).—'He means the grooves, my lord, upon which the scenes slide from the side wings to the stage.'

"*Brown.*—'Och! then, and isn't it yourself now, that can be a friend in nade. Arrah! didn't I tell your honour, that Mr. Sheridan understood the *flats?*'

"'You did, indeed; and I am certain that every body in court must be now convinced of it. So pray, Mr. Brown,'——

"'Billy Brown, plase your honour.'

"'Well, then, Mr. *Billy* Brown, did you see the chimney on fire?'

"'I did that same, sir.'

"'About what time was this?'

"'At watering-time, your honour.'

"'What do you mean by watering-time?'

"'I mane beer-time—what the gentlefolks calls tay-time.'

"'Really, Mr. Billy Brown, you're a sharp fellow.'

"'Pretty well, your honour.—Sure I can see when the sun's abroad.'

"'Indeed!—then I think it's a pity you did not look at yourself before you came into court thus disrespectfully, in your working clothes.'

"'Oh, the divil! begging pardon of both gentlemen, sure and wasn't I took without warning now—and as for my working clothes, aren't both your honours in *your* working clothes? Ay, and faith, don't you both like to make a nate job as well as myself, now?'

"Court convulsed with laughter, in which the chief justice joined—no time to stay longer—rehearsal waiting, so shot off to the theatre. Here encountered a second scene, the whole company appearing to have availed themselves of a holiday *ad lib.*'

"The first person I met was Mrs. H. Siddons, endeavouring to teach a pretty frown how to quarrel with a little intruding smile. To my inquiry she re-

plied, 'Oh! it's really too bad—teasing that poor little man so—Mathews carries the joke too far: I'm quite angry with him.'

"As she spoke, the voice of little Sam Appleby from the green-room, his naturally defective utterance, considerably augmented by rage, greeted my ear: peeped in accordingly to discover a full meeting of fun and merriment—nobody looking decorous but worthy old Wroughton, and even he appearing to despair of the attempt. Saw at once it was a farce got up for the general amusement of the *corps dramatique* by the facetious Mathews, and his unconscious auxiliary, poor little Appleby, aided by De Camp.

"Mathews (very stern).—'I tell you, Sam Appleby, I was *not* called—I repeat it, sir, I was *not*—and Mr. Wroughton here has therefore been compelled to fine me, sir, to fine me for non-attendance, so that I feel it my duty—'

"De Camp.—'Nay, Mathews, my dear fellow—'

"Mathews.—'Sir, I say, I feel it my duty to myself—to Mr. Wroughton—to the proprietor, and every member of the establishment, to insist that—*that little man* be immediately discharged, and totally expunged from the lists of the theatre."

"Appleby (speaking very fast, because in a

passion, and very thick because unable to speak otherwise).—'Misser Mathoos, *sir*, begging *your pardon*, I know my duty, well, *sir*—excuse *me*, sir—you think yourself something of an actor, but excuse *me*, *I* think otherwise, *sir;* but you're *tall*, and I'm *short*, sir; you are high *up*, and I am low *down*, sir; but I beg to say, that though I understand you give imitations of me, sir, before the whole company, I have a *friend*, sir! a friend in this the-a-tre as will see me righted, sir; Misser Sher'dan! Misser Bristley Sher'dan, sir!'

"De Camp.—'To be sure he has, Mathews—faith you'd better take care!'

"Appleby.—'Ay, sir; I'd *have* you take care (advancing, and speaking very mysteriously), take care how you insult *one of his Majesty's servants!*'

De Camp.—'Hit you there, Mathews, I think—parry if you can!'

"Appleby (encouraged).—'Parry! If you come to that, excuse *me*, sir, but—*Chalk Farm*, Misser Mathoos! pistols! swords! sir—though you *are* tall, and I'm but *short*.'

De Camp.—'Why, then, I tell you what—shake hands with him, Mathews, and that will be making the *long* and the *short* of the affair you know.'

"It was impossible to avoid joining the roar that

succeeded, so I enjoyed the fun as heartily as any of them, soon despatched the trifling affair that took me thither, and as every body appeared to be too much engrossed with recollections of the recent scene among themselves to attend to any of a professional description, I returned home to shut myself up for the day, and devote my time to my new tragedy. Soon, however, found the empire of little Sam Appleby supersede that of Apollo, while my lofty aspirations were so constantly interrupted by the saucy reminiscences of Momus, that I was at last fain to yield the palm to the latter, and my little *four-footed* Folly united with many others floating in the brain of her master, to drive the muses entirely out of the field. Betook myself to rest at an early hour, and dreamt that I beheld little Appleby elevated to the bar; that he pleaded most eloquently a Chancery suit, and—gained it!"

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Lewis remained about four months in Jamaica, during the whole of which period he was occupied in attending to his slaves, and doing every thing in his power to benefit their condition. So com-

pletely was he engrossed with this subject that he rigidly abstained from joining in any of the convivial scenes for which this hospitable island is so distinguished, and actually embarked for England without visiting a fine estate of his, called Hordley, —being aware that the time he had allotted for his stay would preclude him from attending to that estate, and to the other, called Cornwall, to the negroes of which he now strictly confined his attention, until his contemplated return to the West Indies,—contenting himself in the mean time with impressing upon the minds of his agents on the other estate his desire to increase the comforts of the slaves, and his utter aversion to the use of the "cart-whip."

So well did he succeed in his praiseworthy efforts that the whole sable multitude of that part of the island began to consider him as their common friend, and the slaves on the neighbouring estates were continually making applications to him to entreat his intercession with their masters. Among his own negroes, he abolished the use of the lash—gave them a fair and equal hearing with the whites in all matters of complaint—visited their cottages, and the sick in the hospital, to whom he occasionally sent the dishes from his own table. He increased their holidays, sanctioned

their amusements, and became so greatly adored by the simple-hearted beings, that he could use no threat which terrified them so much, as to declare that he would leave them. He was careful also to banish their superstitions; and the following account which he gives in his journal, of an interview with a poor negress, called "Bessie," is strangely opposed to those charges of infidelity which at an early period of his life were affixed to his character.

"This negress," says he, "although still a young woman, is dispensed with from labour, on account of her being afflicted with the *cocoa-bay*, one of the most horrible of negro diseases. It shows itself in large blotches and swellings, and which generally by degrees moulder away the joints of the toes and fingers, till they rot and drop off. Sometimes as much as half a foot will go at once. As the disease is communicable by contact, the person so afflicted is necessarily shunned by society; and this poor woman, who is married to John Fuller, one of the best young men on the estate, and by whom she has had four children (although they are all dead) has for some time been obliged to live separated from him, lest he should be destroyed by contracting the complaint. She now came to tell me that she wanted a blanket, "for that the cold

killed her of nights'; cold being that which negroes dislike most, and from which most of their illnesses arise. Of course she got her blanket; then she said that she wanted medicine for her complaint. 'Had not the doctor seen her?' 'Oh, yes! Dr. Goodwin, but the white doctor could do her no good. She wanted to go to a black doctor, named Ormond, who belonged to a neighbouring gentleman.' I told her, that if this black doctor understood her particular disease better than others, certainly she should go to him; but that if he pretended to cure her by charms or spells, or any thing but medicine, I should desire his master to cure the black doctor by giving him the punishment proper for such an impostor. Upon this, Bessie burst into tears, and said that Ormond was not an obeah man, and that she had suffered too much by obeah men to wish to have any more to do with them. She had made Adam her enemy by betraying him, when he had attempted to poison the former attorney: he had then cursed her, and 'wished that she might never be hearty again, and from that time her complaint had declared itself; and her poor pickaninies had all died away, one after another, and she was sure it was Adam who had done all this mischief by Obeah.' Upon this, I put myself in a great rage, and asked her,

'how she could believe that God would suffer a low wicked fellow like Adam to make good people die, merely because he wished them dead?'—'She did not know. She knew nothing about God, had never heard of such Being, nor of any other world.' I told her that God was a great personage, who lived up yonder, above the blue, in a place full of pleasures, and free from pains, where Adam and wicked people could not come; that her pickaninies were not dead for ever, but were only gone up to live with God, who was good, and would take care of them for her; and that, if she were good, when she died she too would go up to God above the blue, and see all her four pickaninies again. The idea seemed so new and so agreeable to the poor creature, that she clapped her hands together, and began laughing for joy; so I said to her every thing that I could imagine, likely to remove her prejudice; told her that I would make it a crime, even so much as to mention the word Obeah on the estate, and that if any negro, from that time forward, should be proved to have accused another of obeahing him, or of telling another that he had been obeahed, he should forfeit his share in the next present of salt fish which I meant soon to distribute among the slaves, and should never receive any favour from me in

future; so I gave Bessie a piece of money, and she seemed to go away in better spirits than she came."

Before leaving Jamaica, he read to his negroes a code of laws which he had drawn up for their better security in his absence, the principal of which were the following:

"That a book register of punishments be kept, in which the name, offence, and nature and quantity of punishment inflicted, must be carefully put down, and also a note of the same kind given to the negro, in order that if he should think himself unjustly, or too severely punished, he may show his note to my other attorney on his next visit, or to myself on my return to Jamaica, and thus get redress if he has been wronged. No negro is to be struck, or punished in any way, without the trustee's express orders: the black driver so offending, to be immediately degraded, and sent to work in the field; and the white person, for such a breach of my orders, to be discharged upon the spot. No negro is to be punished till twenty-four hours shall have elapsed between his committing the fault and suffering for it, in order that nothing should be done in the heat of passion, but that the trustee should have time to consider the matter coolly. But to pre-

vent a guilty person from avoiding punishment by running away, he is to pass those twenty-four hours in such confinement as the trustee may think most fitting."

Having made these and other arrangements of a similar nature, Lewis embarked for England on the 31st of March, where he arrived, after a tedious passage of two months.

Fulfilling his intention of proceeding to Italy on his return (which he expresses in the first letter of the chapter), he remained but a few weeks in this country, and with singular abruptness set off to the continent.

The first record which we have of his movements there, describes him when *en route* to Italy, as being domiciled with his two friends, Lord Byron and Shelley, at Geneva. And a singular conclave these three must have formed! Differing, as they undoubtedly did, both in magnitude and character of genius, they possessed its elements in common; and, perhaps, few men of their day were more eminently calculated to appreciate the peculiar talents of each other. Shelley, an enthusiastic dreamer, of the wildest and most ethereal fancy, with a mind full of beautiful yet uncertain fairy images, endowed with strange sympathies, felt but undefined,—fitful and fan-

ciful as they were, always possessing the softest halo of poetry, and the purest essence of the heart.—Lewis again, with a mind like that of an Eastern magician, where every thing is dark, yet bold and palpable, giving forms to ideas which other minds shrink from personifying, and peopling the imagination with the most startling fantasies, which lose their extravagance in the horror they create.—The master-spirit of the three combined in a great measure the qualities of both. To a yet higher genius he added a more exquisite knowledge of the human heart. Nor was genius alone their bond of union. They were all endowed with the most exalted sentiments, possessed of a certain magnanimity of character, and a generous feeling of sympathy with the sufferings of their kind.

It was in the society of these men that Lewis wrote the following codicil, to which it will be seen they are the witnesses. No doubt the document had been submitted for their approval; and there can also be no doubt that they cordially concurred in the sentiments which it contained. Yet, notwithstanding their united efforts, the deed, we believe, was afterwards made the subject of legal question; and the anathemas of the poet were found to be feeble barriers to those

infringements against which they were intended to guard.

" Maison Diodati, Geneva.
August 20, 1816.

" This is a codicil to my will, and which I desire to be considered as the *most solemn* declaration of my pleasure, respecting my Jamaica estates, and to be departed from upon no account, any more than another codicil which will be found in my box of papers at Drummond's, with my will itself, and also a third codicil in the hands of Henry Wayte Plumaier, Esquire, of Jamaica, granting liberty to certain slaves, belonging to my estate of Cornwall.—Should any thing in those several instruments appear contradictory to the present codicil, I direct that *this* shall stand good in preference to the others.

Having convinced myself that the negroes cannot with certainty be protected in their rights and comforts if they are left entirely to the care of an attorney, and never visited by their proprietor; I wish to prevent this from ever happening again, *to the very utmost of that power which the law allows me.* I therefore order that whoever shall after my death be in possession of my estate of Cornwall shall (if a man) pass three whole ca-

lendar months in Jamaica every third year, either in person or by deputing one of his sons orone of his brothers. If a woman, she must perform this condition, either in her own person, or by deputing her husband, or one of her sons, or one of her brothers. Nothing shall dispense with the performance of this condition, except such an excuse as shall be allowed by law to amount to a *legal impossibility ;* such as dangerous illness, rebellion in Jamaica, or *excuses not less cogent ;* in which case the condition shall be complied with on the succeeding year, or at least so soon as it shall be *possible* for the holder of the estate to fulfil it. But should the holder of Cornwall estate suffer three years to elapse without fulfilling the condition, and without being prevented by any such or similar *reasonable* legal impossibility, then I declare the estate to be forfeited to the next heir, who shall receive it, but under the same condition and under the same penalty of forfeiture to the next heir again; and so to pass on from heir to heir, till the estate shall fall into the hands of a person who is willing to hold it on the above condition. Should the estate of Cornwall become the joint property of several persons, I direct that each of them shall fulfil this condition in turn, beginning with the eldest son, females being al-

lowed to depute their husbands, their sons, their grandsons, or their brothers, and males their sons, their grandsons, or their brothers. I also direct that the person who shall fulfil the above condition shall, during his residence in Jamaica, be considered as empowered to make any regulation which may appear to him likely to *ameliorate* the situation of the negroes; and to reward him for his trouble he shall receive one whole half of the clear profits of the succeeding crop. I have bequeathed my estate of Cornwall to my eldest sister, and to her children after her death. If no one of these persons will consent to accept it upon the above condition, or neglect to fulfil it after acceptance, then I declare the estate to be forfeited to my youngest sister (and to her children after her death) *upon the same condition.*

"If no one of these persons also will fulfil this condition, then I declare the estate to be forfeited to that one of my next legal heirs who *shall* be willing to perform it—to be forfeited by *him* or *her* also upon non-performance. I bequeath my estate of Hordley to my youngest sister (and to her children after her death) *upon exactly the same conditions* (of passing three months in Jamaica once in every three years) which I have above imposed respecting Cornwall; and if no one of these

persons perform this condition, then I declare Hordley to be forfeited to my eldest sister (and to her children after her death) *upon the same conditions;* and if these conditions are not fulfilled, then Hordley (as well as Cornwall) shall pass to my next legal heir, who *will* perform them.

"Whether I possess the whole, or only the half, of Hordley at the time of my death, I declare that the more or less shall make no difference. In that case I bequeath the whole of Hordley to my youngest sister, and her children after her death; but I charge it with fifteen thousand pounds, to be equally divided between the children of my eldest sister, to which purpose one half of the clear profits of Hordley shall be devoted, till the whole fifteen thousand pounds shall have been discharged.

"I also declare that any person who may infringe those regulations which I have laid down for the benefit of the negroes on my estates in Jamaica, or who may dare to diminish the comforts and indulgences allowed them by me, shall forfeit his or her interest in those estates.

"I positively forbid the sale of any negro, or negroes, who may belong to me at the time of my death. I hereby attach my negroes to the estate to which they may belong at that period (but I allow them to be set free), and I declare any

person or persons who shall dare to disobey this order, to have forfeited his or her or their interest in my estates in Jamaica, and I pronounce such sales to be void.

"I declare, that the above conditions are, in every respect, intended by me to apply to whatever property in Jamaica may be possessed by me at the time of my death, as well as to those estates which are in my possession at this moment.

"I desire that the above conditions may be binding upon my heirs and successors, in my estates in Jamaica, to the very utmost extent to which the law will allow me to bequeath my estate, whatever that extent may be.

"My whole object in writing this paper is to secure my negroes a visit from some person of my family who is interested in their welfare, and to prevent their being abandoned to the unlimited superintendence of an attorney or overseer, and I most earnestly and solemnly entreat the assistance of the Law to carry an object of such importance to the happiness of so many human beings into effect. I trust that I have expressed myself so clearly that there can be no doubt as to my *meaning;* and I also trust that the law will not suffer that meaning to be defeated through any quirk or quibble, or trifling informality, should there be



persons so worthless as to endeavour to set aside my will, and endeavour to get possession of my estates in Jamaica without fulfilling the above condition. But if such an endeavour *should* be made, and it should also succeed, (which may God Almighty forbid!) then I hereby most solemnly brand them with the name of *robbers*, and usurpers of property not belonging to them, nor to which they are properly entitled; and I earnestly hope that the property which they shall have acquired by such unjust and such unworthy means, may never prosper either with themselves, or their descendants.

"I do not mean by this that I suspect either my sisters or their husbands, or their children, of being likely to adopt conduct so ungrateful to me, and so disgraceful to themselves: but a lawyer, whom I consulted stated to me such a possibility, and I, therefore, held it necessary to state this much. The estates are entirely my own; I may give them to a stranger to my blood, if I please. If the members of my own family inherit my property, I have a right to impose my own conditions.

"M. G. LEWIS.

"(Witnessed) Byron,

"Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"John Polidori."

The following letters will show the progress of his tour.

"Florence, October 1, 1816.

"My dear Mother,

"I am here quite well, and have hitherto been very much amused with my expedition. I have crossed the Alps, and the Apennines, without breaking down; have seen the cathedral of Milan, the Chartreuse-church of Pavia, and the Gulf of Genoa; have talked for half an hour to Maria Louisa, and have made a low bow to the Venus of Medicis, and wished her joy of her safe arrival from Paris. In many things indeed I am disappointed: except Holland, Upper Lombardy is the flattest, ugliest country that I ever witnessed; no trees but stiff straight poplars; and in summer the rivers are nothing but great channels of sluices. The weather, till within these few days, has been abominable; the fruit is not fit to be eaten; and the singers at the opera bawl in a manner that would get them hissed off the stage in England. I am, therefore, not only glad to have seen all that I have seen, but delighted to think that there never can be occasion for my seeing it again. But the pictures and statues exceed all praise.

The gentleman who takes charge of this, is just come from Naples, where he left Maria and all her

children well. I hope sincerely that the same is the case with yourself. Remember me to Sophia, Mrs. Blake, and my two uncles, and believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"Rome, January 1, 1817.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I write you a few lines just to wish you health and happiness through the new year, and to say that I am still alive and tolerably well; my eyes only are in a bad state, and plague me a good deal. I hope to get some advice for them soon, but at present there is nobody here whom I dare trust with them. I am still greatly amused with Italy, and wonderfully so with Rome. But the people are insupportable, and I shun them as wildfire.

"I heard from Maria the other day, whois in low spirits, having sent her boy, Stephen, to sea. She is going to be confined again in March!—there really is no end of it! I believe I told you that I was presented to Maria Louisa at Parma. I have since kissed the pope's hand (not his toe), and now have nothing more to do at Rome. I shall probably go to Naples soon, but my stay there is very uncertain.

"If I can find a good opportunity I shall run over to Greece; so you must not be surprised to see my next letter dated from Athens.

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"Naples, March 13, 1817.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I have deferred writing to you from day to day, expecting to be able to tell you that Maria was safely brought to bed; but I believe she puts it off out of consideration for *me*, in order that she may not lose my company as long as I remain at Naples. However, I shall leave it the day after to-morrow, and I make no doubt that she will be brought to bed in the evening of the same day, in order to make the restraint which she has been putting upon herself for my sake the more striking, and her attention to me the more pointedly marked. I have now been here for nine weeks, and never thought it possible for me to be so much delighted with any place out of England. The climate is delicious, and the beauty of the scenery beggars all description. As to winter, I am told that it is *gone;* but I should never have

found out that it was *come*, only that the day before yesterday, there fell three flakes and a half of snow; and *that* passed for winter. I look upon Maria as the most fortunate person in the world, since she cannot live in England at present, that her lot is cast to live at Naples. For my own part, I am determined, that if Jamaica should fail, or any thing happen to make England odious to me, I shall ship myself off for Naples, and fix myself there immovably. Rome did not agree with me; and in particular, my eyes troubled me a good deal: but at Naples I have been (for me) singularly well, and I shall quit the place with the greatest regret, especially as its distance from England (and still more from Jamaica) is so great that I cannot possibly return to visit it without a very great exertion. This is the extreme point of my travels; so that from this moment you may consider me as being upon my way home. Farewell, my dear mother; remember me most kindly to Sophia, my uncles, and Mrs. Blake, and believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

Again Lewis returned to England, where he remained only one or two months; and, about the beginning of October, he once more embarked for the West Indies.

The following poem, the last of any length he ever composed, was written about this period, and presented to a lady from whom we obtained the copy. The similarity of the plot to a poem which had appeared five months previously, the fame of which was still ringing in the ears of the public, (we allude to "Paradise and the Peri," in "Lallah Rookh"), precluded all idea of publication at the time, in the mind of Lewis; though it may be said rather to be a resemblance (perhaps an intentional one) than an imitation. It would have remained, in all probability, excluded for ever from the eyes of the world, but for the publication of these memoirs.

THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Fairer than light that smiles in summer sky,
Dearer than cherish'd thought of days gone by;
More swift than Time's bright wing, when Pleasure's hour
Fleets o'er the revel of the festive bower;

Angels, rejoicing, waft to heav'nly throne
The latent wish that fain would sin atone.
Yet many a sun the lids of slumbering spring,
Had, wakening, kiss'd, to rise on breezy wing,
Since from the surface of the deluged world,
Mercy assuaged the flood which Justice hurl'd:
And in harmonious tints of that bright bow,
Type of the bond of Heaven with earth below,
Again was by the weeping Phatyr view'd, (*a*)
The path of crime by rebel man pursued.
Rarely his pen of pearl in orient light (*b*)
Records the deeds good angels joy to write;
And sad the pitying cherub scans the page,
A tablet dire of Sin's increasing rage.
Mournful and sweet, as doth the evening gale
Sigh o'er the weeping flowers in dewy vale,
After a day of glorious golden beams,
Hath lit the tinted meads and glassy streams,
Was still the angel Phatyr's pleading strain,
As hymn'd seraphic hosts the Eternal's reign;
Still was his boon the heav'nly throne before,
That some redeeming act might man restore.
"Mine be the task!" he cried; "the triumph mine,
To bear such tribute to the realms divine;
From bowers celestial doom'd the while to roam,
Until I win my glorious passport home!"
His prayer was heard;—and thus did Heav'n decree,
Phatyr, in mortal guise, should captive be,
Till, *act to man most hard, to Heav'n most dear,*
Should, by atonement, man's transgression clear.
He said—and Phatyr from his lucid wing
Waved balmy odours, as he thus did sing:

SONG OF THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

" There's a fair flower wreathing the heav'nly throne,
That ever the dearest to Heav'n is known :
'Tis rear'd in the beams of the angel's smile,
And its blossoms fall softly on earth the while.

Fierce is the lightning that fires the brand !
Keen is the sword in that angel's right hand !
'Tis falling !—'tis falling on Man in his pride—
And who may the day of Jehovah abide ?

Yet, wherever the bolts of his justice are hurl'd,
To punish the rebels of yon nether world,
Should they cross this sweet flow'r in their burning flight,
They melt into tears in his rainbow's light.

Ah ! none know this flower, save those who have found
The wreath which the brow of repentance hath crown'd ;
And have welcomed it blooming in heavenly ray,
When the flowers of earth have all faded away.

This well-beloved blossom, my joy 'tis to rear ;
It blooms in a sigh, and it smiles through a tear:
While none ever vainly in heavenly bower,
Sought the *life*-healing balm of this glorious flower.

Behold ye ! 'tis twining my angel brow :
And the tear-dews of pardon are bright on it now.
To earth and its valleys of sorrow I fly,
The herald of Mercy and Peace from on high !"

* * * * *
* * * * *

Conviction pierced the listening throng, as stole
The Mollah's* accents o'er each conscious soul;
Lowly and meek he stood; while precepts fell
From lips all deem'd inspired: Him holy spell
Seem'd to inshrine; as did his youthful brow,
Radiant with pious zeal celestial glow:
While if his words awoke accusing smart,
Swift-following tears would fall on that sad heart.

On those fair shores, where bloom of fruits and flowers
Glow in the genial gales, and sun-bright hours;
Where the rapt bard his orient song bestows
On the sweet bulbul and Damascus rose;
Blessing and blest, the pious Mollah roved;
Where'er his course, still honour'd and beloved;
While all on earth desired, and hoped from Heaven,
Seem'd to this favour'd being lavish given:
Whose potent eloquence, where'er he trod,
Graced cultured bower, and bless'd the rustic sod.
'Twas thus that Phatyr on his mission bent,
Wandered the darken'd earth, with mild intent.
Yet pensive he the mundane pageant view'd,
Of pomp and honours which his steps pursued;
And o'er his brow divine meek sorrow spread,
Like moonlight glance on some fair flower shed,
By darkening sky when its bright bloom o'ercast,
It seems to mourn its day of glory past.

* *Mollah*—the Persian name for a preacher.

Thus oft when mellow'd in the western sky,
Day slowly furl'd his wing of mingling dye,
Where crystal founts o'er beds of marble play,
In the mild lustre of his lingering ray;
Casting to perfumed gales their diamond showers.
While evening birds sang o'er the dew-bright flowers,
In pensive musing would the Mollah rove,
Beneath the covert of some fav'rite grove;
And as the cool and verdant turf he press'd,
Thus pour'd the secret of his sorrowing breast:
"My Heaven! my home! Ah! sad the lingering hours,
Until restored to thy celestial bowers.
Where breathes the mortal who will loose my chain,
And free the spirit for the skies again?—
Ah! what these gifts the pitying Power bestows,
Unto the boundless bliss an angel knows—
Who soars beyond the ken of mortal eye,
Beyond the region of refulgent sky;
And with his lightning glance all Nature views,
In the deep centre of her varied hues;
Who blends with lustre of the sunny ray,
And on the life-awakening breeze doth play.
How oft when the sweet dawn of vernal life
In Spring's young heralds, (born in storms and strife
Of the conflicting seasons,) man would hail,
(As stole their fairy bloom o'er snow-clad vale)
Have I been floating in the rosy glow
Of Heaven's sweet breath, awakening life below;
Lingering and hovering in my cherub's flight,
O'er some young opening bud with fond delight;
To mark its blush, as it did seem to look,
On its own beauty in the fringed brook.



Floating in radiance then I'd pause awhile,
To chase its dewy tears with angel's smile:
While joyous birds on budding bough would sing,
And poise on new-born gale the joyous wing,
Or slumbering with the breeze in languid flight,
On some calm glossy lake in Summer light,
I'd mingle with the breath of gladsome flower,
That grateful sigh'd, refresh'd by welcom'd shower.
And when I view'd rich Autumn crown the year,
The waving blade its golden treasures rear;
The flush of ripen'd fruits, the teeming land,
Laden with bounty of Almighty hand,
And hills whose wreathed beauty seem'd to rise,
From heaven-clad earth unto her parent skies,
With store whose hues did with those skies unite,
In one bright mingled mass of life and light,
How would I joy in the Eternal's reign!
And soar on glowing wing to Heaven again,
Singing in orbit of Empyrean's light,
The praise and glory of the Eternal's might!
  What are, alas! the fleeting joys that wait,
Upon the bondage of the human state?
Until redeem'd my pledge, still must I sigh,
And to my angel's home still pine to fly."
  While thus possessing every earthly good,
Th' imbodied Seraph doth in sadness brood;
And floats upon the evening gale his moan,
In native sweetness of angelic tone.
Through Heaven's high vault the silver echoes ring;
And listening nightingales forget to sing!
  Now many a shore the Mollah's step had sought,
Whence Fame had spread of noble actions wrought;

On those few spots, (where sunn'd by angel eyes,
The dawning hues of virtue gladsome rise;
Where the sweet light of Heaven's own smile doth play,
Wakening each blossom to unfading ray,
And on the blighted earth where bloom such flowers
On that loved spot eternal verdure showers:)
The angel paused, yet still did inward mourn,
His self-sought penance; and had weary worn,
Through years of Time, that erst did use to float,
In his angelic view, like the gay mote,
And dancing atom which doth pass away,
Upon the misty tide of summer's ray.
Where'er the light of noble deed was shed,
His hopes still to the glorious beacon sped;
And still he sigh'd and panted to behold
The act that Heaven's portal might unfold.
From pious dervise, who by glimmering ray,
Of night-worn lamp, in nook remote would pray;
Who by a life austere, and penance, fain
Would strive his share of Heaven's grace to gain;
To the gay wanderer of life's busy day,
Who in more social path did choose his way
To Heaven's gate; whose philanthropic deeds,
And active virtues, were his book and beads:
The brave in honour's cause—the silent breath,
Of patient sorrow o'er her pale hope's death,
Whose pious glance could still discern the light
Of Heaven's wisdom tracking pleasure's flight;
And faithful friendship proved by grief and years,
Or the more arduous test that Fortune bears,
(When her bright gifts from golden tree she showers,
Whose shadows mortals grasp, deeming them flowers,)



Did Phatyr, view; and o'er his human brow,
A light almost of heavenly ray, would glow.
Did he behold the smile or grateful tear,
Of memory's tablet, on some cheek appear,
For kindness past, diffusing lovely light,
Joyful his kindling hopes would hail the sight;
And with his angel glance would quickly trace,
Bright gleams of heaven in that mortal's face.
Or did he view some tender duteous child,
Whose filial love a parent's hours beguiled,
With cares that did the sacred tie renew,
Joyful the angel deemed his Heaven in view.
But still more precious tribute there remain'd,
By which his Paradise must be regain'd.
The time had pass'd since dawn'd the Ramazan;
The sacred moon, (*c*) whose infant rays began
Dimly to glance on mosque and minaret,
Whence loud acclaim the holy lustre met:
Hail'd by Mueddzin from illumined tower;
While solemn minstrelsy proclaim'd the hour,
And Schenval's light, (*d*) the Bairam rites drew near.
The favour'd camel's plumed head did rear,
That freed from future toil, with pomp array'd,
To bear the holy book was proudly made; (*e*)
While hooded pilgrims formed the pious train,
That blessing sought at Mecca's shrine to gain.
Full seven times in solemn march they moved,
Around the hallow'd temple Abraham loved. (*f*)
There many a fervent vow they breathed before
The Caaba's pillar'd roof and silver door; (*g*)
And prayed that pious act might sin atone,
As press'd their trembling lips the sacred stone (*h*)



On which the blessed Patriarch laid his head,
When his rapt soul in heavenly vision sped.
Such be each zealots care, while faith his guide;
Nor worldly thought or wish his prayers divide;
Accepted *every* form that of the heart
(*God's only temple*) is an imaged part.

Now many a bounteous door was open'd wide,
Where pious deeds the Koran's precepts guide;
And faithful Moslems, to the pilgrim's weed
Breathed kindly welcome, and supplied his need.
Foremost of such was generous Calas famed,
In grateful prayers, by many a Hadgee named.
Humble and pious, noble, just and kind,
Sure at *Seraphyel's* trump (*i*) his faults must find
Their lesser balance, in the angel's hand,
The actions of mankind ordain'd to weigh,
When the frail narrow bridge all must essay. (*k*)
And was there one—*one* fault, that did his fall.
O'er that appalling pass, at that dread call,
Sorely presage; and unto silent air
To hurl the record of his virtues fair.
Too true, alas! that one dark speck did throw,
Its frowning shadow o'er their brightest glow.
  Osmyn and Calaf, in their boyhood grew,
Two youthful friends; as one they did pursue
Each joyous sport; and still did sympathise
In either's grief, by friendship's kindly ties.
But rear'd was haughty Osmyn in the hour
Of Fortune's glittering tide, and flush of power:
While humble Calaf was ordained to stray
In narrowed path, until by flattering ray

And e'en in boyhood, in his dawning pride,
Osmyn, with heedless mirth, would oft deride
His lowly friend: thus jealousies will spring
From causes trivial, still to goad and sting,
And sharpen every unseen dart they guide
Unto the orifice of wounded pride.
Such was the rankling that in the heart
Of the dependent Calaf, proved the smart;
Who, of reflective silent mood, retain'd
A hasty word; and in whose thought remain'd
Remembrance of a wrong: while subtly wrought
The mutual petty act, by which each sought
Triumphant still to fan the smother'd fire,
Till manhood's hatred sprang from youthful ire.
Thus oft are early seeds the poison'd root
Of branching tree, that bitter baneful fruit,
The path of many an after-life doth strew,
To blight the fairest buds of virtue's hue.
In pride of wealth and power, many a year,
Osmyn had floated on in gay career;
Till Heaven in Fortune's path, did sow the thorn,
And he, in turn, became of pride the scorn:
While Time's slow measured pace had far advanced,
And through her shadowy veil oft memory glanced
O'er scenes her faithful tablet pictured yet,
Though years had fleeted since the foes had met:
While many a slight, with Calaf, yet remain'd
Deep in his breast; where rancorous thought still reign'd:
And that dark thought was still the frowning cloud,
That from the beams of grace his prayers would shroud.
Ah! thus when souls would heavenly heights essay,
By passions snared, they linger on their way;

As reptile webs that spread in summer light,
Thrall the weak flutt'rer in his upward flight.
'Twas to the sacred shrine their vows to pay,
That Calaf hailed two pilgrims on their way :—
" My brothers welcome; welcome to my gate,"
The Moslem cried, " and on your footsteps wait
The bright reward of holy pure intent,
On which the pilgrim's pious thought is bent;
'Neath my unworthy roof, repose I pray,
Awhile in peace; then speed your glorious way."
From out his close-drawn hood, affliction's sigh,
With humble gesture, did alone reply;
As mute and sad the pilgrim thus address'd,
Of Calaf's zealous bounty was the guest;
And, with his pious brother, seem'd to share,
The secret musing of some inward prayer.
Meanwhile the sun had sunk in golden rest,
Smiling on roseate pillow from the west;
And low each faithful Moslem bends to greet
His parting glance, with prayer and tribute meet:
But when in glory of his lingering light,
The prayer of Calaf with his guest's unite,
A well-known voice falls on his startled ear:
But, ah! how changed since Calaf last did hear
Those accents, faltering now in humbled state,
Which pardon sought with his at mercy's gate.
'Twas he!—it was his foe of youthful day,
In Heaven's light—*both sinners bend to pray!*
And as the pilgrim's hood chance doth displace,
Calaf beholds the pallid woe-worn face
Of haughty Osmyn, changed by grief and years,
Whose uprais'd eyes gleam through repentant tears.
Now doth the soul of Calaf feel how vain

The prayers of one who yet doth aught retain
Against his fellow-man: within his heart
Conflicting passions for a while do smart;
And vengeful impulse struggling to bear sway,
Fain would the nobler feeling scare away;
Yet virtue triumphs, as he turns to greet
His foe of years; now humbled at his feet.
"Osmyn, the proud and prosperous, was my foe;
But Osmyn, bow'd by grief, again I know:
And if my guest, by Heaven ordain'd to be
My friend; by our blest Koran's third degree. (*l*)
Hence vengeful thoughts! to your dark region hence!
And Heaven reward me, as I recompense."
Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! a new surprise
Bursts on their mutual sense: a pilgrim's guise,
No longer veils the second pious guest;
Who now the angel Phatyr stands confest,
In robe celestial! while his radiant brow
Doth, with seraphic sweetness, joyful glow.
"By virtue won," he cries, "blest triumph hail!
Such is the act that can with grace avail;
Such when, by erring man, a foe forgiven,
Becomes *his* passport unto pardoning Heaven:
And such the act that, can the spirit free,
And ope the gate of Paradise for me!"
He said, and radiant glory pour'd around
His prostrate hearers, as they kiss'd the ground:
But when they rose, the beauteous form had fled;
And the bright angel's song above their head,
Scenting the light-wing'd zephyr's breath that o'er
The bowers of blushing roses, trembling bore
The sounds celestial; Calaf heard and wept,
That he so long in evil thrall had slept.

PHATYR'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

O'er breezy hill, and waving grove,
Lighter than summer bird I rove;
Soaring on free and joyous wing,
With the bright circling spheres to sing;
Gazing on countless myriads gay,
Which revel in the sunny ray;
And throng the glowing sparkling air,
For Heaven's life is every where!
Proclaim the triumph in celestial song,
From skies to earth the theme prolong;
I bear the passport to the gates of Heaven,
Prayer of a heart that hath each wrong forgiven;
While from my human thraldom free
Again I rove o'er land and sea,
Viewing the beauties of sweet Heaven,
Alike to ev'ry creature given:
And Heaven's light! and Heaven's air!
And Heaven's blessing—every where!

MARGINAL NOTES TO THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

(*a*) "*Again was by the weeping Phatyr view'd.*"—p. 2.

——" Amongst them he noted one especially, *Phatyr*, or the *Angell of Mercie;* a creature of that vast frame, that every step he trod, was twelve times more than the distance is twixt both the Poles. Mahomet inquired of him, why he wept so fiercely; the angell replied, that it was out of his compassion to see the deplorable estate and vanitie of man." —*See Herbert's travels in the year* 1638, p. 263.

(*b*) "*Rarely his pen of pearl in orient light.*"

——" This is that same angell that has the holy quill or pen in keeping; a pen of orient pearle; so long, that an excellent Arabian courser in five hundred yeeres continuall galloping, can hardly reach to the further end of it: with this pen, God registers all things, past, present, and to come; the inck he writes with, is pure light, &c.—(*Ibid.*)

(*c*) "*The time had pass'd since dawn'd the Ramazan;*
The sacred moon."

"The Persian religion does not expressly command any other fast than that for the month of Ramazan; this word Ramazan, is the name of the ninth month of the year, and their Lent is so called, because the fast is observed from the beginning to the end of it; when this moon first appears—which is usually in the evening, immediately after sunset—it

is proclaimed by the holy criers in great numbers, on the terraces of their mosques; who publish it as a most surprising piece of news, and sing certain hymns upon the occasion; the people answer in joyful cries, and illuminate the streets." —*Account of Persia, Millar's Geography*, p. 37.

(*d*) " *And Schenval's light—the Bairam rights drew near.*"

" At the next new moon, viz. the beginning of the month Schenval, the festival called Bairam, begins, which lasts three days, when they celebrate a thanksgiving in their mosques or temples; most of our travellers compare it to the Easter of the Christians, because it succeeds their Ramazan, as Easter does our Lent."—*Millar's Geography*, p. 1551.

(*e*) " *The favour'd camel's plumed head did rear,*
That freed from future toil, with pomp array'd,
To bear the holy book was proudly made."

" Early the next morning we went to see the cavalcade of the Hadgees setting out on their pilgrimage to Mecca.... .....afterwards came the Mahmal, a large pavilion of black silk, fixed upon the back of a very tall camel, with the curtains adorned with gold fringes spreading around the beast to the ground, and at the top a gold ball. The camel that carries it has large robes of beads, fish-shells, fox-tails, and other fantastical ornaments of the same kind, hung round his head, neck, and legs. This is assigned to do honour to the koran, which is placed with great reverence under the pavilion, where it is carried in state to and from Mecca. The camel that carries this sacred load, has the privilege of being ever after exempted from all other burdens."—*Maundrel's Travels from Aleppo to Jerusalem.* " World Displayed." Third Edition, 1764, vol. xi., p. 103.



(*f*) "*Full seven times in solemn march they moved,*
Around the hallow'd temple Abraham loved."

"The principal end of the pilgrimage to Mecca, is to visit the kabba, or chapel, of the patriarch Abraham, and perform certain acts of devotion in the courts that surround it, and not on account of Mecca's being the birthplace of Mahomet, much less because his tomb is there, because that is at Medina, above two hundred miles to the north of Mecca. The principal things the pilgrims perform, when they come to the town are the following; namely, the going in procession seven times round Abraham's chapel; the kissing a black stone there; the spending a certain portion of time at Mount Arafat; the sacrificing a sheep upon Mount Menah, in remembrance of Abraham's going to sacrifice his son; the drinking of the water of the well Zemzem; the taking seven turns between the little hills of Safa and Merva: and the throwing stones over their heads in the valley of Menah; all which, it is said, they do in imitation of the patriarch Abraham, and which God has enjoined them as an indispensable duty.—*Millar's Geography*, p. 37.

(*g*) "*The Caaba's pillar'd roof and silver door.*"

——The temple stands in the centre of the town, and hath a famous caaba, or square structure, peculiarly hallowed and set apart for worship. The silver door is on the east side, stands about four cubits from the ground, and is ascended by a flight of steps. This caaba has a double roof, supported within by octangular pillars of aloes wood; between which, on iron bars, hang silver lamps: the outside is covered with rich black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of

gold, which is changed every year, being provided by the Grand Signior," &c.—*Millar's Geography*, p. 118.

(*h*) "*As press'd their trembling lips the sacred stone,*
On which the blessed patriarch laid his head,
When his rapt soul in heav'nly vision sped."

"There was a temple in the middle of Arabia, that had been held in the greatest veneration for 1400 years; in this temple was a *black stone* upon which (say the Arabs) Jacob saw the vision mentioned in Scripture, of the angels descending and ascending into Heaven."—*Bruce's Travels*, vol. vii., p. 426.

Millar, also, in describing the Caaba at Mecca, though he does not mention the patriarch, proceeds thus: "—— In the corner next to this door (the silver), is a famous *black stone*, said to have been brought down from heaven by Gabriel, at the creation of the world, and which was originally white, but contracted this blackness that now appears on it from the sins of mankind."

"The Hindus insist that the *black stone* in the wall of the Caaba, is no other than the *Lingo*, or *Phallus* of Maha-diva; and when the Caaba was rebuilt by Mahommed (as they affirm it to have been), it was placed in the wall out of contempt; but the new-converted pilgrims would not give up the worship of the *black stone;* sinister portents forced the ministers of the new religion to connive at it. Arabian authors also inform us, that stones were worshipped all over Arabia, particularly at Mecca; and the author of the 'Dabistan' declares positively that the *hejar al asurd*, or the *black stone*, was the object of an idolatrous worship from the most remote times."—*Sale's Koran.*



In the Chronicles of Eri, page 95, is introduced the following note, upon a stone called *Liafail*, described "white as snow, round as the head of man, smooth as the arrow from the warrior's bow,—and mighty *Baal* forth did send his terrible voice, saying, 'Let all the race for evermore receive the name of chief on *Liafail* (for so they called the stone), from the mouth of the high priest, servant to *Baal* on earth.' *Liafail*, means stone of destiny, on which many chief kings of Eri were crowned, till the time of Feargus, who led a colony to present Scotland, 503 years since Christ, at which he requested permission to take the stone to that land, to secure the establishment of his race therein; which request was complied with, and many of the chiefs of Caledonia were inaugurated on *Liafail;* which it is generally supposed was laid hold on, and brought away from *Scone* to *London*, where, in Westminster Abbey, a stone is shown for *Liafail*, by the name of *Jacob's pillow;* but that Edward of England did not take off the real stone, is evident from a view of it; Jacob's pillow, being in nothing like Liafail, save in its being a stone."

There are many other curious particulars concerning this *Liafail* or *Stone of Destiny*, related by Dr. Parsons, in the 'Remains of Japhet,' page 170, which may not be uninteresting to the curious inquirer: viz.—An ancient race of people, called *Tuatha de Danans*, migrated from Assyria to the north, and settled in Denmark and Norway, where they continued several years, he thus continues: "They brought with them from Denmark, certain curiosities, one of which is now in *Westminster Abbey*, the stone under the old coronation chair. The others were, the sword of a prince, called *Luighaidth Lamhfhada*, or *Longhanded*, with which he fought in battle; also a spear belonging to the same prince,

and a particular large *caldron*. When they made their incursion into Ireland, they carried these curious pieces of antiquity with them; and it appears, from several *Irish* records, that the *stone* was in the possession of *Mortogh*, king of Ireland, when his brother, *Fergus* the Great, carried his arms into *Scotland*, and subdued the princes that governed that kingdom; for, when he had finished his conquest, he sent over to his brother, desiring him to send him the *stone*, that he might be crowned upon it: for the Scythians in general, believed that there was infinite virtue in this *stone*, from an old prophecy which is recorded of it, that in whatsoever country this *stone* is preserved, a prince of the *Scythian* race, that is, of the family of *Milesius*, king of Spain, should undoubtedly reign. Of this, *Hector Boetius* gives an account, in his history of Scotland, as quoted by *Keating*, in these words:

'Ni fallut fatum, Scoti quodcunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.'

"Keating translates it as follows:

'Unless the fixed decrees of fate give way,
The *Scots* shall govern and the sceptre sway,
Where'er this stone they find, and its dread *sound* obey.'"

"The addition of the *sound* to this verse, is occasioned by what is reported concerning this *stone*, that it exhibited a strange noise every time a king was crowned upon it, and continued to do so, till the birth of Christ, when the phenomenon ceased. This noise was a contrivance of the Druid

priests: however that be, *Fergus* was persuaded from the prophecy, of its having an extraordinary power, and therefore coveted to be crowned upon it, believing the succession would be thereby perpetuated in his family; and accordingly, the *stone* was sent over to him, and he was actually crowned upon it.

"This *stone* in the Irish annals, is called *Lia Fail* the *fatal stone*, or *stone of destiny*; and was, for ages, preserved there, and held in great esteem, till *Mortogh* sent it to his brother, into Scotland, where it was kept, and high veneration paid it in the *Abbey* of *Scone*, till *Edward the First* brought it into England, and placed it under the coronation chair, in *Westminster Abbey*, where it now remains." Perhaps the old prophecy alluded to by Dr. Parsons, may be the following as translated from the Erse, in the "Chronicles of Eri," page 90:

"Chiefs of *Iber*, *Gaal* of Sciot, look on this stone; so smooth, so fair, so round and so compact, be thus; guard well this blessed gift, and in what land this messenger shall stay, a chief of *Iber* shall still bear sway."

Whether the stone in the Caaba at Mecca, or the stone in Westminster Abbey, is the identical stone upon which Jacob rested his head, when he had his beatific vision, is a point I leave to the decision of the learned antiquarians: it must be remembered, that I am only a simple narrator of authorities.

> *"Sure at Seraphyel's trump his faults must find,*
> *Their lesser balance in the angel's hand."*

Mahomet, speaking of the final day of judgment, says, "Forty days the earth and elements must remain in a dis-

ordered state; in which time, the Deity shall grasp it in his fist, and beholding it, say to this effect: "Where are now the haughty princes? the cruel tyrants? &c..... ... After that he will call up Seraphyel, and bid him take his trumpet in his hand: the trumpet is of purest gold, and above five hundred year's travel from one end to another .....Michæl, the arch-angel (perceiving the tribunall raised upon a high mount in Jehosaphat's vale,) he approaches with his mighty ballance, and poyses every man their good and bad deeds, in either scale."—*Herbert's Travels*, p. 265.

(*k*) "*When the frail narrow bridge all must essay.*"

....."After that they are laden with their sinnes packt up in a satchell, and hung about their necks: in this sort, they passe upon a narrow and weak bridge over hell; such as have few sinnes pass over safely: those that be heavie laden, breake the bridge, and fall into hell."—*Ibid.*

(*l*) "*And if my guest, by Heaven ordain'd to be*
My friend by our blest Koran's third decree."

"It behooves all Mussulmen to be charitable, and to hate contention."—Koran, third command. "From this command," (says Herbert, in his observations concerning the Persians,) "issues most good to travellers; for, whereas, innes are not to be had in heathen countries, stately buildings, called *Imarets* in *Turkie*, *Carravans-raws* in *Persia*, *Serrays* in *Indya*, are purposedly built, and open to al comers, never questioning their country, businesse, nor religion; not any is to pay aught, in that it was founded from the charity of some Mahometans, who have been knowne to spend in one of these common receptories fifteene thousand

pounds sterling: such are in Shyrax, Lashan, &c. They also erect hospitalls for lame men and diseased; yea, for aged, starved, or hurt birds, beasts, and such like creatures." —*Herbert's Travels*, p. 255.

In Millar's Geography, it is also related as one of the doctrinal points of the Mahommedan religion, that they believe their prayers will not be heard, unless they forgive their enemies.

CHAPTER VI.

Last voyage to Jamaica—Anecdotes at sea—Arrival at Jamaica—Joy of the negroes—Letters—Force of conscience—Quawboo and Jumma—Homeward bound—The closing scene.

" Tuesday night.

" My dear Mother,

" I did not expect to go till Thursday, but the wind has changed, is now fair, and I shall set off to-morrow at all events, you know that I *never* will go through a leave-taking; so farewell, and let me find you in good health and spirits on my return. If you have any thing pleasant ever to tell me, send it to the Albany, when an opportunity occurs, I shall order letters to be sent to me. But tell me nothing that can *possibly* agitate me, or you will be the death or the blindness of me.

" I have written again to remind Sir H. Torrens of my recommendation of Lieutenant Ingall of the 70th, and requested him to apply to *you* if any opportunity of serving him should occur.

When I return, if you will only allow me to visit you in the same quiet way, be in as good humour with me, and never trouble me on subjects which you know to be painful or agitating to me, I shall have great pleasure in cultivating your society. Again I thank you for the kindness and accommodating spirit with which you have uniformly treated me during my last residence in London, and believe me,

"Your truly affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"TO J. INGALL, ESQ.

"1, Church-street, Westminster.

"DEAR SIR,

"I leave my mother in such good health, that I have little apprehension that this note should be of use—still I may as well say, that *should* any thing happen to her, I request you on *no* account to inform me of it. It would affect me too heavily, and might kill me in such a climate * *

"I hope you will continue to enjoy your health.

"Your most obedient,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The contents of this last letter are not more singular than is its outward appearance. It is written or rather scrawled on a sheet of embossed "valentine-paper," having a pink edging, and enclosed in an envelope of the same, with an edging of blue. It has the appearance of haste and agitation, and in all probability the writer himself was not aware of its extraordinary exterior.

It is, however, fraught with all the nervous feeling of his character, and although to the generality of minds any state seems preferable to the torture of suspense; yet his rejection of the very possibility of becoming acquainted with his mother's death evidently manifests such an event to be the only one for which he was unequal, and shows with indubitable inference that his affection for her was paramount to all other earthly consideration.

It was the mother's lot, not the son's, to sustain the dreaded loss; the heaviest which circumstances could inflict. Dear as was the mother to the son, the combined circumstances of her sorrows and constitutional timidity, unsustained by proportionate powers of mind, rendered their mutual affection very touching. Beautiful was the example of filial piety in this pattern of sons, subject as it was to more than common trials: for he whose infant

heart had dilated with joy at the mother's well-known accents—whose tiny hand had clung to hers in childhood with affection—progressively expanding with maturer years into reverence, yet tinged with the fond hue of many lingering memories; this son had, as a man of the world, his perception awakened to the weaknesses of the object his nature and duty taught him to respect; and his sacred cares assumed the character of a father's anxieties when guarding his child from the "pitiless storm" of vulgar comment, and the strictures of a misjudging world. Yet, beautiful as these sentiments are, and hallowed as is the feeling that gave them birth, Nature herself would be belied, were we to pause and inquire whether they were returned; and ours would be a faithless chronicle if we did not add, that never mother doted on her son with greater fervour than she who plays this sad and silent part in our pages.

We have obtained the painful particulars of the closing scene which will complete these memoirs, from a lady who was a fellow-passenger with Lewis, both in his last outward voyage to Jamaica, and on his fatal return.

It may not here be out of place to quote, as an introduction to the narrative, a short extract from the "Journal of a West India Proprietor,"—the posthumous work to which we have before had

occasion to refer our readers; where the lady will be found to be alluded to by the journalist.

"Wednesday, December 24.

"I had often heard talk of 'a hell upon earth,' and now I have a perfect idea of 'a hell upon water:' it must be precisely our vessel during the last three weeks. At twelve at noon, upon the 4th, we passed Plymouth, and were actually in sight of the Lizard Point, when the wind suddenly became completely foul, and drove us back into the Channel. It continued to strengthen gradually but rapidly; and by the time that night arrived, we had a violent gale, which blew incessantly till the middle of Sunday, the 7th, when we were glad to find ourselves once more in sight of Plymouth, and took advantage of a temporary abatement of the wind to seek refuge in the Sound. Here, however, we soon found that we had but little reason to rejoice at the change of our situation. The Sound was already crowded with vessels of all descriptions; and as we arrived so late, the only mooring still unoccupied placed us so near the docks on one side, and another vessel astern, that the captain confessed that he should feel considerable anxiety if the gale should return with its former violence. So, of course,

about eleven at night, the gale *did* return; not, indeed, with its former violence, but with its violence increased tenfold; and once we were in imminent danger from our ship's swinging round by a sudden squall, and narrowly escaping coming in contact with the ship astern, which had not, it seems, allowed herself sufficient cable. Luckily, we just missed her; and our cables (for both our anchors were down) being new and good, we rode out the storm without driving, or meeting with any accident whatever. The next day was squally; and, in spite of the breakwater, the rocking of the ship from the violent agitation of the waves by the late stormy weather, was almost insupportable. However, on the 9th, the wind took a more favourable turn, though in so slight a degree, that the pilot expressed great doubts whether it would last long enough to do us any service. But the captain felt his situation in Plymouth Sound so uneasy, that he resolved at least to make the attempt; and so we crept once more into the Channel. In a few hours the breeze strengthened; about midnight we passed the lights upon the Lizard, and the next morning England was at length out of sight. This cessation of ill-luck soon proved to be only '*reculer pour mieux sauter.*' The gale, it seems, had only stopped to take breath: about

four in the afternoon of Wednesday, the wind began to rise again; and from that time till the middle of the 23d, it blew a complete storm, day and night, with only an occasional intermission of two or three hours at a time. Every one in the ship declared that they had never before experienced so obstinate a persecution of severe weather: every rag of sail was obliged to be taken down; the sea was blown up into mountains, and poured itself over the deck repeatedly. The noise was dreadful; and as it lasted incessantly, to sleep was impossible; and I passed ten nights, one after another, without closing my eyes; so that the pain in the nerves of them at length became intolerable, and I began to be seriously afraid of going blind. In truth, the captain could not have pitched upon a set of passengers worse calculated to undergo the trial of a passage so rough. As for myself, my brain is so weak, that the continuation of any violent noise makes me absolutely light-headed; and a pop-gun going off suddenly, is quite sufficient at any time to set every nerve shaking, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. Then we had a young lady who was ready to die of sea-sickness, and an old one who was little better through fright; and I had an Italian servant into the bargain, who was as sick as the young lady,

and as frightened as the old one. The poor fellow had never been on board a ship before; and with every crack which the vessel gave, he thought that, to be sure, she was splitting right in half. The sailors, too, appeared to be quite knocked up, from the unremitting fatigue to which they were subjected by the perseverance of this dreadful weather. Several of them were ill; and one poor fellow actually died, and was committed to the ocean. To make matters still worse, during the first week the wind was as foul as it could blow; and we passed it in running backwards and forwards, without advancing a step towards our object; till at length every drop of my very small stock of patience was exhausted, and I could no longer resist suggesting our returning to port, rather than continue buffeting about in the chops of the Channel, so much to the damage of the ship and all contained in her. A change of wind, however, gave a complete answer to this proposal. On Thursday it became favourable, as to the prosecution of our voyage, but its fury continued unabated till the evening of the 23d. It then gradually died away, and left us becalmed before the island of Madeira; where we are now rolling backwards and forwards, in sight of its capital, Funchal, on the 24th of

December, being seven mortal weeks since my departure from Gravesend."

We now turn to the narrative of Miss F——, which is as follows:

"In November, 1817, I embarked on board the ship, Sir Godfrey Webster, Captain Boyes, having taken my passage to Jamaica. I was proceeding thither an unfriended orphan, to endeavour to recover from unjust oppressors my rightful inheritance. A partner in the house of Plummer and Co., who was executor to my father, consigned me to the care of Captain Boyes, who was to place me in safety with my brothers, who were then in the island of Jamaica. A lady and her daughters were also expected, but circumstances prevented this family from joining the ship in time for sailing with us, and a respectable woman, going out as housekeeper to a family in the island, was my only female companion on board. Before we sailed, I was introduced by the gentleman who accompanied me from the above-named firm, to Mr. Lewis. I was then young, and having mixed but little in society, had never heard either of himself or his works. A few formal courtesies merely passed at the introduction, and in half an hour the

vessel sailed. When the first bustle of starting was over, and I had time to become more reconciled to my novel situation, I again saw Mr. Lewis. His manners were bland, and gentlemanly, and his address extremely elegant; at times he seemed melancholy and abstracted, and would pace the deck for hours with a book in his hand, plunged it would seem in deep thought or study, and entirely unconscious of surrounding objects. In a short time, however, he threw off an air of restraint, that almost amounted to timidity, and entering into conversation, inquired into my motives for taking such a voyage. Having learned my little history, he expressed the greatest interest in the success of my undertaking, and ultimately manifested his sympathy, by rendering me every assistance in his power when we reached Jamaica; where he not only procured for me the necessary legal advice, but, with the most unlimited generosity and munificence, offered the aid of his pecuniary resources, till my affairs should be brought into a train of settlement.

"We had not been many days at sea, ere Mr. Lewis jestingly informed me, that he was a perfect Jonas, in kindling the wrath of the elements, whilst he was travelling. 'For,' said he, laughing, 'I have never yet undertaken a voyage or a journey, that

something untoward did not occur. Either the wind was against us—or a storm arose—or a wheel came off—or I was attacked by banditti—or some misfortune unforeseen, and out of the common calculation of travelling casualties, happened.' Certain it was, that before we had been two weeks at sea, the most fearful tempest arose that the crew of the Sir Godfrey Webster had ever remembered. It lasted eighteen days and nights, during which period the sufferings of Mr. Lewis from sickness were dreadful. The vessel rolled so much, that we were obliged to be lashed to our berths, or wherever we were lying; and I began almost to think some Jonas-like fatality *did* attend our course. At length the fury of the elements subsided, and we proceeded on our voyage with more comfort. Mr. Lewis showed great anxiety to get into what he called the 'blue waters'—that is, out of the Channel, and beyond the possibility of putting back, as we had frequently been obliged to do. And he early exacted a promise from me, of letting him know the moment a shark appeared, or the blue waters showed their welcome depths, should I be awake, or gain the intelligence before himself. Accordingly, early one morning just at daybreak, having passed a sleepless night, I was the first to tap at the door of his cabin, and convey the wished-for

intelligence that we were in deep water, and that a young shark had been caught. The shark was brought down, the head and tail tied together, and laid at the cabin-door. Hastily answering my summons, Mr. L. dressed himself, and came forth; when, just as he opened the door, the shark, which was it seems only stunned and not dead, bounded with a sudden spring almost over the head of the astonished gentleman, to his no small surprise and my extreme terror. Lewis said it was a good augury; and he was right, for we proceeded calmly the rest of our voyage. In the course of that morning he wrote a little poem, entitled the 'Shark caught at Sea,' a copy of which he gave me: but I regret my efforts to find it among my papers have proved unsuccessful.

"I might record numerous instances of the natural benevolence of Mr. Lewis's mind, which displayed itself during our protracted voyage. The whole crew loved him: was a sailor sick, he was the first to inquire into his disease, and send him cordials, or little dainties from the kitchen. Did an accident occur, he was ready with sympathy or advice for the sufferer. The genuine tone of his feelings, and the uniform courtesy of his manners, could not fail of gaining the esteem and respect of all who were in daily intercourse with him.

"When steady weather had set in, and we did not suffer from sickness, he enlivened our meals in the state cabin with flashes of wit and humorous conversation; often detailing little anecdotes of events that had happened to himself. He never represented himself in the best point of view; and, on one occasion, speaking of his own irritability and hastiness of temper, he gave an instance of it by saying, that having had a portrait of himself painted by an eminent artist in London, for a near female relative living abroad, and, in the following year, finding, though considered an excellent likeness, it had not been thought worth the purchase of a frame, he was so angry at seeing the little value set on his present, and the neglect of himself, that he went into the room where the unframed canvass was standing, and, taking a penknife from his pocket, cut out its eyes, and otherwise mutilated the features of his inoffensive second-self.—Many were the after-dinner hours which were beguiled by such light discourse, not unfrequently varied by quotations from memory, or passages selected and read from some of his favourite authors.

"Mr. Lewis had on board an excellent collection of modern books; and the novels of Sir Walter Scott he more especially recommended to my

perusal. He had also a piano, and some good music with him; and he used to play on the instrument, as he said, for his own amusement, for hours together. Every thing that could be likely to afford relaxation and entertainment to the mind, and enliven the monotony of a sea voyage, seemed to have been stowed in Mr. Lewis's cabin. But yet he grew weary of the passage, and was impatient of the restraint. On Christmas-day we dined off Madeira, where he was most anxious to land, in order to procure oranges and fresh fruits; but his wishes were found incompatible with the sailing orders of Captain Boyes, and we proceeded without touching at the island. After a passage of considerably more than ordinary length, we reached Jamaica.

"Mr. Lewis, whose nerves were in a very weak state, requested no guns might be fired, as is usual on board a vessel when in sight of her destination. I was, however, mischievous enough, in the joy of my heart at being near my friends, aided by some others in the ship, to set a lighted poker to the touch-hole of one of the guns on deck, and fire it off: an exploit that almost cost me my arm, from want of the necessary caution in withdrawing it quickly. I soon, however, made

my peace with my offended friend, for this disregard to his nervous feelings; and in a few hours after we landed in safety.

"The joy of his negroes when they heard that Lewis had arrived, evinced itself in a thousand acts of wild extravagance. His philanthropic consideration of their wants had endeared him to this simple-hearted race; and they regarded him rather in the light of a deity come to give laws, and make regulations for their happiness, than as a master whose property they were. This joy did not confine itself to the slaves belonging to his own plantations, for those on the other estates came pouring down with the rest to see 'Massa Lewis,' and the whole negro population in the island seemed determined to make or take a general holiday. Mr. Lewis, well knowing their tastes, had stocked himself with trinkets and gilt ornaments, and many a sable bosom heaved proudly beneath the tinsel chain and pewter watch that 'massa's own hands' had given. I question if the order of the garter, when bestowed by the hand of majesty itself, ever conferred half the happiness on the wearer, as the Birmingham medals suspended from coloured strings did to these poor children of slavery, when presented by the hand of

their 'good massa.' It was a scene of animation and universal joy. I shall pass over many little incidents which I might relate, to prove the popularity of Mr. Lewis, and many acts of his benevolence with which I became acquainted during my residence in the island. The friends to whom I went, lived at a considerable distance from Mr. L.'s estate, and while there, I saw comparatively little of him. But mindful of his promise, he exerted himself in conjunction with others to procure the settlement of the business for which object I had taken so long a voyage, and he repeatedly communicated with the professional persons empowered to act on my behalf."

We now break off Miss F——'s narrative for a space, to introduce Lewis's own account of his arrival in Jamaica.

"Jamaica, Feb. 8, 1818.

"My dear Mother,

"If you have heard of the violent gales prevailing in the neighbourhood of England at the time of my leaving it, you will not be sorry to receive the assurance that I am safe in Jamaica. We had a terrible voyage of it; nearly twelve weeks at sea, and a storm of wind in the beginning, which lasted eighteen days and nights, with only the

occasional remission of three or four hours at a time. The crew were quite worn out with fatigue—one poor fellow fell ill in the middle of the storm, died, and was thrown overboard.—However, here I am at last, and instead of the fine climate usual at this season of the year, with my ordinary ill fortune, I have just stumbled upon one of the very few years when the spring months are rainy. The atmosphere is so loaded with clouds, that I fancy myself to have brought a piece of November sky (three yards and a half or so) with me from England; while the rain falls round me in such torrents, and deluges the fields with water on all sides so completely, that I rather think, when I was in the ship on the ocean, I was rather more on dry ground than I am in my own house, in the centre of a sugar plantation. However, I have my health still in perfection; and the condition in which I find my estate, overpays me for all that I have suffered in coming to see it. I have now been here a fortnight, (no packet has sailed since my arrival, or I should have written to you earlier) and I have not yet found one single negro with so much as even an *imaginary* grievance. They were delighted to see me, but all said that every thing during my absence had gone on just as if I had never left them; that all their superintendents

were kind to them, treated them well, and they were quite easy and contented. Many have come to tell me how sick they were, and likely to die, if they had not been so well nursed in the hospital; others have been to say, that they had formerly complained to me of such and such things, but now they were so well treated, that they begged to withdraw their complaints, and assured me that they were ready to do *any thing* that might be thought necessary for my service. On the other hand, my attorneys declare themselves well satisfied with the general conduct of my negroes. One of them (who is also attorney for Lord Holland's estate, adjoining mine) owns that he finds it much more troublesome to manage Lord H.'s negroes than mine, and that mine work much better. In particular, they have already dug one hundred acres of cane-holes, without any hired assistance, for next year's planting, while Lord H.'s have not dug one acre, although he has forty negroes more, and pays near 400*l.* a year for hired labour besides.

"If all this had been *written* to me, I should not have believed a word of it. But I see it with my own eyes, and shall leave the island with a heart a thousand pounds lighter, for having acquired the certainty that I leave my poor negroes in hands that will treat them kindly.

Next month I shall visit my other estate on the opposite side of the island, and establish there the same system, and grant the same indulgences, which have made the people so quiet and satisfied at my present residence. I suffer much from my eyes still, although I think them a good deal better, and therefore ought not to write so much: but I could not resist telling you what I know so likely to give pleasure to your humane heart.—I shall not return to England so early in the year as I did last time. I shall delay my departure, in order that I may have summer weather during my whole voyage, and thus run no danger of storms.

"Ever your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis.

"P. S. Pray let Sophia know that I am safe in Jamacia."

It is curious to observe how he here confuses his estates with the negroes upon it. "The condition," he says, "in which I find my estate, overpays me for all that I have suffered in coming to see it. I have now been here a fortnight, and have not found *one negro with even an imaginary ground of grievance:* they were all delighted to see me." How unlike the letter of a West-Indian planter!

The following letters, relating to our fair journalist, will show the interest and unabated zeal Lewis felt in every business his kindness of heart and friendship prompted him to undertake.

"Cornwall Estate, Feb. 7, 1818.

"MY DEAR MISS F.

"I enclose a scrap of paper from Mr. P., which will at least convince you that I have not forgotten my promise. I will also remind him when I see him; but, unluckily, his father is extremely ill just now, and the son cannot come over to me for some time. I assure you I wrote about you as *strongly* as possible, and begged him not only to get you as much justice as your case will admit, but to manage your return with Captain Boyes by the last Sunday in April, when I hope to meet you once more on board, and with a smiling countenance, from having settled your business here to your perfect satisfaction. A thousand thanks for the oranges. Captain B. forgot to bring any fruits off to the ship, and your obliging present was extremely acceptable.

"Yours most truly,

"M. G. LEWIS."

"Cornwall Estate, February 3, 1818.

"SIR,

"Being a total stranger to you, I must apologize for this direct address; but when I inform you, that I have the interest of the house of P. and Co., of London, much at heart, I trust that you will forgive my pressing you to make known with as little delay as possible the present state of the affairs of the late Mr. F. The friends of his heirs, as I understand, are anxious to come to some amicable arrangement; but permit me to mention, that whatever is to be done, ought to be done without further loss of time. I shall return to England in May, and it will be better for all parties that I should carry with me, either the best terms on which you will consent to restore the estate of Mount Sion to Mr. F——'s family, or else (if you absolutely decline to propose any terms, or should only propose such terms as Mr. H. W. P. should consider utterly inadmissible), a copy of your accounts, and a statement of your present claims. Possessed of them, and also of Mr. H. W. P.'s opinion respecting them, I shall then be enabled to advise the house of P. of London, first, either to accept your terms, and advance the money requisite for discharging your claim; or, secondly,

if there should be no hopes of settling the business amicably, to assist the orphans with the sums necessary for carrying on the law-suit; or, lastly, to decline altogether having any thing to do with Mount Sion, the risk being too great.

" But, in order to enable Mr. H.W. P. and myself to form an opinion as to the propriety of advising P.'s house, it is necessary to know the actual state of the case, and understand clearly and positively what you *will*, and what you will *not* do. Now, so little progress towards a positive answer has been made in two whole months by *letters*, that Mr. H. W. P. is at length convinced, that no final settlement can reasonably be expected, except by his *personal communication* with you. I understand that you have expressed yourself willing to allow his inspection of your accounts, '*provided he would come to inspect them at your house in person.*' His father's late loss, and Mr. P.'s hourly expected arrival from England, have hitherto detained him at home: but I am happy to say, that unless his business should be speedily adjusted, he has now most positively engaged to take the trouble of visiting you himself, for the purpose of obtaining for *me* (as the friend of Mr. P., of London, and consequently of Miss F., who is under his father's protection) such an answer as

may be decisive enough for my carrying to England. However, if any unforeseen obstacle should absolutely prevent Mr. H. W. P. from going over to St. Elizabeth, previous to my sailing, then I will not grudge the trouble of coming over to you myself, to ask the necessary questions; which (I flatter myself) cannot be disagreeable to you, since, being a total stranger to you, I cannot possibly come with any hostile intentions to yourself, but solely with the view of obtaining such information as may be required by the affairs of my friends, and the promotion of some final arrangement. If, however, (which I do not expect) you should think proper to decline the proposing *any* terms, or giving a copy of your accounts yourself, *then* I must be contented only to carry with me to England a copy of your accounts, procured from the secretary's office, assisted by Mr. H. W. P.'s opinion respecting both *them*, and the legal steps to be pursued in consequence.

" However, I should feel greatly obliged (and it would probably save much trouble to all parties) if you would honour me with a few lines *as soon as possible*, stating the receipt of this letter, and informing me plainly, ' whether it *is* or is *not* your positive intention to furnish Miss F. with your accounts yourself, or whether you prefer our pro-

curing a copy from the office, in which (of course) they must have been recorded.'

"I cannot conclude without assuring you, that I should have sincere pleasure in understanding, that such an amicable arrangement respecting Mount Sion was concluded, as would authorize my advising P. of London, to repay the money due to you from the estate; and that, in writing these lines, I am sincerely anxious to avoid any expression which might be misconstrued into an unfriendly disposition on my part; but a conclusive answer respecting Mount Sion, I really must contrive to obtain by one means or other, or I shall quit Jamaica with only half my errand.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"Your most obedient,

"M. G. LEWIS.

"For C. ——, Esq.

"I shall request Miss F. to deliver this letter into your own hands, in order that I may be certain of its reaching them."

The following fragment of a kind of diary found among Lewis's papers, seems to have been written by him during this last visit to Jamaica. The

document is a curious one, and may not be uninteresting to the reader.

" * * The negroes Quawboo and Jumma retain their place in my favour; nevertheless these two men have lately combined to perplex me—more particularly the former. I have not failed on questioning either of them, ever to receive the same answer, alluding to his *friend* and *adviser;* yet they appear influenced in a very opposite degree, Quawboo seeming irresolute and sad, still expressing his anxiety to 'ab talk vid him friend;' Jumma, on the contrary, is ever cheerful and at ease, assuring me of the pleasure he derives from such communication. Were it not for this circumstance, I should be tempted to imagine that they differed upon some parts of the doctrine I promulgated. However, they both continue unremitting in their attendance.

"Affairs are certainly not improved, and in no wise cleared up, which implicate also, it grieves me to add, my favourite Quawboo most unpleasantly. I was yesterday reading among them according to custom, when he appeared to be more than usually affected by my exhortations, particularly when I spoke of the friendly admonishings or accusing voice of conscience; his agitation attracted general

notice, causing me to interrogate him afterwards more closely than ever. 'Him friend,' was still the vague reply,—those near looked round immediately for Jumma. However, he had already left the place. I asked him if there existed any cause of dispute; still, still that vague reply, followed by 'Dere be *friend*, false friend, dat say bad for nigger sometime, massa.'

"'Well, well,' I replied, 'I will inquire further, and you shall be reconciled.'

"Again was I perplexed by the bewildered look of this man, as he slowly replied,

"Massa, no speak of Jumma, massa; he'—

"I was at this moment so suddenly called away as to be unable to hear the rest. The occasion proved to be one of vexation. An old negro complained to me of a loss he sustained; the particulars of which, as he procceded, plainly accused Quawboo. Great was my concern and disappointment in my favourite on hearing this charge. I assured the old man of immediate reparation, as well as punishment of the offender, and he left me to the ponderings of my chagrin. The agitation of Quawboo, without doubt, was explained; yet these mysterious expressions, alluding to his 'friend, his false friend,'—of whom did he speak?

Surely not of Jumma, the ever-cheerful, the simple, light-hearted Jumma.

"New suspicions unite with the past; yet the mystery of Quawboo's expression remains the same. I had summoned both the friends to my presence. Quawboo was the first to whom I spoke; he listened to the charge without manifesting surprise, thus tacitly admitting its truth; still an open confession was my aim, together with the elucidation of his continual mysterious allusions, which if not pointing at Jumma, seemed, though vaguely, to implicate some yet undiscovered individual. How disheartening is all this, when I recal my indefatigable endeavours to instil the principles of honesty and uprightness in these poor uncultivated minds!

" 'Ah, massa!' burst forth the agitated negro, 'me very wicked—me fraid—me no more hear massa talk out of big good book.'

" 'Nay, Quawboo,' I answered mildly, 'if you are in fault, you will require to hear the good book more than ever: do not suppose that you are turned from its counsels—that is your own work. Come, you just now called me your kind master, and so I ever wish to prove myself; but, Quawboo, if you were to build a wall of mud or any rubbish

before my door, so as (by degrees, however slow) to shut me from your sight, the act is yours: while I remain the same indulgent master, I trust that you will not continue to pile this mud wall till you lose sight, not only of your indulgent master, but of the right road altogether. Do you understand me, Quawboo?'

"'Iss, massa, iss. Oh! me tell all,' and he fell on his knees: 'me very wicked, and me do bad, but *he—he* teachee me bad.'

'"He!' I exclaimed; 'who, man, who?'

"'Vy, massa, dat rascal, my *false* friend.'

"'Your friend, Quawboo! surely not Jumma?'

"Quawboo regarded me a moment with such a bewildered stare, that I became more puzzled than ever. He did not immediately reply, while that appeared brewing in his mind, which evidently occasioned some powerful conflict. After gradually sinking into a sullenness, as peculiar and inexplicable as his previous agitation, he approached nearer, and with firm demeanour, looking me steadfastly in the face, said:

"'Massa, me tell you de troot.'

"'That's a good fellow,' I replied encouragingly, 'I was sure you would.'

"'Iss, massa, tink dat best after all—berry good, berry much fine, as you ab say so oft.'

"Here the fellow grinned with an expression of familiarity, I might say impudence, I had never witnessed in him before.

"'Massa,' he quietly continued, 'Jumma berry bad man, and—massa, Jumma steal old Mumbee yam.'

"I was astonished at this abrupt and unqualified assertion of Quawboo's, and felt even yet more grieved.

"'How!' I exclaimed, 'Jumma, the merry, light-hearted Jumma! And can you prove it? for, indeed, old Mumbee did not hesitate very plainly to accuse *you*. However, I must inquire further into this business; meanwhile I shall question Jumma; and you, Quawboo, must remain secured. I am much concerned for you both on this occasion, and can imagine how grievous it must be to you, Quawboo, to turn the accusation upon your intimate friend and companion.'

"Quawboo's lip quivered on hearing my last words, while something of his former expression of countenance returned. In a very few moments, however, he exhibited the same sullen air, as leaving the room he slowly and firmly repeated, 'Massa, *Jumma* steal old Mumbee yam.' Upon inquiry, I find that Jumma is just now employed at too great a distance; I must therefore be con-

tent, to defer the projected examination until to-morrow.

"The mystery appertaining to Quawboo and his *friend* has at length been elucidated, though by an occurrence appearing to threaten the most disastrous result. I have also received a slight bodily injury, but my mind has been relieved, through a most gratifying medium, though in a manner that has caused among some of us even a little degree of mirth. The negro Quawboo remained a close prisoner all that day, while I, perplexed by the singularity of his conduct, willingly acceded to the proposal of those about me to examine the men severally, not so much from a desire of ascertaining the fact who had pilfered from the old man, as to elicit somewhat of his frequent allusions to his coadjutors or 'friends,' as he chose to call them (for he now spoke of two), though he evidently considered one of them as undeserving of the appellation,—the sulky negro's detached sentences and broken English, still pointing to these two mysterious individuals; one of whom he appeared to consider as his leader, whose counsels he repented having despised, and the other a 'curse rascal' (as he termed him), who threatened to betray matters, and to whom Quawboo constantly referred his recent evil for-

tune. I was forcibly impressed by these accounts, which, though somewhat confused, were so similar to the replies I had myself received from the delinquent. Yet I could not apprehend any immediate serious result from one or two of the refractory, that needed, perhaps, but a timely check to recal them to their duty. Consoled by these reflections, which I imparted to those about me, we severally retired to repose; and though, according to the custom of dwellings here, the sultry air is admissible to my apartment, that renders further security than the long Venetian blind insupportable, I did not deem it requisite to prepare for any danger from without. I knew that he who alone had awakened suspicion was secured, and felt it impossible any could advert to the ever-laughing, gaily-singing Jumma, whose return was besides expected on the morrow, when I conjectured, from his naturally ingenuous temper all would be explained. With such thoughts, aided by the habitual hour of repose, I soon lost all recollection in a peaceful slumber. It was near midnight,—when I woke with a kind of feverish start, and a flashing remembrance of the events of the day. All was quiet, and though the night lamp twinkled faintly, I could distinguish most of the objects in my apartment. I was not

only literally awake, but painfully so, for such, indeed, was the state of wakefulness at that hour. I closed my eyes as it were with an effort, and tried to fancy myself drowsy. Suddenly a gentle *vampire-like* breeze swayed my light jalousie; yet I scarce heeded the soft-measured whisper, but as serving to lull my restless nerves to the much coveted repose. Such was my wearied hope, when a faint crashing sound at a little distance greeted my ear, tending by no means to calm my irritability. I raised myself to listen—all was again silent; yet I was too thoroughly awake to pass over this circumstance. I stepped softly to the window, and remained some little time breathing the warm languid air, yet to hear nothing more but the monotonous hum of the numerous insects. Presently, however, a few faint moans became distinguishable; they soon ceased, and some strange wild bird flew shrieking past; its receding cry sounding like that which I had just heard. Under the impression that this was indeed the fact, I regained my couch; yet still but to doze and start, and wish for the bright morning, as my wasting lamp alternately shot up a glaring flame, or dimly cast grotesque shadows from the surrounding objects; while a succession of crowding fancies continued

to suggest stealthy footsteps and half-suppressed breathings approaching nearer every moment. Continuing to gaze intently, I was at length convinced that a tall shadow passed slowly between the struggling flame and the transparent draperies of my couch; and by a sudden brilliant coruscation, I at length plainly beheld a hand and swarthy arm introduced between the hangings! I did not wait to observe what weapon it brandished, but springing upon the floor grasped tightly the throat of a human being, at the same moment that the extinguished lamp left us both in darkness. The person I had seized so firmly seemed attempting to utter something, but in vain; and in the fierce struggle I fell, striking my head with some violence against a marble pillar. I well remember the sickening return of consciousness as I lay unable to move or summon assistance, yet perfectly aware of the presence of some unseen intruder, who with evidently painful respiration seemed creeping slowly to the spot where I lay. The wound near my temple flowed copiously, and I again became insensible. When I recovered, I perceived that day was just breaking, and that I had been placed on a small sofa near the window. Some one was bending over me, and assiduously bathing my

wound. I raised my eyes—they encountered the sable features of the negro Quawboo, expressive of the deepest concern.

"'Ungrateful wretch!' I feebly uttered. 'Is it then you?'

"Tears flowed from his eyes, as he sobbed out, 'Oh! wake, massa!—no go for die yet—Quawboo die vid grief den—he no come for hurt you ven him come de night so.'

"'Merciful heaven! explain, then! Explain every thing this instant. Why come at so strange an hour? and what could be your intention? It was with you, then, that I struggled—was it not?'

"'Iss, massa,' he replied; 'me come softly, see if massa awake.'

"'But why—why come at all? and why not speak?'

"'Massa queese so tight.'

"'And how did you escape from confinement?'

"'Me break hole, and—'

"'So that, then, was the crash I heard?'

"'Iss, massa—couldn't help holler lilly bit.'

"I remembered the moaning I had heard, as I continued steadfastly to regard the countenance of the negro before me, which exhibited all the sim-

plicity of truth and nature, combined with that of sincere penitence.

"'Quawboo,' said I, 'you must now explain a great deal more, that appears to me to threaten serious consequences. In the first place, I suppose you will not now deny the old man's charge, though you were tempted to cast the blame on your friend Jumma.'

(Quawboo blubbering.) "'Iss, massa, I do dat —berry sorra—ope massa forgib dis time—for my friend say—'

"'How! do you still accuse Jumma in any way?'

"'No, massa, no: dat anoder wicked ting I do—tell lie—lay wickedness on poor Jumma. Oh, dear! oh dear! lay good big lump *on mud wall*, den massa, oh! oh! dat make me come peak to massa in night—cause me no rest—heart so heaby!'

"'But, Quawboo, I must know to whom you have so often alluded as being your *friend* and *director*, whose counsel you repent not having taken. Tell me, then, who is he? How do you call him?'

"'Got A'mighty, massa!'

"Excellent as was the lesson of the man's reply, I could not help still regarding him with a lurking suspicion of some artful evasion.

"'Quawboo,' said I, gravely, 'I cannot but

commend your assertion of a truth I myself so frequently labour to inculcate: but in order to obtain a clear explanation of your late impressions, I will now ask you another question: who is that *other* of whom you have also spoken, whom you seem to think will betray your interests? How do you call *him?*'

"'Him? Oh! him de dibbel, please massa,' answered Quawboo, with the triumphant air of an elated schoolboy. There was a simplicity about the poor negro that dissipated all lingering doubts of his sincerity; and notwithstanding weariness and slight bodily pain that I now felt, I could have laughed outright, from the combined causes of sudden relief from further apprehension.

"'My good fellow,' said I, extending my hand, 'I really believe you: so now tell me of your progress with these opposing counsellors, and how you came to speak of the bad one as your *friend.* How was that, Quawboo?'

"'Him *seem* friend, massa, cause him say berry much pleasure sometime, but him only say dat for get nigger in scrape. But den sometime me tink me hear *oder* voice, but den the false friend say, 'Nebber mind, Quawboo, you like dat—*do* dat—*take* dat; nigger no found out.' Ah! massa, dat ven I take old Mumbee yam. De good

friend seem say, 'Fie, nigger! I grieve for you. Den I no happy; and ven massa peak of Jumma, de *false* friend say, 'Aha! dat good for you, Quawboo; say Jumma steal, and nobody nebber know.' But I ab feel so grieve, dat if massa ab no lock me up at de moment, I ab peak all de trute —But, oh! massa, forgib dis time, and Quawboo nebber more mind *false* friend, but only him *true* friend, long ab him live.'"

"I shook hands with the delighted negro in token of forgiveness; and I really think the poor fellow's simple illustration of the voice of conscience striving with temptation, was precisely what he felt, and that the victory which, in this instance, he has gained, will make a lasting impression on his character."

"Jamaica, March 31, 1818.

"My dear Mother,

"You see I am still alive, and I am also still *well*, which is strange enough, for I have been doing every thing that makes other people die outright. Here, however, it has done me no harm, and I begin to believe (like Macbeth), that so long as I stay in Jamaica, 'I bear a charmed life.' I have been climbing over mountains which knocked-up

horses; fording rivers, which an Irishman would call 'impassable;' been benighted, without moon or stars, in a road bordered by precipices and swamps; crossing bridges, whose supporters had rotted and tumbled into the ravine beneath; sitting, at midnight, in violent perspirations for an hour at a gate, with dew falling and wind blowing on me (which is your only true receipt for getting a Jamaica fever); carried away, horses, carriage, and all, by a mountain torrent; driving along the sea, whose roaring frightened my young horses, one of whom tumbled into the waves, while the off-wheel flew up into the air, and then the carriage balanced backwards and forwards, till, luckily, the postilion pulled up the horses again, or we should all have gone over into the sea, and been drowned to a certainty; and, last and worst of all, when, after a tremendous journey of two hundred miles through the worst roads possible, I reached my new estate of Hordley (which I had never visited, and which was pictured to me as a perfect Paradise), I found it an absolute hell: the negroes were almost frantic from the ill-usage of no less than eight petty tyrants. The attorney was sick in bed (as the negroes said, through fright of me); the rain fell in pailfuls day after day; the wind roared and howled incessantly; down came the mountain

torrents, the river became impassable, broke down the dam-head, and stopped all the sugar-works for two days and nights; all the whites abused the blacks—all the blacks abused the whites, and I believe they all spoke true. However, I bestirred myself with all my might and main—soothed, threatened, ordered, stormed, swore, and banged the doors, till the whole house shook as if it was going to tumble about our ears; and by dint of all this, assisted by degrading the black governor, ordering away one of the white book-keepers (upon which another ran away of his own accord), gratifying the negroes in proper points, scolding them upon others, making them dance, and giving them money and other little indulgences,—I managed to get them all into good temper; and, when I went away, they ran by the carriage for five or six miles, to see me as long as they could; and when they were obliged to return, they loaded me with prayers to come back again, and many of them went away crying. However, I have done all in my power to secure the poor creatures from further ill-usage; and if my endeavours are marred by others, the crime must rest on *their* heads, not mine. God bless you, my dear mother!

"Ever your affectionate son,

"M. G. Lewis."

Alas! "in the midst of life we are in death!" The fever so lightly spoken of had already set its fangs on the ill-fated philanthropist. In two short months after the date of this, his last letter to his mother, he lay tossing on the narrow bed of a crowded ship—the rough hand of the toil-worn sailor smoothing his pillow—the dews of agony starting to his brow, and the angel of death, with brooding wings, hovering over him, who had, in the pride of apparent health, exclaimed, "I bear a charmed life!"

Again we take up the thread of the narrative afforded us by the lady already alluded to, who a second time became Lewis's fellow-passenger on his homeward-bound voyage.

* * * *

"I sailed from Jamaica, having again been placed under the care of Captain Boyes, on my homeward-voyage to England, on the 4th of May, 1818, in the same vessel which had carried me out. Mr. Lewis was again my *compagnon de voyage*. Alas! it was destined to bear him to

——"'that bourne
Whence no traveller returns.'"

"He had been previously suffering from a slight

attack of yellow fever, and seemed for the first few hours after we went on board, restless and irritable. Our fellow-passengers were a doctor and Mrs. P——r, their two children, and nurse; besides some other children coming over for education, and an Italian valet named Tita—whom I forgot to mention as having gone to Jamaica with Mr. Lewis—also returned with us. For this man he had a great respect, and used to relate a romantic adventure which first introduced them to each other. I believe it had reference to an encounter with banditti, when Lewis was travelling in Italy, from whom Tita had aided his escape.

"At the outset of our voyage, there was a slight disagreement between Mr. L. and the doctor, respecting a berth; it was, however, amicably arranged, though no great cordiality existed between the parties after. The passengers were all very ill, not only from sea-sickness, but from other causes: the yellow fever having shown itself on board. Many of the crew were suffering from it; and the fright of seeing a sailor fall down when first attacked by it, threw me into so nervous and weak a state, that I continued an invalid during the whole voyage. On this account, I saw little of Mr. Lewis; and after the first few days, he became himself so ill, as to be confined to his berth. Advice and medi-

cines were administered to him, but he grew obstinate and irritable, and instead of remaining in bed, and allowing the medicines to take proper effect, he would rush upon deck, walk for hours, and then return to his couch worse than when he left it. His berth was next to my own, divided off from the state-cabin by a slight partition. Continued retchings seemed to rack every nerve in his body, and his groans of agony pierced my very soul. Indeed I could get no rest for his moanings. Tita and others sat in the state-cabin, to be near and within call, and every attention was paid that kindness could devise. Captain Boyes was constant and unremitting in his assiduities, and Dr. P. attended Mr. Lewis, till himself became too ill to do so. We were all in a wretched state, and the extreme heat of the latitude in which we were increased our distress.

"At midnight, about the 10th of May, six days after we had sailed, Mr. Lewis, in a paroxysm of agony, had the ship's steward called up, and demanded a dose of an emetic, feeling, as he expressed it, 'an insupportable load at his stomach.' Remonstrance was useless—and in the hurry of the moment to comply with his impatience, a strong emetic was imprudently administered by the steward, who had the care of the medicine chest. From that time, the retchings were incessant.

"I saw Mr. Lewis at mid-day on the 13th; his sufferings were fearfully distressing; he fancied laudanum would relieve him, but it was not deemed prudent to give it. I think he was aware of his danger, and some memoranda were written from his dictation, and sealed up; but they related, I believe, only to the payment to be made of Tita's wages, for a will had been left already in England.

"I last saw Mr. Lewis about nine on the same evening before I retired for the night, and promised to call out, to those who were watching in the outward cabin, the half-hours when he was to have a medicine given him. I did so. At two o'clock I heard him say, 'Thank you, thank you!' All that night his groans were dreadful; I could only lie in my berth and listen to them, for illness rendered me powerless. By degrees, his moanings subsided into low convulsive sobs; they grew fainter and fainter, and became calmed into a gentle breathing, as though the sufferer slept. I was worn out, and lost all consciousness. From this state of stupor (for I can hardly call it sleep), I was roused by the steward, at a little past four on the morning of the 14th of May, calling me by my name. He came to inform me that '*Mr. Lewis was no more.*'

"It seemed he had requested to be left undisturbed,

and appeared inclined to sleep, when the last dose of medicine was administered, and the watchers remained in the outward cabin, leaving the door of his berth ajar. All continued still for some time: at four o'clock the steward approached, and thought he slept; he described him as lying with his head a little thrown back on the pillow, his arms crossed upon his breast, as though attempting to suppress some internal convulsive feeling. The man approached his ear to the sleeper's lips to listen to his breathing, but that sleep was *death;* and, in a slumber gentle as the rest of childhood, the worn-out spirit had passed away for ever!

* * * *

"I was summoned from the loneliness of my sorrow ere noon the same day upon deck, to witness, with the rest of the passengers and ship's company (ill as we all were), the committal of the body to the deep. And here, should it be asked, Why were not the remains of a man possessing the property and connexions of Mr. Lewis, conveyed to England for sepulture? I answer, that it was out of no want of due respect on the part of the captain, or any one on board, but from pressing necessity; for the lives of the whole crew would, in all probability, have fallen a sacrifice, had the precaution

of early burial been neglected. At all events, the risk was one which no captain could have been justified in running. And here I cannot resist a just tribute to a man, who has himself but lately paid the debt of nature; and must again eulogise the conduct of Captain Boyes on the trying situation in which he was placed during our homeward voyage from Jamaica: with sick passengers, and an invalid crew, he had much to contend with, and he discharged his duty to the utmost.

* * * *

"With all the decencies that can be observed on such an occasion, the corpse of our lamented and regretted fellow-passenger, having been placed in a proper coffin, at that impressive sentence in the form of burial at sea, '*we commit our brother to the deep,*' was gently lowered into its ocean-tomb. Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as, for an instant, the ingulfing wave closed over his remains!

"'Oh! that sound did knock
Against my very heart.'"

"The coffin, encased in its shroud-like hammock, rose again almost immediately;—the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the

weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvass acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica.

"I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend; till, nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel and the object of my gaze, it became like a speck upon the waters, and—I saw it no more!

"Such is the sketch I have been able to afford of my acquaintance with this warm-hearted man. It is an incident in my life that I shall ever recur to with feelings of the deepest gratitude, mingled with regret for the untimely loss of a friend, whose character, I think, was never duly appreciated or properly understood; and whose eccentricities were more frequently canvassed and wondered at, than the goodness of heart and benevolence of purpose acknowledged, which was hidden beneath the singularities of his genius."

The above account refutes beyond all question the report so prevalent in England, at the time Lewis's death was announced, and for which it is, indeed, idle to suppose there *could* have been any

just grounds, viz., that his negroes, impressed with the idea not only of receiving their own emancipation, but that important advantages would accrue to the whole sable community from Lewis's demise, had accelerated the event by subtly administering some of those poisons (for the preparation of which they have been celebrated), whose deadly power might lurk unfelt in the veins, and imperceptibly "do the work of fate."

These rumours probably derived their foundation from some fancy in the mind of his bereaved mother, originating in an oft-repeated warning of Mrs. Blake, who had herself passed much time in Jamaica, that "if Mat did not look well to what he was about in making his slaves more independent, they would one day be the death of him."

That such apprehensions were totally groundless we fully believe, and that, as regarded any desire for the death of their benefactor, his sable dependants might boldly have replied, "face black—heart white, massa."

Lewis's posthumous volume, "The Journal of a West India Proprietor," from which we have already made quotations, is, no doubt, the faithful chronicle of his feelings and actions during his voyages, and subsequent residences on the

island of Jamaica. It contains much information, blended with "infinite jest and exquisite fancy," and is interspersed with some of the most pleasing poetical effusions he, perhaps, ever wrote. Still, however, with that yearning towards "the wild and the wonderful," for which his literary career must ever be characterized, there appears in this last work a poem, bearing the somewhat startling title of "The Isle of Devils;" yet, however revolting the subject, it abounds with passages of redeeming beauty.

For all the mingled errors and graces of Lewis's style and fancy—the faults and follies—the virtues and vanities that checker an author's fevered life, we cannot find a reply more apposite, than a passage from the poem just alluded to.

"Ah! what avails it, since they ne'er can last,
If gay or sad our space of days be past?
Pray, mortal, pray! in sickness or in pain,
Not long nor blest to live, but pure from stain.
A life of pleasure, or a life of woe,
When both are past, the diff'rence who can show?
But all can tell how wide apart in price,
A life of virtue and a life of vice!"

Many a well-attested act of benevolence yet cherished in the recipient's bosom—many a noble and disinterested trait of friendship still living in

the survivor's memory, shed the brightest lustre on his path of life; and, to crown all, his undeviating filial affection from childhood to maturity justifies us in saying, that the best epitaph on MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS may be read in his own lines:

"Nor doubt the soul which joys in noble deeds
Shall reap a rich reward when most it needs.
When comes that day to conscious guilt so dread,
Angels unseen shall bathe your burning head;
The prayers of orphans fan with balmy breath,
And widows' blessings drown the threats of death;
Each sigh your pity hush'd shall swelling rise
In loud hosannas as you mount the skies;
And every tear on earth to sorrow given,
Be precious pearls to wreathe your brows in Heaven!"



SUPPLEMENTARY PIECES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

THE EFFUSIONS OF SENSIBILITY.

*A few introductory pages of Lewis's first novel, called "The Effusions of Sensibility; or, Letters from Lady Honoria Harrowheart to Miss Sophonisba Simper: a Pathetic Novel in the Modern Taste, being the first literary attempt of a Young Lady of tender feelings."**

LETTER I.

Lady Honoria Harrowheart to Miss Sophonisba Simper.

" Portman-square.

" ADIEU, ye antique towers, which first beheld me receive a life destined to be past in scenes of the most heartfelt affliction! Adieu, ye verdant bowers, which have so often witnessed the emotions of a soul but too susceptible! Adieu, ye cloud-capt mountains, whose lowering height has often tempted me to end a hopeless passion, by dashing my wretched frame into your immeasurable depths!

* Written in Lewis's sixteenth year.

and adieu, ye moss-crowned fountains, whose glassy undulations I have so often increased with never-ceasing streams of love-lorn tears! Ye towers! ye bowers! ye mountains! ye fountains! adieu! adieu!

"To thee, also, I bid farewell, my lively Sophonisba, whose amiable vivacity has so often cheered my despondent heart, and confined with gentle bondages of softest affection, the words of my torn, bleeding bosom! But though absent from my sight, be assured thy disinterested friendship shall never be absent from the grateful recollection of your retrospective Honoria. All the consolation I can enjoy is derived from thy tenderness; and were I deprived of it, soon should this form, the victim of sensibility, repose in the undisturbed tranquillity of sepulchral shades. For, oh! my Sophonisba, as Orestes says to his confidant in the tragedy—

"'O Pylades! what's life without a friend?'

"I beg your pardon for the quotation. The display of a woman's knowledge is, I know, generally esteemed ostentatious and disagreeable; but the sentiment in this case is so true, and so delicately conveyed, and the line itself so little known,

that I ventured to pen it down, knowing that the heart of my Sophonisba would echo responsive to its sentimental sweetness.

"Fair and smiling blushed the young and rubicund morn when I stept into my father's post-chaise and four, on Friday last. The azure atmosphere smiled with touching serenity; the feathered songsters poured forth their early orisons from the May-besprinkled bushes; and the heifers, hastening to their daily labours, lowed cheerfully to hail the gold-streaked dawn. But my sad heart was incapable of sharing the calm pleasure which on all sides offered themselves to my eyes. In vain did the atmosphere smile—I could not smile at the atmosphere. In vain did the birds trill their warbling songs—I could not trill my song in concert with theirs. In vain did the heifers low—I could not low in return. Leaden sorrow oppressed my palpitating bosom, and stifled the feeble exertions of infant joy.

"As we approached the postern gate, the gardener stood there to open it. 'Adieu, John!' said I, 'I wish you health and happiness.' 'Good bye, lady,' answered the fellow, grinning with satisfaction at the honour I had done him. The grin was not in unison with my feelings at that moment. I turned away my head to the other window, and there beheld a crea-

ture possessed of much more sentiment than the old gardener. It was his dog Pompey, who, you know, my dear Sophonisba, is blind of one eye and lame of one leg: but it is the heart which gives value, and Pompey's more than repaid the roughness and deformity of his external appearance. 'Adieu, Pompey!' said I. The interesting animal wagged his tail and cried, 'bow! wow!' Had he said, 'Will you then leave me, my beloved protectress?' it could not have spoken to my heart with such audible expression as did its lamentable 'bow! wow!' and the peculiar style he made use of to shake his shaggy tail.

"Had I before hated the creature, his admirable behaviour at that moment would have obliterated every sentiment of unmerited aversion. As it was, the milk of human kindness boiled in my bosom, and in spite of all my papa's arguments, I resolved to descend from the carriage, and embrace the dog for the last time. Pompey instantly leapt into my arms. He was just come out of the water, and his caresses dirtied my beautiful new scarlet riding-habit from top to bottom; but it was the dirt of sensibility, and I felt myself proud of it.

"'See, child,' said papa (who had also left the chaise), 'see,' said he, in a peevish tone, 'how the confounded beast has dirtied your petticoat!' You



know my papa has not a heart adapted to the delicacies of sentiment. He was not moved by the affection of the dog—he felt only for my petticoat; and, incensed at the damage Pompey had done it, he gave him a few blows and pinches, and the fond animal was constrained to retire howling in the most pathetic accents imaginable. Had my papa pinched me instead of the dog, I could not have been more hurt. I sighed, cast my eyes to Heaven, and stept into the chaise: my papa did the same; the door was closed; the postilions smacked their whips, and a few minutes carried us beyond the confines of Dunderhead Park.

"Sad and solitary were the reveries of Sophonisba's friend. Lord Dunderhead, after chiding me for encouraging the dog to spring upon me, soon fell asleep, and left me to indulge my melancholy contemplations in uninterrupted tranquillity. Then did my thoughts turn towards thee, my beloved companion; towards thee, and all those I have left for ever; since again to the castle of Dunderhead never, never, never, never, never shall I alive return! The cankering serpent of affliction preys upon my young and unguarded heart. He saps the tottering foundations of a temperament ever feeble, and the gloom of the grave will soon shadow in its obscure recesses

the faded form of the hapless Honoria! Yet whilst my pale young bosom yet palpitates with hated life, it shall palpitate with affection for all those friends to whom I have now bid an eternal adieu.

"Could I bid adieu to thee also, beloved, yet tormenting image; to thee, dear yet distracting ideas; to thee, fond emotions, exaggerating remembrances, pleasing afflictions, and wishful, wandering, weeping, woes—then might the tempest-tost trembler of my bosom yet meet with a moment of desired tranquillity; but that can never be. Still must that form, once seen, always seen—once loved, always loved—flutter before my admiring eyes, and dazzle them with the blaze of its brilliant brightness: it puzzles me in my walks; it hovers round my care-stricken couch in the deep awful silence of the dreary night. Yes, amiable youth! thy words, thy looks may never be forgotten by my too susceptible sensations. Yes, amiable youth!—But as you, my dear Sophonisba, know not of whom I am speaking, I will leave the subject, and continue the account of my journey to London.

"We arrived about ten at the inn which Lord Dunderhead had fixed for us to breakfast in. My papa has always a good appetite, but those whose

hearts are heavy with affliction, whose breasts are weighed down with the burden of distress, can have but small relish for rolls and butter. In complaisance, however, to my papa, I sat down to the table, but in vain did I endeavour to summon up my courage; the trickling tears rolled down my cheek; the storm of sighs involuntarily escaped from my trembling breast;—I was in torment, I was agitated, I was agonized, and I had not the least appetite to my breakfast. I rose, and went to the window, in hopes of discovering in the distant prospect the faintly-marked battlements of Dunderhead Castle. My expectations were not deceived; I beheld them tinged by the blazing beams of the solar circle. Nor think that Juniper House was forgot; to both I breathed my most ardent vows for prosperity, and whilst melancholy yet pleasing remembrance drew tears down my cheeks, I involuntarily sighed, 'Oh, dear Juniper House! Oh, dear, dear Dunderhead!"

"'Eat some buttered toast, child,' interrupted papa. Judge what must have been my feelings, when the luxury of tender grief was disturbed by so vulgar an invitation! 'Eat some buttered toast!' My sensibility could not sustain the shock—I sunk beneath it. 'Cruel, cruel father!' said I; and concealing my tears with my white

cambric handkerchief, I hurried out of the apartment, having heard Lord Dunderhead say, as I left him, 'Plague take the girl! she's always a whimpering.' Yes, my beloved Sophonisba! so little idea has my father of sentiment, he called the streams which the softest sensations demanded from my tender heart, 'a whimpering!' But if sentiment must bear that odious name, often, very, very often, may the same emotions I then felt engage myself, and you, and all my friends, and the whole of my acquaintance, in one general, one heart-alleviating whimper!

"We proceeded to London in silence, only broken by Lord Dunderhead's satirical remarks upon, and vehement reproaches against, all that I hold amiable. I answered but with tears. At length, after a journey which had appeared long, I doubt, to both of us, we safely arrived in Portman-square, where I am at present, and about which I have much to say to you. I must, however, defer it for the present, as I am about to dress for a ball given by the Duchess of Dingleton. I know my Sophonisba, as I have written but two sheets, would chide me for sending so brief an epistle: I shall not as yet, therefore, close my letter, but shall resume my pen immediately on my return from her grace's entertainment.

(In continuation.)

"Why, Sophonisba, why did Heaven curse me with a form which captivates every heart? why did she give me those winning manners, that amiable languor, those enchanting graces, which doom all who behold me to bend before the altar of my unfortunate charms? How wretched is my lot! Notwithstanding the innumerable multitude of lovers I have already condemned to despair, still fresh adorers start up every moment to perplex my panting heart. I am very miserable! I am beloved, I am adored by all the men of rank, and yet wholly engrossed by an excruciating and hopeless passion for an unknown. I feel myself repugnant to the soft supplications of my numerous admirers. Pity me, Sophonisba, I merit your compassion!

"When I broke off to-day, I informed you I was engaged to a ball at the Duchess of Dingleton's. With a heavy heart did I prepare for it; yet, unwilling to disgrace my papa, I took care to decorate my person to the best advantage. Accordingly, I arrayed myself in a pale, blue-edged robe, with straw colour and slight silver border, made up in the prettiest taste in the world, all my own fancy, and never seen before. Thus ornamented, I attended my lord to the duchess's house in

Manchester-square. As I had till then never been at so large and so splendid an assembly, I own I felt rather bashful on my first entering the room; but the torrent of applause which was immediately poured upon me from all quarters soon gave me courage, and I resumed the natural ease which belongs to me, and which my beloved Sophonisba, and those friends whose partial protection but too much honour me, have always declared made me appear more admired than any other young woman of fashion they have ever beheld. But I know this is all partiality, nor do I believe half the kind things which have been so constantly heaped upon me, though sometimes perhaps even with truth. Vanity is not one of my faults, I am very certain; and this, all who know me will readily acknowledge. But to proceed with my relation of the ball.

"'Adorable creature! charming eyes! admirable shape!' such were the exclamations which struck my ears on entering the ball-room. My modesty and diffidence would fain have persuaded me they were addressed to somebody else; but not long was I permitted to doubt being the object of the general admiration. The men surrounded my chair in crowds, and loaded me with the highest stretched compliments and most delicately-directed adulation; but they were addressed to ears un-

conscious of the charms of flattery, and made no impression upon a mind inattentive to the expressive, unremitting ogling, and amorous attentions, of the surrounding multitude. My fond, feeling heart enjoyed not pleasures where no scope was allowed for the exercise of sympathetic sensations. It flew disgusted from the splendid follies of fashionable life, and sighed for the soft, secure serenity of sentimental sylvan scenes.

"As her Grace of Dingleton, on my first entering the room, had informed me she had provided me with a partner, I resisted the unremitting solicitations of the dukes, earls, baronets, and blue ribands, who, in the most eager expressions, entreated me 'to favour them with my angelic hand'—such were the terms they used. But I fear, my dear Sophonisba, should I repeat the unceasing marks of approbation which were paid to my person, you would be inclined to entertain a suspicion I was gratifying the silly sentiment of female vanity, by retailing my own praises. Alas! little satisfaction do I feel from such praises. What though my form be beautiful—he, from whom alone flattery would be agreeable, mixed not his voice with theirs who extolled it: what though my heart be excellent—its worth is unknown to him, by whose sensibility alone it can be equalled! Little,

very little doth it avail me that my manners are—graceful, my form—divine, my mind—angelic; since the idol of my fond—tormented breast is not present, to judge of the all-gracefulness of my actions, the all-divinity of my figure, and all-angelicity of my mental qualifications.

"Cruel thoughts! distracting images! heart-breaking, harrowing emotions. Forgive me, Sophonisba—I must lay down my pen and weep!

* * * * * *

"Having lightened the burden of my afflicted soul by a torrent of tender tears, I proceed to inform you of the unfortunate occurrences which took place at the Duchess of Dingleton's ball, and which assured your hapless friend another victim was to be sacrificed at the shrine of the unknown adorable.

"Whilst I feigned to be amused by the numerous beaux who were loading me with compliments, and whilst, in some measure to repay them for the unavailing trouble they took to entertain me, I nodded to one, smiled at a second, smirked at a third, and cried 'he! he!' to the praises of a dozen (ah! how little did the sensations of my bosom accord with the juvenile joy, which darted delusive beams from my eyes, and played bewitching upon my blooming

cheek); whilst this, I say, was my occupation, the Duchess of Dingleton, approaching me, presented a stranger as the partner whom she had already announced. I rose from my chair; presented him my hand with as much condescension as it was possible for me to assume; and summoning all the expressions of pleasure into my countenance, my sad and pensive bosom could supply me with, permitted the stranger to lead me to the set which was already formed, and where the dancers waited for my coming to commence their expected amusement.

"My partner was about thirty, six feet high, proportionably stout, and the peculiarity of his accent soon informed me the climate of Hibernia had given him birth. His figure was fine and well-formed, his features strongly marked, and, upon the whole, very handsome; yet, I know not why, my dear Sophonisba, but I instantly conceived a presentiment he would conceive a passion for me, which in the end would be the cause of the most distressing events. I know you will chide me for this idea, and call it infantine: but you have often acknowledged my skill in physiognomy, and the accurate discernment with which I have, at the first view, read the real characters of many people of our acquaintance. I must inform you, there-

fore that the stranger's countenance, notwithstanding its majesty, instantly impregnated my springing ideas of him with terror and aversion. His figure, though well-proportioned, wanted that *dégagée* air, that elegant indifference which characterizes the modern young men of *ton*, and which is so infinitely becoming. His voice, though well-toned, possessed not that delicate refinement of sound, half-mutter, half-squeak, which declares the speaker attends not to what he is saying, and proves him a despiser of the sensual amusements which constitute the routine of fashionable life; and, lastly, his eyes, though large, black, and sparkling, seemed to announce a soul burning for the gratification of his despicable, voluptuous passion, whilst it scorned the pure and unadulterated delights of a delicate and platonic affection.

"Ah! how different were the eyes of the unknown charmer of my heart! A soft and touching languor reigned in his, which immediately interested sensibility in its favour: the orbs were almost concealed by his long and ebony-formed eyelids, which, half-closed, half-open, just permitted the pearly tear of sympathetic feeling to escape from the fountain of sentiment, and the glassy humidity which appeared in his eyes as he gently raised them to fix them with amiable diffidence upon my

face, announced to my too sensible heart in one moment, that his bosom glowed with the deepest adoration of delicacy, the warmest fund of affection, the purest ideas of energetic attachment, and the most uncorrupted ecstasy of elevated agitations. Oh, Sophonisba, what eyes! what eyes!

"Not such were those appertaining to the partner the Duchess of Dingleton had presented to me. He spoke bold assurance and insolent admiration; he even dared at the very first introduction to gaze at me in the face for at least half a minute, notwithstanding he could not avoid observing the modest confusion which covered my diffident cheek with blushes, whilst he continued the unabashed steadiness of his persisting gaze. Such was the external appearance of my partner. I was afterwards informed he is much admired by the women, and copied by the men; that he is in daily expectation of an earldom; that he is already in possession of immense property in Ireland; and that his present name and title is Sir Barrabas Bagshot.

"My rank being higher than any other lady in the room, I consequently stood first couple. 'Angel of light!' said my partner, 'adorable charmer! wonder of the universe, and admiration of every eye! what dance do you vouchsafe to

call?' I doubted for a moment, ever making it my particular study to procure the gratification of others; I considered with myself what would be the most agreeable to the other young ladies who formed the set I had joined; and after some little thought and hesitation, I ventured to fix upon 'Nancy Dawson.' Nancy Dawson accordingly it was.

"No sooner did I begin to move, than exclamations of applause resounded through the ball-room. The men testified their pleasure in loudest accents as I figured out; their satisfaction was redoubled when I figured in; but I greatly dreaded, Sophonisba, lest they should expire in the torrent of ecstatic and unbounded raptures, when I went hands across and back again. Though but little sensible to the seductions of flattery, I could not but feel gratified by such public approbation; for I felt if ever I had merited praise, I deserved it at that moment. Hoping to obtain a momentary respite from the torments of every fatal passion, I attended to nothing but my footsteps, and exerted myself to the utmost. I put all my graces into action; I performed my new Hillisburg steps with the greatest exactness, and endeavoured to dance out of my head the dear destroyer of my happiness and tranquillity.

"I was beheld with wonder and admiration; every gentleman's eye declared the sensations I excited, and every lady's bosom flamed with rage and envy; but not long did my triumph last. Lady Mountain Mapletree, who happened to be dancing the next couple but one to me, was stung to the heart by the demon of jealousy: for long had she beheld Sir Barrabas with an eye of favour, and had been not without hopes of his offering himself and his fortune as a sacrifice to her charms. The attention he paid me, at once destroyed those seducing expectations: she trembled with vexation; she almost fainted with fury; and resolving to revenge her disappointed hopes, she maliciously dropped her fan before my feet, as I was swimming gracefully through the intricate mazes of right hand and left. I saw not the snare her malice had prepared for me; I still swam on, till my heels encountering the fatal fan, I came down plump in the middle of the ball-room.

"The gentlemen instantly flew as with one accord, to the spot where I lay extended. Vexation, confusion, and the sprain I had given my great toe, for some time prevented my replying to the anxious inquiries which were made on all quarters, to know whether I had received any injury. At length the pain abating, I began to

recover myself, and according to my usual custom, burst into a flood of tears, which much relieved me. I still, however, through modesty and shame, scarcely dared to raise my eyes from the ground, till I was informed by Lord Limbertoe, who had lifted me up, that he had never seen a lady tumble so gracefully; and had received the declaration of many of the bystanders, that the fall had not deranged my dress with the most trifling impropriety.

"Though my modesty felt extremely alleviated by these assurances, and though I no longer experienced any uneasiness from my sprained toe, no entreaties could prevail upon me to return to the dance. I must mention that Sir Barrabas Bagshot was most urgent with me to comply; and when I would have objected the bad consequences which might ensue to my foot from immediate exercise, he prevented me by saying, 'Oh! madam, what can warrant such apprehensions? Had the infernal fan broke your leg, instead of only spraining your toe, still short would have been the triumph of your presumptuous rival! Lady Honoria Harrowheart, even without legs, would be still more beautiful than Lady Mountain Mapletree, though the legs of the latter were augmented to the number of the centipedes.'



"The compliment was so gallant, and so singularly turned, that I could not avoid returning him my thanks for the favourable opinion he entertained for me, and which I was conscious of deserving so little. My chair being announced at this moment, I permitted the baronet to lead me to it; and as he put me in, he said, 'I hope your ladyship will permit me to inquire to-morrow morning how your ladyship's great toe does.' This was too marked a speech for me possibly to mistake it for any thing but an open declaration of the most ardent passion. I blushed violently; looked down in confusion, and hesitated for some minutes; till at length recovering myself, I replied, with admirable presence of mind, 'Sir, you are very good, and I shall be extremely happy to see you.' The chair was then shut up, and I returned home, to communicate to my dear Sophonisba the vexatious events of the first evening I have passed in London.

"What can I do, my dear friend, and what will become of the unfortunate Honoria? Barbarous papa! Why did you force me to visit the dreaded metropolis? But too well did I foresee the fatal effects of my charms: but too well did I foresee they would attract new admirers, and lo! my apprehensions are already justified. That Sir Bar-

rabas adores me to distraction, I cannot doubt; and that he means immediately to demand me of my father, I perceive full as clearly; since with no other intention could he have been so eager to obtain permission to inquire after me. But all his endeavours will be vain: I am resolved never to bestow my hand without my heart; and that, ah, woe is me! is in the power of one who seems to be ignorant of its value. 'But who is that one?' perhaps, will ask, my Sophonisba. 'Alas! my faithful, my affectionate friend!—I know no more than you do.'

"Adieu, by beloved Sophonisba; write to me soon, and assure me this long epistle has been acceptable to you. I must retire to bed, for my wax-lights are burnt to the snuff, though the slumbers of soft repose have not yet deigned to woo me to my care-fraught pillow. Alas! a year, a sad tedious year has elapsed since the blessings of sleep have fluttered round my couch; and its valued oblivion has but too long been a stranger to the eyes of

"The soul-affected, love-distracted

"HONORIA HARROWHEART."

LETTER II.

Miss Sophonisba Simper to Lady Honoria Harrowheart.

"Simper House.

"A thousand heart-breathed expressions of gratitude does Sophonisba entreat the zephyrs to bear to her angelic Honoria, in return for her very long and very interesting letter. But need I say her long letter was interesting? Whatever *belongs* to Honoria must be interesting to her tender friend. Excuse the pleasantry, my dear; you know the playfulness of my disposition will sometimes outrun my discretion; but your regard for the punster will induce you to overlook the indifference of the pun.

"The transports of my joy at receiving your elegantly-written epistle were too great to be expressed; but I must quarrel with you a little for not having mentioned my inamorata Lord Cypher in it. I assure you I feel much hurt at the neglect, and so does he too, poor man! though his resentment does not signify much to any body, you know. It so happened that he received the letters from the postman, and hastened to announce to me (as he very justly imagined) the pleasing intelligence of a letter from my Honoria. 'So, sir,' said I briskly, as he came near me on the ter-

race, where he happened to be gazing on some blue and gold butterflies, which were flitting beneath me, and fancying myself to be just such another gaudy, fluttering, summer insect. 'I hope you are well, madam,' replied his lordship very gravely, with one of his low bows, and never moving a muscle of his odd whimsical countenance, in spite of the comic style in which I addressed him, 'I hope you are well, madam; how do you do this morning?'

"'Do, my lord?' said I, a little maliciously. 'Do? Never the better for seeing your lordship I assure you.' My papa and mamma who were with me burst out in a violent fit of laughter at the shrewdness of my reply; but the person against whom my wit was directed, seemed to think that it cut rather too deep. He assumed a feigned air which I did not imagine the creature had presumption enough to put on before his sovereign queen and mistress. 'If you are not glad to see *me*, madam,' said he, 'you will be at least happy to see this letter from your friend Lady Honoria,' and at the same moment he drew the dear *packet* from his *pocket*. I seized it eagerly. 'Give it me, man,' cried I, 'give it me this instant;' but would you believe it? he had the boldness, the insolence and assurance to hold it tight, though I

rapped his knuckles with my fan to make him release it.

"No." replied his lordship, summoning up all the little briskness which exists in his monotonous composition. "I must be paid before I let it go." "Paid indeed!" cried I, "I should not have thought of you being paid!" "Nay" said he, "you shall not have the letter without its price, which is no less than a kiss from those coral lips."

"Yes, Honoria, the creature had the confidence to ask for a kiss! I was shocked to death at barely thinking of the horrible concussion of lips; but a thought at once struck me, which at once punished the wretch for his shameful wishes, and at the same time gratified my own taste, by executing a little trick brilliant and replete with genuine wit and humour. 'What,' said I, 'you must be paid, must you?'—'Yes;' he dared to replicate his proposition, wounding my ears a second time by mentioning the odious price he exacted. This gave me fresh desire to execute my artful invention. 'Then paid you shall be,' answered I; and suddenly snatching the packet from his grasp with one hand, with the other I gave him a box on the ear as hard as I could inflict, and then ran swiftly away; laughing heartily at the subtilty and originality of the

idea, and delighted with the success which attended its execution.

"You see, my dear Honoria, it is in vain I labour and *belabour* to make this blackamoor, *black no more.* No pains or instructions of mine can possibly wash him white. You know how earnestly I have endeavoured to efface from his mind the desires for sensual pleasures, which now disfigure it, and convince him how much more noble and refined are the gratifications which result from the system of platonic affection. But his gross English constitution is incapable of imbibing sentiments whose texture is so pure and delicate. What inducement have I not set before his eyes, what allurements have I not made use of to engage his adoption of my ideas ?

* * * *

"My eyes flashed beams of indignation on him at this insolent protestation; 'Hence, wretch!' cried I, 'get out of the room, and never see me more.' He instantly obeyed without a murmur, and by his submission something abated the rage which his boldness had excited in me. Indeed, to do him justice, he has many good qualities; his mind is open, generous, polished, and affectionate; nor is his person by any means to be despised:



but then he is licentious; and that horrible defect more than destroys all possible virtues. I can pity your affliction my Honoria; do you pity my weakness: for, alas! I am but too sensible, this faulty monster is in possession of my whole affection.

"Yes, thou friend of my bosom, I pity your affliction more than language can express; but still more should I pity it, if I knew what it was. Whatever occasions your distress I am sure it must be elegant, or else it would not belong to Honoria. Unbosom yourself then to one who takes the sincerest interest in your fate; let me weep over your sorrows, for weep I am sure I shall: and though I am unacquainted with one syllable of your adventures, I am confident beforehand they must be filled with the very essence of delicacy, and primed with the profusion of susceptibility. I remember, my dear friend, from your very cradle, you were marked for the daughter of feeling: never shall I forget how you used to steal into the butler's pantry to set the imprisoned mice at liberty. Nay, when you were but ten years old, as if you were marked for the protectress of the unfortunate, the old turkey-cock, when pursued by Doll Trot, the cookmaid, fled to your arms for shelter, and found a refuge in hiding himself under your dress. Then what eloquent discourses used you to

pronounce upon the sin and luxury which was used in making a pigeon-pie! What admirable oratory did you display, when persuading the tabby cat she committed murder in mumbling mice! What excellent arguments in favour of liberty did you deduce from the cage of your grandmamma's poll-parrot!—oratory so peculiar, so persuasive, and so pathetic, that it drew tears from all who heard it, except the insensible animal to whom it was directed. In truth, my dear, you were so surprisingly clever at ten years old, that if I had not been an eyewitness I could never have believed it.

"I promise myself then great pleasure (if you will be so good as to comply with the request of your fond Sophonisba) from reading how very unfortunate you have been, and how extremely miserable you are at present; for what can be so entertaining to a sentimental bosom as the sorrows and afflictions of one's friends? I trust, therefore, you will let me have the whole account by the next post; informing me what name honours the happy man who is fortunate enough to possess the heart of my Honoria; and, also, which is the country from whence he comes, and what the region to which he is going. In short, let me be instructed in every particular; let whatever hath *relation* to

you, be *related* to me; let me read your whole heart; let me know all your distresses, and the more there are of them the better. Ah, how sweet! how tender will it be to cry my eyes out over the irremediable misfortunes of my dearest friend!

"But, 'friend' did I say? Ah! perhaps you no longer esteem me your friend! Attracted and seduced by the brilliant scenes of London, some titled one now possesses the first place in your affection, and the simple Sophonisba is forgot, and you despise those pleasures which once afforded such infinite delight. Ah! if such contempt invade your bosom, it will overturn the ecstatic structure friendship and kindness erected there, when the opening dawn of years yet smiled tranquil upon my soft, my amiable Honoria. Recal to your memory those scenes of innocent delight, those pastimes so pure, those enjoyments so serene. Think how we used to chase the gold-spotted butterflies in the early morning—think how in the heat of day we used to seat ourselves beneath an o'erbowering haystack, and reading some sweetly-afflicting novel, cry in concert; and think, oh think, how in the afternoon we used to drink syllabub warm from the cow! These once could charm you—these once could interest your sensibility. Ah! let them not have lost their

effect: still let them charm: still let them interest: nor shrink infanticided by fashion and magnificence. Think not the pale-eyed moon less splendid than half-a-hundred wax candles, or a wreath of natural roses twined carelessly round your lovely tresses, less becoming to your complexion than a hat and feathers fabricated by Mademoiselle La Poupee.

"Vain terrors, hence! my bosom shall no longer encourage your recital. In vain shall the wax-candles blaze around her; in vain shall the hat and feathers rear their nodding plumes—Honoria shall prefer the moon—Honoria shall stick to the roses—yes, she shall still sigh for the pleasures of rural felicity, for the syllabub, and the haystacks, for the friend who loves her with such sympathetic sentiment as does

"Her ever fond, her ever affectionate
"SOPHONISBA SIMPER."

LETTER III.

Lady Honoria Harrowheart to Sophonisba Simper.

"Portman-square.

"Oh! Sophonisba, what a task do you enjoin me! You desire me to relate the accident which brought me acquainted with the monarch of my bosom, and describe the chain which inthralled me—the chain from which I never must be freed.

How can I rend open the wounds of my heart, scarcely closed? How can I recal the beginning of my woes? How can I tell you the name he does honour to? How can I tell you the country blest by his presence? How can I tell you the land which may boast of his birth? and, in short, how can I tell you, what I don't know myself?

"He did not inform me how he called himself, nor what was his condition; I know not whence he came, when I met him, nor whither he went when he left me; and I am not quite sure that I should know his face again if I were to see it. He was muffled up in a great-coat which concealed the lower part of his countenance; his beaver, flapped down, concealed the upper; and I could only distinguish his large speaking eyes between the interstices of his cape and his cocked-hat. It was not therefore the external beauty of his form which insnared me,—no, I was caught by his voice. Oh! what a voice! And by his heart. Oh! what a heart! all sensibility, all tenderness and delicacy. I am certain I could distinguish the first from those of all other men, though I heard it in a chorus; and the second, though I saw it in spirits in an apothecary's shop. The little, therefore, which I know about him (alas! that little is too much) I will in obedience to your wishes commit to paper, and

you may expect therefore the history of my woes and perturbations, either borne on the tempest of my sighs, or on horseback by the general post. It will, however, require some time to execute a relation I shall interrupt so frequently by my tears. You must not, therefore, be impatient if a week should elapse before you hear from me; and I do not believe it will be possible for me to satisfy your curiosity till Saturday se'nnight."

* * * *

[Whether Miss Simper's curiosity was ultimately satisfied or not, is more than we are able to determine;—but that of the reader, if he have any, is destined to remain unappeased,—for here the fragment ends.]

A NANCY STORY.

The following story,—which is included in a letter written by Lewis when in Jamaica to a relation in England,—is, we cannot help thinking, a very interesting, because a very characteristic specimen of the class of composition to which it manifestly belongs—a class, namely, which nearly corresponds with our "Nursery Tales," but is, however, of a higher grade, since it evidently involves more than one useful and even important moral,—which have been briefly glanced at by Lewis himself in the concluding paragraph of his letter; though scarcely, we think, with that praise which the humorous ingenuity of their enforcement seems to deserve. Of course we say this under the impression that the story is really of Indian origin—of which we have little doubt.

"Cornwall, Jamaica, March 1815.

"My dear ——,

"Far removed, but not forgotten—
Though absent, still to memory dear."

"'Oh, for Heaven's sake! do now, be *pretty*—*think* pretty—*write* pretty'—I *can't* be pretty, all I try; and really you can't but perceive I am

taking uncommon pains. However, you must have at any rate discovered, that I am uncommonly good-humoured: doubtless, because I'm writing to *you*; and as I cannot be "pretty" in my own person and pen, I'll try to be so by proxy, by telling you a "pretty" story. In the mean time, here am I, in a bower of beauty, (always including myself you know, in the irresistible combination)—here I sit, all among orange-blossoms, lime-trees, mangoes, mocking-birds, palm-trees,—and all that can render life delicious: every now and then, taking sly peeps in Memory's dear looking-glass, at many an old friend, in their snug European domiciles. Stay though, be hanged if I hadn't nearly forgot the little old woman and her pretty little old story.

I am going to tell you about *Goosee Shoo-shoo!* that is not exactly her name though; but a *sobriquet pour badiner*, bestowed by myself, for a reason I shall tell you by and by: however, she has ever since been called so by all on my estate. I won't keep you much longer in suspense, than just to remind you, that the negroes are exceedingly partial to a species of — Now what shall I call it? fairy tale? No, not—*exactly*: more resembling our quaint old *nursery* tales (so cherished for that reason), and that we all, more or less, remember: such as, 'Jack the Giant-killer,' 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red

Riding-hood,' &c. They call these wonderful relations, '*Nancy Stories.*' And, by the by, I shall endeavour to collect some of these choice *morceaux*, for a sort of journal I have *in petto*, and which, indeed, I have already begun; meaning it for publication on my return to England.

"Now there happens to be on my estate here, a certain (I was just going to say *fair*) lady, who appears wonderfully adroit in her profession; (and I may with great propriety term it so) as she trots about with her marvellous budget, reminding one forcibly, though in more humble grade, of the Eastern story-tellers of certain renowned 'Hunchbacks,' 'Wonderful Lamps,' &c. &c. When first this most amusing dame came in my way, and I was told of her acquirements, I remember I laughingly observed to a gentleman with me 'That, sir, is our *Goody Two-shoes.*' Something in the sound caught the general fancy, it seems; for ever since she has every where been called by the negroes, '*Goosee Shoo-shoo;*' so now you know the why and because of the matter.

"A glass of rum, or a roll of *backy*, is sure to unpack Goosee Shoo-shoo's budget; and the other day I made her recite one of her pet stories; which

she did, with her little sable audience squatted round her. You must not be surprised at this; it is quite the custom here; it is impossible to be much alone: and like the Portuguese servants, they squat down in your presence, grin at your jokes, pass remarks, &c., yet still considering themselves as slaves. All this seems strange at first, but it is the custom. I do wish you could see Goosee Shoo-shoo; she is so truly picturesque in her short cloak, her dapper red petticoat, and the strip of white callico so exquisitely rolled about her head, from beneath which, her shrewd black eyes twinkle towards the proffered rum, so expressively; then the short pipe, stuck in the corner of her mouth; and the scarlet string of palm-berries round her shining black throat. Oh! really, old Goosee Shoo-shoo is, decidedly, a most irresistible little woman.

"However, to my story—my *pretty, pretty* story. All I can remember in the true *gusto* of Shoo-shoo's precise words, you shall have 'neat as imported.' Where I am a little at a loss, you must e'en be content to have the thread of the story taken up by Mat, in the best manner he is able. So pray take it as you can get it; ay, and thank me too, I beg, for reserving this choice bit of originality for your special entertainment.

Goosee Shoo-shoo's true and marvellous history of a "lilly nigger-man born vidout ed."

"'Vonce on time, my piccaninnies' (the *piccaninny* nearest to her, and grinning with extension from ear to ear, being a fellow above six feet, proportionably stout, and apparently between thirty and forty years of age), 'vonce on time dere live voman under cotton-tree, ab lilly son, born vidout ed. So ven she see her son ab got no ed, the voman say, Vat I do now? my son ab no ed; and I 'fraid him look particular, and ebbery body take notice: beside, him no talk—him no hear—him no see—him no yammee (eat)—so what I do now? Tink I know what I do. I get lilly bird sit upon him shoulder; pick up yamee for my son, put in him stomach; so den him do berry well without ed.'

"Now it seems this good lady, whose son was so inconveniently situated, possibly from not being able immediately to meet with a 'lilly bird' willing to oblige, by acceding to a request which considering the very peculiar situation of affairs, was by no means unreasonable, suddenly bethought her of an owl, who dwelt hard by, and whose wisdom and gravity were sufficiently renowned, to have accommodated many a head; particularly those that, like his own, though

wise in themselves, were never known to make other heads a bit the wiser on that account. To this sage personage, then, goes the embarrassed lady of the cotton-tree. The owl was at home (such being the usual term for seeing company); his head also being in its usual place, it is to be hoped there was something in it: not that this is a consequence to be invariably insisted upon—it might, indeed, be exacting too much in some cases. The distressed dame opens the business, according to Shoo-shoo, in the following affecting ditty:

" 'Ho day! hey day! What I do? what I say?
De sun him peep goldee, de berries hang red;
But poor lilly nigger, him neber a ed.' "

" 'How day, massa!'

" 'How day, nigger woman,' say de owl: 'what you want wid me?'

" 'So den, my piccaninnies, de woman no like say her son born widout ed, 'cause she tink he no belieb *dat;* so she say,

" 'Oh, massa! my son run along upon de grass, ab lilly misforten—him ed tumble off, and roll into ribber.—Berry sorry, massa!'

" 'Vell,' say de owl, 'I must tink lilly bit.'

"And truly this was a matter not to be decided upon in a hurry, or without due consideration; for it must be remembered that the owl *had* a head, and what is the use of having a head if one does not make use of it? Besides, I ought here to observe, that Shoo-shoo had, as she proceeded, informed her auditors that the poor woman's son had, beside the disadvantage of being without a head, been so unfortunate as to lose his heart; and that to one of those most beautiful princesses, who usually grace these interesting narrations, and are always so incomparable whenever they evince an inclination to be beautiful and presume to be princesses. Having explained thus far, I shall permit Shoo-shoo to proceed in her own words.

"'So den, my picccaninnies, de owl, after him tink lilly bit more, he say, Pull you *tree* feaders from my tail, and go your way wid your son to vere de brook-water run shinee; and mind you blow de tree feaders in face of de first ting you meet, and takee what follow.'

"Away trots the dame, straight forwards to the running brook, with her headless son, just in time to catch an ass at dinner-time. The exigence of the case wouldn't admit of much ceremony; so puff went the three mysterious feathers in the face of

the unsuspecting donkey; who, without inquiring further into the nature of this abrupt salutation, returned so low a bow, that he left his head at her feet. It must be evident, that to say the accommodating owl was *no conjuror*, would be nothing short of defamation of character. The good woman did not hesitate to avail herself of this turn of luck: she, doubtless, knew very well there are cases that will not admit of one's being over particular; so, without more ado, she popped the ass's head upon the shoulders of her distressed son. It fitted to a nicety, and, as they say in London of a pair of sale shoes, 'just as if made to order.' Now whether the dame knew any thing about that good old proverb—'two heads better than one,' is uncertain: it is clear, however, she was of opinion that *any* head was better than *none at all*: besides, her son being bent upon a wooing expedition, it was obvious that a head of some sort was absolutely necessary, if only to preserve appearances. By the by, how the bereaved donkey managed in the interim without his head, as Shoo-shoo did not think it requisite to explain, why should I presume to meddle? Get on without a head! And why not, I should like to know? Is there any thing so very singular—so very unusual—so very—Pooh! pooh! 'tis really a delicate topic. So now to Shoo-shoo's further account.

"'Vell, my piccaninnies, so, ven nigger man ab him ed, *like ebery body else*, him mamma put upon him lilly red coat, and sword by him side; pipe in him mout, and lilly bottel arquedente in him hand; and he go courtee-courtee, 'cause him look so killing den, my piccaninnies!'

"How the princess received a beau of such singular recommendations, does not immediately appear: for, according to our storyteller, it turned out, that the head-borrowing gentleman had unluckily obtained more of the nature thereunto appertaining, than was quite convenient or consistent with the delicate nature of his errand; and that, notwithstanding the head he presented being considered no ways peculiar or uncommon, there must doubtless have been *somewhat in the tones of his voice*, as *pleading* his tender suit, that prejudiced minds were unable duly to appreciate: since the luckless nigger-beau was fain to depart amid roars of laughter, together with the awkward accompaniment of sundry cracking whips, signifying the general opinion far more plainly than agreeably; and the poor 'lilly nigger-man,' having his ass's head knocked off in the scuffle, ran home to his mother, headless as ever. So again (according to Shoo-shoo) goes the lady of the cotton-

tree to her friend and counsellor, the owl, to plead her—

"'Ho day! hey day! What I do? what I say?
De sun him peep goldee, de berries hang red;
But poor lilly nigger him neber a head.'"

"'How day, massa!"

"'How day, nigger-voman!' say de owl; 'what you want wid me?'

"'So den, my piccaninnies, de voman no like for say her son born vidout ed, 'cause she tink he no belieb *dat*; so dis time she say,

"'Oh, massa! my son berry mush hungry von day; so ven him yam-yammee, he make lilly mistake—swallow him own ed in him hurry. Berry sorry, massa.'

"'So den de owl him think lilly bit agen.'

"A plain proof how well he merited his usual appellation of 'The Bird of Wisdom;' since he was evidently aware of the old sayings, 'Look before you leap,' 'Turn round three times,' 'Think *seven* times,' &c. In short, it is clear that the owl was at any rate a bird wise enough to think before he spoke: whether, when he spoke, it was to the purpose, or whether he spoke at all, I confess myself

on this, as regarding some other incidents of the story, a little sceptical. I have, however, the authority of Shoo-shoo that he *did* speak, and much to the purpose: that is, to the important and most desirable purpose of clapping a new head upon the shoulders of the luckless little nigger-man. For this time, he replied, (according to Shoo-shoo)—'Takee dose tree lilly egg, and go you way to de palm-tree yonder, vere de pine-nut hanging so red; and mind you trow dem in de face of de fust ting dat you see dere; and takee what follow.'

"Away trots the dame again, with her son; and this being a new proceeding, it was accompanied by new hopes. They arrive just in time to find a monstrous hog, snoring at the foot of the palm-tree. The old lady was unwilling to disturb him, so splash go the three eggs full upon the closed eyes of the grunting reveller, who, like most people blinded by rage, and whatever may be flung in their eyes, bounced off in such a passion, as to leave his head behind him. The new head fitted quite as neatly as the former: and really, on the whole, looking as well as many that pass in a crowd. Away again hastes the lover, with his cargo of hopes—fears—his 'lilly red coat,' his pipe

and bottle of arquedente. It is impossible to say what flattering result had been wrought by our hero's novel pretentions to a lady's favour, had he not unluckily again proved himself a victim to the unconquerable propensity of the head he had borrowed, by thrusting his snout unceremoniously into every nice dish preparing in the royal kitchen; so that the enraged cook was at last fain to throw out certain unpleasant hints, not only of *basting* him well with the ladle, but also employing the *spit*, and thereby introducing him to the royal banquet, a subject ready *roasted*. Such notions so terribly alarmed the poor little nigger-man, that, leaving his pig's head to stop cookey's tongue, it seems, he ran home to his mammy headless as ever.

"It was really most commendable—the unwearied perseverance of the restless dame to obtain that somewhat convenient article, a head, for her luckless son: as again (according to our story-teller) was the old ditty chanted to the patient owl of—

"'Ho-day! hey-day,' &c. &c.

followed by the usual salutation—

"'How day, massa?' To which responded the civil reply, 'How day, nigger-woman? what you want vid me?'

"Now, being her *third* visit upon this momentous affair, and third times being, I believe, by established rule, ever fraught with luck (good or ill, as the case may warrant), the lady of the cotton-tree was certainly justified in expecting something definitive, and accordingly determined this time to disclose the true state of the case. Allowing Shoo-shoo therefore to proceed in her own manner:

"'Oh, massa,' say de voman, 'my son ab no ed, him *nebber* ab ed *at all.* Him born *widout ed.*—*Berry sorry*, massa.' 'So den de owl him say Vy you no say dis afore nigger-voman? For de owl him know all de time nigger-vomam say two tumping lie, my piccaninnies; and dat why her son ab trubbel so great you see. So den de owl forgib ven she say de trute; and him say, 'Let you son go see him lubbee—him soon find him ed.'

"Tolerably awake that, for a dozing owl, I think! So it seems the poor nigger beau, finding, I suppose, such ill success with borrowed heads, thought that he would this time try his luck by presenting himself at least in his own proper person; trusting to at least finding a head to match to his own satisfaction, and that of other people. Thus reasoning, he set out 'a wooing to go' for the third time: not being lucky enough, however, to find a

head before his arrival, of course he was obliged to present himself without one; and such sights not being common in that dawning era, the fair princess accordingly screamed, tore her hair, kicked, cried, and every thing else that fair ladies do when exceedingly frightened. His majesty her papa also, being by. it seems, took occasion to express his extreme consternation, and stamped and swore in such grand *duo* with his screaming daughter, that it became a nice point to determine which was likely to give in first. The old gentleman, however, like many old gentlemen, reflecting perhaps that if he could get his daughter off his hands, a head, whether it stood in the way or not, should not at any rate put him *out* of his way, began at length to argue in favour of the strange suitor, in a style, which if not immediately convincing, certainly was by no means deficient in point of energy: as proved by Shoo-Shoo, who thus continued:

"So den, my piccaninnies, de princess she say, 'Oh la, fader, me no marry dat man—him hab got no ed!' So den him majesty look berry grand, all in a tundering passion, and him say, like jentelman, 'Curse your imperance, miss! vat you mean by dat? You no marry de man? you *sall* marry de man! An for him ed, I soon make

him ed—lookee, now, I make for him ed, berry soon.'

"So den, my piccaninnies, him majesty say "bring de vip for floggee," and directly two ear came all so quick, my piccaninies, two bootiful big broad ear, so black, so shinee, lay upon him shoulder, all ready for stick gold ring. 'A-ha!' say him majesty, 'taut I soon find for him ear! Now lookee how I make for him mout. Ho dere! bring me good drop arquedente.' So den, my piccaninnies, him mout come all so quick, so wide, so grinee. 'Oh, ho!' say him majesty, 'taut I soon find for him mout! So now for him eye Ho dere! who see dis tumping piece of gold?' Den, my piccaninnies, dere come all sudden, two sush eye! so den him majesty put de tumping piece of gold in nigger-man's hand; and directly ebery body holler, 'Oh, what bootiful ed! what bootiful nose! so broad, so flat, so black, so shinee! Nebber was sush ed — sush fine ed! Nigger-man for ebber! hooray.'

"So ven de princess hear dis, she tink she marry him arter all; and dey lib berry appy, an ab plenty rum an backy, de rest of dere day.'

"As Goosee Shoo-shoo seemed to think this the best possible winding up of her story, I took care the cunning old lass should have her due share

of the above highly-prized articles. Their importance, in her estimation, might perhaps rather supersede the expected moral of the tale; therefore, in justice to my favourite, I must really be allowed to observe for her, that people who may have the misfortune to be born without heads, may be assured that telling lies will prove the very worst cement for preserving heads of any description, in a proper and becoming situation. Neither should the obvious truth be allowed to pass without comment, that though an ass may occasionally be tolerated till he opens his mouth, any officious snout poking where it has no business, is sure to get any *body* thereunto appertaining soon sent about its own. I trust you give me some credit for being duly observant—thus to extract something wise from the head of an ass, and to gather sweet instruction from a pig's nose. At any rate, let me hope that this specimen of negro *facetiæ* will not fail to make you laugh heartily: the very best recipe, believe me, for inward ailments."



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE CONSOLER.

It seem'd as nature's flame were dead—no beam
From sun or moon diffused its cheering gleam
O'er that dark sky, at morn which seem'd so fair,—
It thence seem'd darker now: the murky air,
Close, thick, and lowering, with its burden prest
The spirits down, and clogg'd the lab'ring breast.
The birds sat mournful, silent on the spray,
And wild and waste the soul's Elysium lay,
Spoil'd of its floral treasure: cankering want
And sorrows worm had kill'd health's blooming plant,
And the fond sunflower turn'd no more its eye
Where orient lustre fired the eastern sky:
The primrose youth was dead, untimely dead,
And each fair flower no more a fragrance shed;
And bliss (that empress rose), whose odorous power,
And blushing cups at morn's delicious hour,

Pour'd in my senses from its emerald seats
A blaze of beauties, and a cloud of sweets,
Now, lost its glowing gems and green attire,
Met my sad eyes—a rude unsightly briar
Threaten'd my hands with wounds as near I drew,
And wept its vanish'd flowers in tears of dew.
Oh! I was sad at soul! no aid was nigh;
No present joy, no future hope; mine eye
Where'er in suppliant anxious search I turn'd,
'Twas anguish—'twas despair! My bosom burn'd,
My heart was broken now: in sullen mood,
'Mid dull, dark apathy I silent stood,
Like one to marble changed; and now again
Wild memory flash'd her torch athwart my brain,
And fired it into madness. Then the ground
I struck with burning front, and scatter'd round
Locks of torn hair; and still in frantic tone
Of mingled rage and pain, half-shriek, half-groan,
I raved of honest hearts with treachery paid,
Of feigned love, false friends, and trust betray'd;
And cursed, in bitter grief and fury vain,
Man's flinty heart and woman's fickle brain.
When, lo! as thus in maniac state I lay,
A matron tow'rds me turn'd her graceful way:
With stately step she moved; her robes of white,
Of vestal make, though not so dazzling bright,
Were pure as virtue's own; and o'er her head
A cypress veil in decent guise was spread,
Fix'd on her forehead by a sacred wreath,
And pass'd in graceful folds her chin beneath,

Inspiring awe, but awe unmix'd with fear.
Calm was her cloudless eye—her brow so clear
From wrinkles, spoke (though pale), a heart which ne'er
Had known the withering touch of guilt or care.
A bowl, around whose brim the poppy reign'd,
In her right-hand she bore; her left sustain'd
A mirror, on whose polish'd breast was shown
A thousand mingling shapes of things unknown;
Where Fancy bade th' enraptured thought unite
All that was pure and precious, fair and bright.
Yet what those objects were, in vain mine eyes
I strain'd to know; for still would mists arise;
While o'er the crystal surface as they play'd,
Confounded light with light, and shade with shade.
Yet, oh! so beauteous show'd those clouded views,
So bright those forms confused, and doubtful hues,
I thought, while gazing on their lines obscure,
All witness'd pomp seem'd mean—all dreamt of, poor.
She waved her hand—the cloud dispersed. 'Tis true,
The gaudy sun no dazzling splendours threw
Athwart Heaven's vault; but that clear tranquil gray
O'erspread the skies, which ushers in new day.
With lofty head and port majestic came
The noble footstep of that awful dame;
And as she pass'd, oft cropp'd some drooping flower,
Whose beauties bloom'd unmark'd in sunless bower,
Till pluck'd by her: then first perceived the eye
Its form how graceful, and how rich its dye!
As on she moved, want, sorrow, pain, and care,
Fled from her glance, and sought less sacred air.

Sooth'd by *her* voice, inveterate Malice pour'd
His arrows at her feet, and broke his sword.
Deep slumbers bound the Passions' stormy train,—
No more did Slander hiss, or hiss'd in vain;
And where that matron's hallow'd steps once trod,
Envy herself with flowers oft strew'd the sod.
With awful hope I gazed, while near she drew,
And from her bowl, on my burnt forehead threw
Some opiate drops. Oh! then how swift my soul
Cast off its burden! grateful languor stole
O'er all my frame, and soon my temples round,
Sleep, with soft hand, her wreath of poppies wound,
Yet e'er I sunk to rest—"Oh! then" I said,
"Pain's readiest balm, and Sorrow's surest aid,
Whose power can every pang and pain repel,
Oh! friend of misery, deign thy name to tell."
I paused: her gracious smile consent reveal'd;
With holiest kiss my weary eyes she seal'd,
And while her lips inhaled my sighing breath,
Softly she whisper'd, "*Friend, my name is Death!*"

TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

While youth's gay visions charm your view,
  While health, and strength, and peace are yours,
While Fortune smiles, for all you do
  The venal world's applause secures.—

While honour guides your steps to fame,
  And pleasure strews your couch with flowers;
Friendship withdraws his humble claim,
  And yields to war and love your hours.

But should the world applaud no more,
  Or fleeting health elude your arms—
Should slander make your feelings sore,
  Or withering glory lose her charms;

Or should some siren drop her mask,
  Whose arts had made your soul her slave,
Then, *then* be thine the cherish'd task
  To ease the pain which others gave.

Oh, then, my Charles, thou'lt think on me,--
  Then on my breast thy griefs recline:
It holds a heart which feels for thee,
  A heart that's not unworthy thine.

A heart, each morning at thy sight,
Which swells with joy and right good will;
A heart which makes me feel each night
It loves thee dearer—dearer still.

As o'er the sky does solar light
At morn diffuse a dazzling blaze,
So love and fame with splendour bright
Gild man—the pilgrim's youthful days!

But when those splendours disappear,
And night, and grief, their place assume,
Then friendship's moon shall rise to cheer,
And guide the wanderer through the gloom!

THE LOST SHILLING.

August 30, 1802.

Oh! sad and slow his footsteps fell,
As home the boy was going,
And sorrow bade his bosom swell,
And fast his tears were flowing.

While sadly follow'd at his heel,
As conscious of disaster,
A rough-hair'd cur, and seem'd to feel
The anguish of his master.

"Now, bonny boy, what makes thee cry?"
"Oh! bitter fears torment me:
In yonder town, her food to buy,
This morn my mother sent me.

"And now to see her face I dread,—
From anger nought can save me;
For, oh! I lost, as on I sped,
The shilling which she gave me."

"That sure can ne'er a fault be styled,
From mere mischance proceeding;
Yet will your mother beat you, child,
In spite of tears and pleading?"

"Oh no, sir, no! If blows be all,
To bear them I'd be willing,
Though hard those blows, as arm could fall;
But 'twas her *only* shilling.

"And hard will be her fare to-day,
And hard her fast to-morrow;
And when she hungers, sure she'll say,
'Twas I who caused her sorrow!"

"Now hush your sighs, and dry your tears,
Your loss no more shall grieve you;
Look, bonny boy! from cares and fears
This shilling shall relieve you."

A doubting hope illumed his eyes,
The sight his tears suspended;
While to receive the silver prize
His hand the boy extended.

'Twas his—he fled with eager pace,
No thanks to me addressing;
But, oh! the smile which deck'd his face
Was better than a blessing!

THE BLIND LOVER.

'Tis true, my love, of heavenly light
These sightless orbs admit no ray;
Dark are to me the stars of night,
And blush of morn and blaze of day.
Yet think not, sweet, the want of eyes
Can e'er thine Arthur's peace destroy;
While Mary's hand that want supplies,
And kindly guides her poor blind boy!

Oft when of loss of sight I speak,
I hear you breathe a tender sigh;
And oft I feel on Arthur's cheek
A tear which fell from Mary's eye:
Which when I feel—which when I hear,
Not worlds could yield me half such joy
As that one sigh, as that one tear,
Which pity gives the poor blind boy!

I boast no treasure, but a heart—
'Tis thine, and thine shall still remain;
I boast no science, but the art
To make sweet music's pensive strain.
Yet, if it wakes one pleasing thought,
When thus my hands the lute employ,
Ah! 'twas because my Mary taught
That science to her poor blind boy.

Though knowledge hides her stores from me,
And glory's clarions vainly call,
In place of these, Heaven gave me thee,
And giving thee, it gave me all.
And while of love I hear thee tell,
And cherish hope and promise joy,
Oh! kings and sages sure might well
With envy view the poor blind boy!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Though lost the charms her face display'd,
And cold that heart which loved so well,
Know in the form here lowly laid
That once an angel deign'd to dwell.

Alike to God and mortals dear,
Too soon she fled from earthly eyes;
Could love, could grief have kept her here,
An angel had not sought the skies

ELEGY

On the approaching Departure of a Friend, 1798.

I.

On yon dark hills the tempest fiend is sitting,
Loud roars the blast, cold rains my bosom beat;
Curlews and screaming sea-gulls round are flitting,
High roll the waves, and burst before my feet.

II.

Here to myself a few short moments stealing,
While hoarded anguish labours for relief,
I may awhile indulge the flow of feeling,
Ease my foul heart, and give a loose to grief.

III.

Here freight unseen, each wave with drops of sorrow,
Here swell unheard, with sighs each passing gale;
Waves that must waft my Edward hence to-morrow,
Gales that must too soon speed his parting sail.

IV.

Yes, he must go, and nought should now restrain him,—
Ev'n I, since duty calls should blame delay;
Yes, he must go, I strive not to retain him,
Nor, though I mourn his absence, wish his stay.

v.

Rebellion waves on high her standard gory,
Proud Gallia's vessels plough the Irish wave;
And shall I blame his generous thirst for glory?
And shall I grieve, because his soul is brave?

vi.

No! rather still to fan my lips shall labour
In his young heart the bright heroic flame;
Rather my hand in his shall place the sabre,
And bid it boldly hew the path to fame.

vii.

Bid that it ne'er be seen in battle swerving,—
Bid it in strength and temper matchless be;
That I one day may bless it for preserving
A life more valued than mine own to me.

viii.

Yet though no murmur, fate's decree accusing,
Bid my heart swell or freight my faltering voice,
Must I not feel some pang my Edward losing,
Friend of my judgment, brother of my choice?

ix.

Must I not wish the storm no longer blowing,
Whose blasts already shake our friendship's shrine?
Must I not shrink while fate the die is throwing,
To think how deep, how dear a stake is mine?

X.

I must, I do! for I must still remember
How my torn heart his friendship strove to cure;
How in that heart where all was cold December,
He promised Spring, and cheer'd me to endure.

XI.

With mild remonstrance gentlest pity blending,
Full oft his converse cool'd my fever'd mind;
He saw despair and love my bosom rending,—
Saw that I needed kindness, and was kind.

XII.

While life was in its morn, our souls' communion
That bond no time or change can break began;
Form'd by the youth's free choice, our social union
Gain'd strength from years, and ripen'd with the man.

XIII.

Like him, the world for me contains no other,—
To me, no other e'er so dear can be;
He is my second self—my friend—my brother,
And losing him, mankind is lost to me.

XIV.

Lose him!—Be still, my heart, nor own thou fearest
For Edward's sake the issue of this strife:
God is too good, too kind, to break the dearest
Of those few ties which bind me still to life.

XV.

God will not lift his hand so deep to wound me,
Nor see a heart that loves him sue in vain;
God will have mercy—on that faith I ground me,
Nor doubt, my Edward, we shall meet again.

XVI.

But, lo! day's feeble gleams expiring languish,
Eve's deepest shades the world of waters dim;
Enthusiast, cease! nor waste in fruitless anguish
Those few dear hours you still may pass with him.

XVII.

Go—at the festive board, with Edward seated,
Once more the social meal together share;
To-night once more be time with converse cheated,
And sooth'd by friendship's actions, friendship's care.

XVIII.

Then, with to-morrow's dawn, on board attend him,
Sigh as he mounts the vessel's side, "adieu!"
Breathe a loud prayer that Heaven may still befriend him,
And bid him sometimes bend a thought on you!

DANAË.

(Imitated from the Greek of Simonides.)

I.

Night, on horror's wing suspended,
Veil'd in clouds the watery world;
Darkening storms, by fate attended,
Through the air their terror hurl'd.

II.

Loud was heard the tempest blowing,
High was borne the brazen chest;
When the fair, with eyes o'erflowing,
Wept upon her infant's breast.

III.

"Babe," she said, "my fears confound me;
Babe," she said, "for you I fear;
I should scorn the floods around me,
Did not you their fury share.

IV.

"That thy breast to fear a stranger,
Sleeps whilst torrents round thee pour,
Thou, dear boy, art blind to danger,
Thou art deaf to Nature's roar.

v.

" By thine innocence protected,
Thou canst sleep from terror free;
Whilst thy mother's soul, distracted,
Wakes to horror—wakes to thee!

VI.

" Knew'st thou in what fears I languish,—
Knew'st thou what affrights my soul,
Tears of sorrow, tears of anguish,
Down those little cheeks would roll.

VII.

" Then no longer sportive pleasure
Round your rosy lips would play;
Grief would seize my little treasure,
Grief would steal his smiles away.

VIII.

" Wake not then, dear boy; let slumber
Stop the tears and hush the groan;
'Tis thy woes my heart encumber,
'Tis thy danger—not my own.

IX.

" Sleep, my babe; thy mother pillows
On her breast thy cheek of snow:
Sleep, my babe; and sleep, ye billows,—
Sleep, and with ye sleep my woe!"

LINES,

Written abroad, in answer to a Note addressed 'au Juif Errant.'

I.

By fate for ever doom'd to mourn,
Through many a clime his feet have borne
  Your wretched, wandering Jew.
Yet should I search the world around,
My heart would own it never found
  A friend it loved like you!

II.

Full oft, with many a bitter sigh,
Erst I implored the boon to die;
  But now, with feelings new,
Though large my share of human woes,
Unwilling would my eyelids close,
  And grieve to shut out you.

BOUTS RIMES.

Filled up at Lady Douglas's request.

I.

Round Edmund's tomb to wreathe these simple flowers,
  With reverend feet I press the chapel's floor,
Rejected love with sorrow mark'd his hours,
  Health fled his arms, and fortune scorn'd his door.

II.

With weary steps he trod life's painful stage,
Each comfort shunn'd him, and each hope proved vain;
At length his spirit burst its mortal cage,
And then first knew a moment free from pain.

III.

Now spent his malice, Fate unbends his bow,
For grief yon narrow cell affords no room;
Oh! that I soon may lay my head so low,
And since I share his sufferings, share his doom!

LULLABY.

Intended to have been introduced by Mrs. Jordan, as "Cora," in the play of Pizarro.

I.

Soft are thy slumbers, soft and sweet;—
Oh! when shall *my* eyes slumbers greet?
Ah, me! he stirs—that trickling tear
Fell on his cheek, and woke my dear.
Hush thee! hush thee! hush thee, boy!
Let not my tears thy sleep destroy!

II.

Smiles of content thy cheeks adorn,—
When shall such smiles by mine be worn?
Ah, me! he cries—that sigh which broke
From my full heart, my darling woke.
Hush thee! hush thee! hush thee, boy!
Let not my sighs thy sleep destroy!

SONG,

Intended to have been sung in the fourth act of the Castle Spectre.

I.

Oh! sad was my bosom by force when removed
From all those who loved me, from all whom I loved!
My heart almost breaking, despair in my look,
The groves where my childhood had past I forsook;
And said while I sigh'd, that my pleasures were o'er,
"Farewell, ye dear scenes, I shall see you no more!"

II.

But vain were the fears which my bosom dismay'd:
His purple wings flying, Love speeds to my aid;
He soothes me—he cheers me—he loosens my chains,
And bids me return to my dear native plains.
Then hush thee, my heart, for thy sorrows are o'er,
And pleasure shall soon be thy inmate once more!

THE HORSE-GUARD'S PENELOPE.

I.

And is the news true? are the Guards coming over?
And may I soon hope my dear Will to embrace?
Once more shall I clasp to my heart the loved rover,
And press my fond lips to his bonny brown face?
Again shall he pace the parade, firm and steady,
And toast me at night in a bumper of gin?
Gad-zookers! this news is so rare, that I'm ready,
Dear Jenny, with joy to jump out of my skin!

II.

The fruits of his dangers he'll give me with pleasure;
I shall soon be rigged out all flashy and new;
For sure in the wars he'll have scraped up much treasure,
And come back as rich as a king or a Jew!
Yet should he come poor, as he went, so he's willing
And ready with me and my failings to bear,
May this punch be my poison, if, while I've a shilling,
My Will be not welcome that shilling to share!

III.

Well, Jenny, these tidings have made me light-hearted,
So here goes—"The health of the lad I adore!"
May he ne'er again suffer, as when we last parted
At Greenwich, and thought we should never meet more!
May he ne'er lose that fondness I take such delight in,
And ne'er to another that fondness extend;
And ne'er may he guess that the while he was fighting,
His place in my heart was kept warm by a friend!

LINES

Written in "Bouhour's Art de Bien Penser."
Presented to a friend.

When to my Charles this book I send,
A useless present I bestow;
Why should you learn by art, my friend,
What you so well by nature know?

Yet read the book;—haply some spell
May in its pages treasured be;
Perchance, the art of thinking well
May teach you *to think well of me!*

A MATRIMONIAL DUET.*

Lady Termagant.

Step in, pray Sir Toby, my picture is here,—
Do you think that 'tis like? does it strike you?

Sir Toby.

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,
In a moment it will—'tis so like you!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Calm Friendship, to thine arms I'd fly,—
On thee alone for bliss rely,
Could I but calm my bosom's thrill,
Which whispers "Love is sweeter still."

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* These trifles were written at Inverary Castle, for the MS. periodical called "*The Bugle*," of which we have elsewhere spoken.

ADVERTISEMENT.

On the 5th of July, on the night of a Monday,
Eloped from her husband, the wife of John Gundy;
His grief for her absence each day growing deeper,
Should any one find her, he begs him to—keep her.

CHARADE.

I write charades! Now, I'll be curst,
If I don't think they'll prove my FIRST;
My SECOND, if my friends say right,
Is what I do from morn till night;
But I my WHOLE can never do,
Amanda, when I speak of you!

LINES

For the Collar of a Dog, belonging to Lady Charlotte Campbell.

Stranger! if other dogs beguile
Me from my mistress fair to stray,
Restore me;—she'll vouchsafe a smile,
Which might e'en Avarice repay!

PARODY ON THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON

I.

I'd sing ye "Molly Gramachree,"
Soft music through the room to scatter;
Or "Water parted from the Sea,"
But somehow still it's "Stony Batter!"

II.

I change my bow, and change each string,
Now make it sharp—then make it flatter;
But when of something else I'd sing,
My fiddle still plays "Stony Batter."

III.

Be "Gramachree," then, far away!
Not one kind glance will I throw at her;
But "Stony Batter" still I'll play,—
I know no tune like "Stony Batter!"

THE ENGLISH KINGS.

From St. Evremond.

To Charles the First your conduct shows,
Britons, like that which Harry,
Eighth of the name, observed to those
It pleased his grace to marry:
First you adored your king, your friend,
Whom nought but good was said of;
Then you grew jealous, and to end
The joke, you cut his head off!

THE PRINCESS AND THE SLAVE.

A Tale.

Where fragrant breezes sigh'd through orange bowers,
And springing fountains cool'd the air with showers,
From pomp retired and noon-tide's burning ray,
The fair, the royal Nouronihar lay.
The cups of roses newly cropp'd were spread
Her lovely limbs beneath, and o'er her head
Imprison'd nightingales attuned their throats,
And lull'd the princess with melodious notes.
Here roll'd a lucid stream its gentle wave,
With scarce heard murmur, while a Georgian slave
Placed near the couch, with feathers in her hand,
Her lady's panting breast in silence fann'd,
And chased the insects who presumed to seek
Their banquet on the beauty's glowing cheek.
This slave a mild and simple maid was she,
Of common form, and born of low degree;
Whose only charms were smiles devoid of art,
Whose only wealth a gentle, feeling heart.

While thus within her sacred, loved retreat,
Half-sleeping, half-awake, oppress'd with heat,
The princess slumber'd, near her, shrill yet faint,
Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.
She starts, and angry gazes round; when, lo!
A wretched female, bent with age and woe,

Drags her unsteady feet the arbour nigh,
While every step is number'd by a sigh.
Meager and wan her form, her cheek is pale,
Her tatter'd garments scarce her limbs can veil;
Yet still, through want and grief, her air betrays
Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.
Soon as to Nouronihar's couch she came,
Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame
Exhausted sank; and then, with gasping breast,
She thus, in plaintive tones, the fair address'd.

"If e'er compassion's tear your cheek could stain,
If e'er you languish'd in disease and pain;
If e'er you sympathised with age's groan,
Hear, noble lady! hear a suppliant's moan.
Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,
By sickness wasted, and oppress'd by years;
Beneath our sacred Mithra's scorching fire,
I sink enfeebled and with thirst expire.
Yon stream is near: oh! list a sufferer's cry,
And reach one draught of water, lest I die!"
"What means this bold intrusion?" cried the fair,
With peevish tone and discontented air:
"What daring voice with wearying plaint infests
The sacred grove where Persia's princess rests?
Beggar, begone! and let these clamours cease;
This buys at once your absence and my peace."

Thus said the princess, and indignant frown'd;
Then cast her precious bracelet on the ground,
And turn'd again to sleep. With joyless eye,
The fainting stranger saw the jewel lie;

When, lo! kind Selima (the Georgian's name)
Softly with water from the fountain came;
And while with gentle grace she gave the bowl,
Thus sweetly sad her feeling accents stole:

"Humble and poor, I nothing can bestow,
Except these tears of pity for your woe:
'Tis all I have, but yet that all receive
From one, who fain your sorrows would relieve,—
From one who weeps to view such mournful scenes,
And would give more but that her hand lacks means.
Drink, mother! drink! The wave is cool and clear,
But drink in silence, lest the princess hear."

Scarce are these words pronounced, when, bless'd surprise!
The stranger's age-bow'd figure swells its size:
No more the stamp of age deforms her face,
Her tatter'd shreds to sparkling robes give place;
Her breath perfumes the air with odorous sweet,
Fresh roses spring wherever tread her feet;
And from her eyes, where reign delight and love,
Unusual splendour glitters through the grove;—
Her silver wand, her form of heavenly mould,
Her white and shining robes, her wings of gold,—
Her port majestic, and superior height,
Announce a daughter of the world of light.
The princess, whom her slave's delighted cries
Compell'd once more to ope her sleep-bound eyes,
With wonder mix'd with awe the scene survey'd,
While thus the Peri cheer'd the captive maid:

" Look up, sweet girl, and cast all fears aside;
I seek my darling son's predestined bride,
And here I find her; here are found alone,
Feelings as kind, as gracious as his own.
For you, fair princess, in whose eye of blue
The strife of envy, grief, and shame, I view,
Observe, and profit by this scene you gave;
But, oh! how far less nobly than your slave!
Your bitter speech, proud glance, and peevish tone,
Too plain declared your gift was meant alone
Your own repose and silence to secure,
And hush the beggar, not relieve the poor!
Oh! royal lady! let this lesson prove,
Smiles, more than presents, win a suppliant's love;
And when your mandates rule some distant land,
Where all expect their blessings from your hand,
Remember, with ill-will and frowns bestow'd,
Favours offend, and gifts become a load."

She ceased, and touching with her silver wand
Her destined daughter, straight too wings expand
Their purple plumes, and wave o'er either arm;
Next to her person spreads the powerful charm,
And soon the enraptured, wondering maid combined
A faultless person with a faultless mind;
Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,
Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye,
The Peries spread their wings, and soar'd away
To the blest regions of eternal day.

Stung with regret, the princess saw too plain,
Lost by her fault, what tears could ne'er regain;

Long on the tablets of her humbled breast
The Peri's parting words remain'd impress'd;—
E'en when her hand Golconda's sceptre sway'd,
And subject realms her mild behest obey'd,
The just reproof her conscious ear still heard;
Still she remembered—with ill grace conferr'd,
Crowns to a feeling mind less joy impart,
Than trifles offer'd with a willing heart!

BILL JONES.

Appended to the MS. from which the following has been copied, we find this memorandum in the author's handwriting:

"The wild and singular story upon which this ballad is founded, was first related to me by my friend, Mr. Walter Scott, to whom I was indebted for the following particulars. Every thing which falls from the pen of the anthor of 'Marmion,' and the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' must, I am certain, be read with interest by the public.

"*July*, 1808. M. G. Lewis."

Then follows the story, as related by Sir Walter, the substance of which we have given in our notice of "Romantic Tales."

BILL JONES.

" Now, well-a-day !" the sailor said,
" Some danger doth impend :
Three ravens sit in yonder glade,
And harm will happen, I'm sore afraid,
Ere we reach our journey's end."

" And what have the ravens with us to do ?
Does their sight then bode us evil ?"
" Why, to find one raven 'tis lucky, 'tis true ;
But 'tis certain misfortune to light on two,
And meeting with three is the devil.

" I've known full three score years go by,
And only twice before
I've seen three ravens near me fly ;
And twice good cause to wish had I,
That I ne'er might see them more.

" The first time I was wreck'd at sea ;
The second time, by fire
I lost my wife and children three
That selfsame night ; and woe is me
That I did not then expire !

" Still do I hear their screams for aid,
Which to give was past man's power ;
I saw in earth their coffins laid,—
Well, my heart of marble must be made,
Since it did not break that hour !"

" Poor soul! your tale of many woes
Brings tears into my eyes:
But think you, then, such ills arose
Because you saw your fancied foes,
Three ravens, near you rise?

" No doubt, since this fantastic fear
Has thus possess'd your head,
You firmly believe that ghosts appear,
And that dead men rise from their blood-stain'd bier,
To haunt the murderer's bed."

" Believe it, master! well I may!
Now mark what I relate;
For Gospel-true are the words I say,
When I swear, that, during three weeks and a day,
A GHOST was my own shipmate.

" My cash run low—no beef, no flip,
And times were hard to live;
So I e'en resolved to make a trip
For slaves, on board a Guinea ship,
Which crime may God forgive!

" Oh, 'twas a sad, sad thing to hear
The negroes scream and groan,
And curse the billows which bore them near
To the tyrant white-man's land of fear,
And far, far away from their own!

" But soon the sailor found his part
Scarce better than the slaves;
For our captain had a tiger's heart,
And he plagued his crew with such barbarous art,
We all wish'd us in our graves.

" We scarce were two days' sail from port,
Ere many a back was flay'd;
He flogg'd us oft in wanton sport;
His heart was of stone, not flesh—in short,
He was fit for such a trade.

" Though each in turn was treated ill,
'Mongst all the crew alone
Bill Jones opposed our tyrant's will;
For Bill was cross and old, and still
He'd give him back his own.

" And many a brutal harsh command
Old Bill had grumbled at;
Till once he was order'd a sail to hand,
When Bill was so weak he scarce could stand,
But the captain scoff'd at that.

" For a lazy old brute, poor Bill he abused,
And forced him aloft to go;
But their duty to do his limbs refused,
And at length from the ropes his hands Bill loosed,
And he fell on the deck below.

" Towards him straight the captain flew,
Crying, ' Dog ! dost serve me so ?'
And with devilish spite his sword he drew,
And ran Bill Jones quite through and through ;
And the blow was a mortal blow.

" At the point of death poor Bill now lies,
And stains the deck with gore ;
And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,
' Captain ! alive or dead,' he cries,
' I ne'er will leave you more !'

" ' You wont ?' says the captain : ' time will show
If you keep your word or not ;
For now in the negro kettle below,
Old dog ! your scoundrel limbs I'll throw,
And I'll see what fat you've got.'

" So he caused the cook to make water hot,
And the corpse, both flesh and bones,
(To see what fat Bill Jones had got)
The captain boil'd in the negro pot,
But there was not much fat in Jones.

" If well his word the captain kept,
Bill Jones kept his as well ;
For just at midnight, all who slept,
With one consent, from their hammocks leapt,
Roused by a dreadful yell.

" Never was heard a more terrible sound:
Fast to the deck we hied,
And there, by the moonbeam's light, we found
The murder'd man, in spite of his wound,
Sitting close to the steersman's side.

" And from that hour, among the rest
Bill served, nor left us more;
With bloody trousers, bloody vest,
And bloody shirt, and bloody breast,
Still he stood our eyes before.

" And he'd clean the deck, or fill the pail,
Or he'd work with right good will
To stop a leak, or drive a nail;
But whenever the business was handing a sail,
Then 'specially ready was Bill.

" And to share in all things with the crew
Did the spectre never miss;
And when to the cook, for his portion due,
Each sailor went, Bill Jones went too,
And tender'd his platter for his.

" His face look'd pale, his limbs seem'd weak,
His footsteps fell so still,
That to hear their sound you'd vainly seek;
And to none of the crew did Bill e'er speak,
And none of us spoke to Bill.

" But when three weeks had crept away,
As you just now have heard,
The captain came upon deck one day,
And quoth he " My lads, I've something to say;
Bill Jones is as good as his word.

" ' He never leaves me day nor night,
He haunts me—haunts me still;
By the midnight lamp I see the spright,
And when at morn the sky grows light,
The first sunbeam shows me Bill.

" ' At meals, his pale lips speak the grace,
His cold hand gives me wine;
At every hour, in every place,
To whatever side I turn my face,
Bill's eyes are fix'd on mine.

" ' Now, lads, my resolution's made,
One means will set me free,
And Bill's pursuit for ever evade.
He comes—he comes! Then, away!' he said,
And plunged into the sea.

" None moved a joint the wretch to save,
All stood with staring eyes;
Each clasp'd his hand—a groan each gave,
When, lo! on a sudden, above the wave,
Once more did the captain rise.

" Fix'd and fearful was his eye,
And pale as a corpse his brow,
And we saw him clasp his hands on high,
And we heard him scream with a terrible cry,
'By God! Bill's with me now!'

" Then down he sunk through the foaming flood
To hell, that worst of havens!
Now Heaven preserve you, master good,
From perilous rage and innocent blood,
And from meeting with three ravens!"



TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE TAILOR'S WIFE.

(*Partly, but not much, altered from the German.*)

Some ages past, in Asia's land,
A tailor dwelt at Salmacand;
  Who, to secure his earthly comfort,
A wife had taken, willy nilly,
A deed so very rash and silly,
  'Tis needful to give reason some for 't.
Then you must know the maid was fair,
Had face and form beyond compare,
White teeth, red lips, and silken hair;
  Besides, as she had wit in plenty,
Which for a woman mighty odd is,
  Was graceful, fond, and scarcely twenty,
The tailor thought his wife a goddess.

" None but a tailor, or a barber,
Could thoughts so strange and foolish harbour,"
Methinks I hear some sneerer cry,
While satire lurks in either eye.
Good, now! restrain your insolence;
For there are moments, ill-timed railer,
When Solomon, with all his sense,
Is little wiser than a tailor.

In some such simple moment, Hann
(That was the tailor's name) began
In these soft strains: " My duck, my dear!
What tortures would my bosom tear,
Should this sweet body, cold and wan,
Deprived of life, deprived of charms,
Lie pale and breathless in my arms!
Oh! at the thought, cold dews distil
Down every limb, and terrors fill
Thy spouse's breast with fond alarms!
But hear me, loveliest, while I swear,
That if these wretched eyes should e'er
See thy kind heart forget to beat,
(That heart so gentle, fond, and sweet,)
Nine days upon thy gravestone lying,
My widow'd fate will I deplore;
Nine days I'll pass in tears and sighing,
And weep till I can weep no more!"
" And, oh! to lose my faithful Hann,"
The wife replied, " should fortune doom me,
I'll seek thy grave, while walk I can,
And living with thy corpse, entomb me!"

"Zooks! what a wife!" the tailor cried,
And kiss'd and blubber'd—laugh'd and sigh'd,
While to his heart the dame he drew;
For it ne'er came into his head
She might not mean the things she said;
She spoke them—so they must be true!
For who, I pray you, ever knew
Woman's sweet lip discourse a lie?
Did you? or you, sir?—"Oh! not I!"
Of course will be the prompt reply.

A year of bliss had wing'd away
In matrimonial dalliance gay;
When, as the tailor and his wife
At their pilau one evening sat,
Awhile they talk'd of this and that,
Forgot the cares and woes of life;
It chanced, as chronicles relate,
That Hann's fair spouse, Gulpenhe hight,
Fixing her eyes—oh! eyes so bright!
More on her husband than her plate,
Bolted a bone, the shaft of fate,
Which in her throat stuck firm and tight.
Struck with amaze, poor trembling Hann
Springs from his chair—does what he can;
Offers her water, pats her back
To force the bone away. Good lack!
By all his care he nothing gain'd:
The fatal bone, which Heaven confound!
Still in her throat unmoved remain'd,
Nor inn'd nor outed, up'd nor down'd.

Since to this pitch her case was brought,
Gulpenhe very wisely thought
(And hit the matter to a tittle,)
'Twas best to suffocate a little!

So said, so done;—the woman *died:*
Distraction seized the wedded lover,
Who still declared the doctors lied,
And hoped to see his wife recover.

* * * * *

Gulpenhe's bones were laid in ground,
But Hann made such a grievous moan,
You might have heard him ten miles round.
Stretch'd on the monumental stone,
His promise to perform he swore,
And fair Gulpenhe's loss deplore,
Till nine whole days and nights had flown.

So shrill his grief, so deep his sigh,
Mahomet, who was going by,
With wonder heard the tailor cry,
And stopp'd to ask the reason why?
"Oh! holy prophet!" Hann replies,
"Since yester evening, breathless lies
My dearest love—my choicest treasure!
The only comfort of my life,—
My blessing, happiness, and pleasure,
And, in two words, good sir, *my wife!*"

"Since from this charming spouse to part
You take so grievously to heart,"

The prophet said, " I'll cure your pain,
And give her back to you again.
Your case is novel, for, alack!
  Many entreat me every day
  To take their living wives away,
But none to give their dead ones back!"

He said, and with his staff began
To strike the tomb of Mistress Hann;
The grave unclosed, and in a crack
Out popp'd (I don't on truth encroach)
Gulpenhe, sound as any roach!
Now there are sceptics who will have it
  This resurrection is not true;
  But, ladies, I can prove to you,
That built on evidence my trust is;
  Since I can show the affidavit
The tailor made before a justice.
  But now my story to pursue.

Soon as by Hann his wife was seen,
  Heavens! what a storm of joy and blisses!
It was a wonder she'd not been
  Stiffled, a second time, by kisses!
Gulpenhe, 'tis but right to say,
  Having received the first embrace,
Turn'd to the sage her thanks to pay;
  But seeing, upon looking round,
  That he was nowhere to be found,
  She guess'd (which was in fact the case)
He certainly had gone away!

Then first the thought enter'd Hann's brain,
And in this matter he thought rightly,
That Mistress Hann was clothed too lightly,
(Having no clothes on, to speak plain),
For her to walk into the town,
With nothing but her hair to veil her.
"Light of adoring worlds!" said Hann,
(Who though 'tis true he was a tailor,
Was really a well-spoken man,)
"While I some dress procure, 'tis best
Behind these ruins you remain;
Fear not—I'll soon be back again,
And in a trice I'll have you dress'd;
The air is warm, the moon shines clear,
Five minutes—and again I'm here!"

Then home ran Snip, while t'other way,
As it fell out, the young Prince came,
Who, by his numerous torches' flame,
Spread round the scene a second day.
In vain Gulpenhe strove to hide her,
Amidst the tombs he soon descried her;
Admired her form, and drawing near,
With many a bow and graceful air,
And smirk and smile, his royal highness,
With much more *nonchalance* than shyness,
Exclaim'd, "What object meets my eyes!
I own it gives me much surprise,
To meet in this lone dismal place
Such beauty, elegance, and grace!
Pray, is it by some strange connivance

Of chances, or by force, or will,
That thus you walk in dishabille?

What possibly can be your drift,
I must confess my stupid brain
Attempts to puzzle out in vain!
I hope, fair dame, you'll not refuse me,
To answer plainly, what's your name,
Whither you go, and whence you came?"
"Gracious, my lord! you must excuse me,"
Replied the tailor's modest dame.
Full long and tedious is my story,
Besides, nor time nor place is fit,
Nor does my *negligé* permit
Me now to lay the whole before ye!"
His highness, comprehending rightly
The lady, in her situation,
Could not much relish conversation,
Gave her his mantle most politely.
"And but one question more," he said:
"Are you a widow, wife, or maid?
If still the latter, go with me,
My harem shall your kingdom be;
Where, while a prince's days you crown
With endless happiness, your own
Shall pass as in a pleasing trance,
Fill'd up with music, feasts, and dance!"

Gulpenhe, at a single glance,
With the young prince's tempting offers,
Compared the tailor's slender coffers.—

His humble trade, and menial lot:
  Poor Hann was ruined by that look;
  Faith and pure love her heart forsook,
And grave and vows were both forgot.
"By Allah!" she replied, "I ne'er
  With mortal man have marriage band made;
So if you think me worth your care,
  Do as you please, sir, with your handmaid."
"A bargain!" said the prince, and brought
A palanquin as quick as thought.
With little fear, but much amaze,
  Gulpenhe in the carriage ventured,
And proudly, by the torch's blaze,
  The prince's harem soon she enter'd.

Scarce had they left the burying ground,
  When Hann, returning from his house,
  Brought fitting garments for his spouse,
Which spouse was no where to be found!
Half-mad with fear, he cried, he call'd,
He roar'd and halloo'd, hoop'd and bawl'd,
  But all his efforts were in vain.
Thought he, my hapless wife's the prey
  Of some wild Arab! for it never
    Enter'd the doting tailor's brain
His wife by choice had gone away,
  Or willingly from him could sever!
"Oh! luckless hour, and luckless wight!"
  'Twas thus the tailor made his moan:
"Why, under covert of the night,
  Rather than leave her here alone,
Did I not in her shroudless plight

Convey her to the town with me?
Now, in what torture must she be,
That pattern of a faithful wife,
Who loved me better than her life!
Who vow'd if Heaven away should take me,
She never could my loss survive;
And that she'd rather than forsake me
Be buried in my tomb alive!"

Returning to the town, his mate,
From early morn at night till late,
Hann sought with ceaseless trouble, thinking
In Salmacand she still must be;
And often without food or drinking,
Sad and forlorn, to bed went he.
One hope he had—that Mahomet,
Who once before had cured his pain,
This second time would not forget
To bring Gulpenhe back again.
Thus hoped he, but in vain. At last,
To quiet Snip's afflicted soul,
A neighbour, who had seen the whole,
Inform'd him how the fact had passed:
"And I've authority to say,"
He added, with a solemn vow,
"Gulpenhe went by choice away:
The gipsy has been ever since,
And as I make no doubt is now,
The favourite mistress of the Prince."
Hann, whom no swearing could convince

That such a wife would prove untrue,
Like lightning to the palace flew;
And there to curb his jealous rage is
Nought strong enough to keep him back:
He bolts thro' courtiers, guards, and pages,
And knocks down eunuchs, white and black!
Till chancing with the Prince to meet,
He throws him at the royal feet,
And begs he may have back his dove,
His constant wife, his own true love.
The Prince was, by good luck for Hann,
A very honest sort of man;
And as the novelty was o'er,
Gulpenhe pleased his taste no more.
And without anger, frowns, or fuss,
Or useless circumbendibus,
In tongue polite he fairly stated,
The free behaviour of the dame;
And every circumstance related,
Since in his harem's walls she came.

"Sure," replied Hann, "that dreadful night
Had made my dearest mad with fright!
But wherefore fill me with alarms?
Let me but once behold my treasure;
You'll see her round me throw her arms,
And on my bosom faint with pleasure!"
That soon was done which Hann demanded;
The harem's ivory doors expanded,
And in the lady came. Confounded
To see his spouse with pomp surrounded,

Dazzled, too, by the jewels beaming,
And gold-embroider'd robes which deck'd her,
Snip thought he certainly was dreaming,
And scarcely could he recollect her.
Not so his wife, who ill dissembled
Her inward fright, and blush'd and trembled;
For, ah! too well her conscious eye
Knew her forsaken spouse, the tailor!
But woman's wit (*id est* a lie,
Tho' that is merely by the by),
Did not at this dread moment fail her.
The Prince, observing her confusion,
Drew from her fears a just conclusion;
And instantly approaching near,
While pointing to the wedded cully,
He ask'd her, with a front severe,
"Know you this fellow, Madam Gully?"
"Know him, my lord! in truth I do,"
This tenderest of wives replied:
"This is the very robber who
Pummell'd me, till I almost died;
And stripp'd me in the burial ground,
Where by your highness I was found,
Half dead with blows, and cold, and fear.
Some folks perhaps, with anger heated,
Would think, had they like me been treated,
No vengeance would be too severe;
But, oh! a soul so soft as mine is
Desires not punishment too rough;
And, therefore, I assure your highness,
To hang him will be quite enough!"

The hapless tailor wond'ring hears,
And scarcely can believe his ears,
Those lips, which not a month before
Eternal truth and fondness swore,
Coolly such monstrous lies repeat;
Till sense and breath his frame forsaking,
With pallid cheeks and body shaking,
He sinks at false Gulpenhe's feet!
These marks of conscious guilt convince
The court, that justly spoke the lady;
"Out with the villain!" cried the Prince;
"Take him this moment to the cadi!"
Thus Hann in silence hears his wife,
Unblushing, swear away his life;
Nor seeks his innocence to prove,
For what is life, when lost is love?
The cadi now proceeds to state,
"This culprit's very obstinate,
And seems to all repentance callous;
And as the facts alleged appear
Both likely, positive, and clear,
Take him this moment—to the gallows!"

What now the wretch's doom can alter?
What save at once his neck and fame?
The first, to rescue from the halter,
And clear the latter, Mahom' came;
The same who, by too great politeness,
Had made poor Hann this sight of pity:
"Hold!" cried the prophet, whose uprightness
Was known and loved throughout the city;—

"Release the prisoner; I can shew
His hands and heart are pure as snow!"
The guards, who heard this order spoken
By one, whose lips had never lied,
Obey'd;—the captive's chains were broken,
And gaily to the palace hied
Taylor and prophet, side by side!

Instant the golden gates unfold!
The sultan and the prince appear;
And Mahomet his story told
In language, nervous, brief and clear,
Demands to see the faithless dame,
Who smiling, simpering, smirking came,
Looking as bland as opening morn,
And artless as the babe unborn!
But,—soon as round the circle gazing,
She read her doom the prophet's face in,
And saw no opening for retreat
Her conscious heart with terror fluttered,
A loud and piercing cry, she uttered
And sunk expiring at his feet!
To end my tale, Gulpenhe, back
Now to her coffin needs must pack;
While, by the prince's grace possessed
Of wealth, to last him all his life,
Hann homeward steers with joyful breast,
Released from love, shame, want, and wife.
And tho' 'tis true a second time
In youthful bloom, and beauty's prime,
He saw his lovely wife expire;
He never felt the least desire

To weep nine seconds on her tomb!
But swore with ceaseless scorn, to treat
That sex, whose vows are all deceit;
Whose hearts are stone, and heads are feather,
And—ere another tear he'd shed
For any she, alive or dead—
He'd see the whole sex hang'd together!

ALATAR.

A Spanish Ballad.

See'st thou where yon gallant knight,
From fair Grenada wends his way?
'Tis Alatar who speeds in fight,
The Lord of Calatrave to slay.

Rodrigo, he of Christian foes,
Confest the bravest midst the brave:
Struck by whose falchion's thundering blows,
Brave Albayaldos sought the grave.

His downfall to avenge, the Moor
Hath vow'd no rest shall close his eyes;
Till pierced with wounds and bathed in gore,
His kinsman's murderer breathless lies.

His sable arms, his frenzied glance,
Declare what anguish rends his breast;
Black is his buckler, black his lance,
And black the plume which shades his crest.

Swiftly by Daro's flowery side,
He spurs his steed lamenting sore;
Flow, Daro flow, thy waters glide,
The gallant knight shall see no more.

And now he leaves Elwira's gate,
And now he gains the open plain;
While many a sigh accuses fate,
And mourns, for Abayaldos slain!

Nor is he long denied the fight,
Near Loxa's plains in bright array;
A troop he finds whose banners white,
The badge of Christian faith display.

High did his heart with vengeance swell,
And swift to meet the band he flew;
"In courtesy brave warriors tell,
If Don Rodrigo rides with you?"

Then speaks the knight who chief appears,
Of all the goodly company;—
"Say on, Sir Moor, Rodrigo hears,
If him you seek, know I am he."

His kinsman's murderer stands confest,
Soon as fierce Alatar descries
The red cross on the stranger's breast,
The curse and scorn of Moorish eyes.

"Christian with mortal hatred fired,
Hither to fight with thee I sped;
Pierced by thy spear, my friend expired,
But soon shall vengeance grace the dead."

"Haste! haste to arms! for fate impends,
Tho' skill'd thy sword in martial strife;
Soon shall thy death repay my friend's,
With blood for blood, and life for life."

He said—and now with hideous clash,
Sword meets with sword, and shield strikes shield;
Beneath their blows their armours crash,
And helms and bucklers strew the field.

But Alatar resists in vain;—
His blood fast flowing, dews the ground;
Rodrigo's hand the Moor hath slain,
And mark'd the corse with many a wound.

And he hath lopp'd the head away,
And hung it at his saddle bow;
Woe worth the hour, woe worth the day,
Which saw the warrior's life blood flow.

Then home Rodrigo shapes his course,
Though wounded, proud of every scar;
While sanguine torrents down his horse,
Stream from the head of Alatar.

THE LOSS OF ALHAMA.

From the Spanish.

Through Grenada swiftly speeding,
See the Moorish monarch go;
Sighs declare, his heart is bleeding,
Fast his tears of anguish flow.
Ay de mi Alhama!

Wherefore is't the Sultan lowers?
Letters, filled with grievous loss
Tell, that on Alhama's towers,
Waves the conquering Christian's cross.
Ay de mi Alhama!

Into pieces straight he tore them,
Stung with anger, fierce and dread;
Next the wretched slave who bore them
Paid the tidings with his head.
Ay de mi Alhama!

On the monarch hastes in anger,
Till the Alhambra's gates appear;
"Warder, let the trumpet's clangour
Bid the Moors assemble here."
Ay de mi Alhama!

Soon the air the trumpets rending,
To the public ear relate;
O'er the city woes impending,
Menace fair Grenada's state.
Ay de mi Alhama!

Straight the Saracens assemble,
All their king in haste surround;
" Mighty lord, what cause to tremble,
Bids the Alhambra's trumpet sound?
Ay de mi Alhama!

" Oh! my Moors, new woe each hour
On our ruin'd nation falls;
Know that Don Fernando's power
Rules Alhama's conquer'd walls.
Ay de mi Alhama!

Here the Moorish Sultan ceases;
When replies an Alfaqui,
Stamped with wrinkled age his face is,
Long his beard, and fair to see.
Ay de mi Alhama!

Yet though old, with youthful spirit,
Thus does he his thoughts disclose;
" King, your losses well you merit;
King, you merit well your woes.
Ay de mi Alhama!

"Think, how you the Bencerages
From your state unjustly drove,
Think the Zegri line engages
All your favour, all your love!
Ay de mi Alhama!

"Were your faults with justice treated,
Were they equall'd by your pain,
Here would Don Fernando seated,
O'er your conquer'd kingdom reign.
Ay de mi Alhama!

"Slaughter'd friends, and cities burning,
Now would shock your frantic eye,
While yourself, no aid discerning,
'Midst Grenada's flames would die!
"Ay de mi Alhama!"

THE PRIMROSE.

From the German of Goëthe.

A primrose—Nature's modest child,
Bloom'd unregarded in the wild;
Till near it chanced to rove
A shepherdess, both fair and gay,
Who forward bent her winsome way,
And caroll'd through the grove.

" Ah! might I be," exclaim'd the flower,
Ah! might I be, one envied hour,
A rose most sweet and fair;—
Then haply 'twere my lot to rest
That hour on yonder maiden's breast,
And die in raptures there.

The maiden came, nor saw the root,
She press'd it with unheeding foot,
Low sank the primrose sweet.
Yet as it sank it still could sigh,
" I die contented, since I die
By her, and at her feet."

MAY.

May is a sweet kiss by Heaven,
To his wife the fair Earth given;
Pledging that hereafter she,
Now a bride, shall mother be.

MARS AND CUPID.

From Anacreon.

I.

The husband of the queen, whose smile
  Enslaves all youthful hearts,
With anxious skill, in Lemnos isle,
  Was forging Cupid's darts.

II.

Fair Venus, on each weapon bright,
  Bade drops of honey fall,
While her mischievous urchin's spite,
  Still mix'd the sweet with gall.

III.

With haughty tone, and scornful glance,
  The god in battle prized,
Shook with strong arm his ponderous lance,
  And Cupid's shafts despised.

IV.

"Yet, try this dart!" Love slily said,
  "'Tis heavy, only feel;"
Fair Venus smiled, while Mars obey'd,
  And poised the magic steel.

V.

"Yes! to deny the truth were vain;
  The warrior said, and sigh'd;
"'Tis heavy—take it back again:"
  "No! keep it," Love replied.

IMITATION OF ANACREON, ODE 3.

I.

While rainy clouds obscured the sky,
And sleep, on every mortal eye,
  Her midnight poppies shed;
A voice unknown (now known too well),
Assail'd the window of my cell,
  And thus imploring said:

II.

"Ah! gentle swain, in pity hear,
Nor think an hostile robber near;
  An helpless boy am I,
Who, wandering o'er the desert plain,
Have borne the beating of the rain,
  No friend, no guardian, nigh.

III.

"Let no vain fears your heart alarm;
Nor will, nor power, have I to harm,
  Then pitying grant my prayer;
For heavy showers still fast descend,
And stormy winds in fury rend
  My wildly-flowing hair.

IV.

" May you in every wish be blest,
If in your cot this night I rest;
  One night.....I ask no more!"
He ceased; this honey'd word mine ear
Entranced, and made the speaker dear;
  I straight unclosed the door.

V.

A beauteous stripling meets my view,
Whose sparkling eyes of glossy blue,
  Like purest sapphires shine;
A bow unstrung his fingers hold,
And two bright wings of glittering gold,
  Proclaim his race divine.

VI.

I haste to light the extinguished flame,
And warm his cold exhausted frame
  With tenderest zeal and care;
With wine renew each faded grace,
Then wipe the rain from off his face,
  And wring his streaming hair.

VII.

But when the kindly warmth had spread
His cheek of down with blushing red,
  His bow once more he strung;
Then meditating treacherous wiles,
While his fair face he drest in smiles,
  Thus spoke his guileful tongue.

VIII.

" My gentle host, I wish to know,
Whether the rain has hurt my bow,
And fain its force would try ;
Suppose I prove its power on you ?"
And straight its cord the urchin drew,
And bade his arrow fly.

IX.

With aim too just it pierced my heart;
E'en now my bosom feels the smart;
(And then with pinions spread,)
With joyful shout he rose in air,
Paused to enjoy my fond despair,
And thus departing said :

X.

" Farewell, kind host ! the trial o'er,
I leave your hospitable door,
And with you leave my dart :
Safe from the storm my bow is found,
And that my arrow too is sound,
You know it by your heart."

SACRIPANTE'S COMPLAINT.

FROM ARIOSTO.

Say, cruel thought, whose power my soul oppressing,
  Now rends my heart with freezing, burning pain,
What must be done? a rival gains the blessing,
  Which I, too late arriving, seek in vain.
Scarcely a word or look to me addressing,
  The nymph with favours greets a happier swain.
Oh! why since neither flower nor fruit is mine,
Still must my heart with hopeless passion pine?

A new-blown rose some garden bower adorning,
  Such is the maid yet deaf to pleasure's lure,
While browsing herd and ruder shepherd scorning,
  Blooms the fresh bud in solitude secure.
Sky, earth, and sea, mild gales, and dewy morning,
  Bend to its sweets, and love the odour pure.
'Tis with such flowers fond youths and maidens fair
Deck their soft breasts and wreath their flowing hair.

But should it, ravish'd from its secret bower,
  Its native thorn abandon, colour bright,
Sweet scent, and graceful form, soon lose their power,
  Nor longer yield to man or Heaven delight.
'Tis thus the beauty who that precious flower,
  Which she should dearer prize than life or sight,
Yields to one favour'd hand, her value loses
In all their breasts whose homage she refuses.

PAPA'S NOSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

Sleep, lovely babe! sleep, gentle heart!
Thy father's picture so thou art!
Though he, forsooth, is pleased to say,
His nose is form'd another way.

II.

Laughing he eyed thee even now,
And said that face of thine
Has much of me, but yet I vow
That nose, child, is not mine!"

III.

Sleep, lovely babe! in peace repose;
His son thou surely art;
Though thou hast not thy father's nose,
Oh, have thy father's heart!

ELVER'S HOH.

Danish. The original is to be found in the "Kiampe Viiser," Copenhagen, 1739.

THE knight laid his head upon Elver's Hoh,
Soft slumbers his senses beguiling;
Fatigue press'd its seal on his eyelids, when lo!
Two maidens drew near to him smiling.
The one she kiss'd softly, Sir Algamore's eyes,
The other she whisper'd him sweetly;
"Arise! thou gallant young warrior, arise!
For the dance it goes gaily and featly!"

"Arise! thou gallant young warrior, arise!
And dance with us now and for ever,
My damsels with music thine ear shall surprise,
And sweeter a mortal heard, never!"
Then, straight of young maidens appear'd a fair throng,
Their voices in harmony raising,
The winds they were still as the sounds flew along
By silence their melody praising!

The winds they were still as the sounds flew along,
The wolf howl'd no more from the mountains,
The rivers ran mute upon hearing the song,
And calm was the rush of their fountains.
The fish as they swam in the waters so clear,
To those soft sounds delighted attended;
And nightingales charm'd the sweet accents to hear,
Their notes with the melody blended!

" Now, hear me, thou gallant young warrior, hear,
If thou wilt partake of our pleasure,
We'll teach thee to draw the pale moon from her sphere,
We'll show thee the sorcerer's treasure;
We'll teach thee the Runnic-rhyme, teach thee to hold
The wild bear in magical fetters;
To charm the red dragon, who broods over gold,
And tame him by mystical letters.

Now hither, now thither, then danced the gay band,
By witchcraft the hero surprising;
Who ever sat silent, his sword in his hand,
Their sports and their pleasures despising!
" Now hear me thou gallant young warrior, hear!
If still thou disdain'st what we proffer,
With dagger and knife from thy breast will we tear
Thine heart, which refuses our offer."

Oh! glad was the knight, when he heard the cock crow!
His enemies trembled—and left him;
Else must he have stay'd upon Elver's Hoh,
And the witches of life had bereft him!
Beware then, ye warriors, returning by night
From court, dress'd in gold and in silver;
Beware, how you slumber on Elver's rough height,
Beware of the witches of Elver!

ZAYDE AND ZAYDA.

From the Spanish.

Lo! beneath yon haughty towers
  Walks the young and gallant Zayde,
Chiding still the tedious hours
  Till they bring his lovely maid.

Evening shades are spread around him,
  Doubting fear his heart alarms,
But nor doubt nor fear can wound him,
  When he views his lady's charms.

Hark! the window softly telling
  Zayda comes to bless his sight,
Fair as sunbeams, clouds dispelling,
  Mild as Cynthia's trembling light.

"To what sorrows am I fated!"
  Cried the youth, as near he drew;
"Is the tale my page related,
  Lovely lady, is it true?

" To an ancient lord thy beauty
Does thy tyrant father doom?
Must thou sacrifice to duty
Love's delights and youthful bloom?

' If my fate is still to languish,
Thine another's bride to be,
Let thy lips pronounce my anguish,
'Twill be bliss to die by thee."

Bursting sighs her grief discover,
Fast her tears, while speaking, pour.
" Zayde, my Zayde, our loves are over,
Zayde, my Zayde, we meet no more.

" Allah knows I cherish'd dearly
The fond hope of being thine;
Allah knows I grieve sincerely
When I that fond hope resign.

" Vainly did my friends reprove me,
Vainly did my mother chide;
Now, since prayers have fail'd to move me,
Force will make me Osmyn's bride.

" May some lady happier, fairer,
Blest with beauty, youth, and grace,
Whose kind friends will grieve to tear her
From all joy, supply my place.

"May all pleasures bless her bridal,
May she give you heart for heart;
Never be she from her idol
Forced, as I am, now to part."

"Then, 'tis true, that you deceived me?"
Thus the Moor in anguish cries;
"Then, 'tis true, for wealth you leave me?
Wealth has charms in Zayda's eyes!

"Blind to beauty, cold to pleasure,
Osmyn shall my hopes destroy;
Yes, though worthless such a treasure,
He shall Zayda's charms enjoy.

"Then, farewell! so soon to sever,
Little thought I, when you said,
'Thine it is, and thine for ever,
Shall be Zayda's heart, my Zayde.'"

LIST OF WORKS

PUBLISHED

BY M. G. LEWIS.

The Monk; a Romance, 3 vols.	1795
Village Virtues; a Drama	1796
Castle Spectre; a Musical Drama	1796
The Minister; a Tragedy, from the German of Schiller	1797
Rolla; a Tragedy, from the German	1799
Love of Gain; a Poem	1799
The East Indian; a Comedy	1799
Adelmorn the Outlaw; a Drama	1800
[illegible]honso, King of Castile; a Tragedy	1801
[illegible] of Wonder; 2 vols.	1801
[illegible]ravo of Venice; from the German	1804
Rugantino; a Drama	1805
Adelgitha; a Tragedy	1806
Feudal Tyrants; a Romance, 4 vols.	1806
Wood Demon; a Drama	1807
Tales of Terror; 2 vols.	1807
Romantic Tales; 4 vols.	1809
Venoni; a Drama	1809
One o'Clock; or, the Knight and the Wood Demon: an Opera	1811
Timour the Tartar; a Drama	1812
Rich and Poor; an Opera	1812
Poems	1812

Raymond & Agnes.



ANECDOTES.



ANECDOTES.

THE following Anecdotes have been obtained from a personal friend of Lewis, since the foregoing sheets were put to press.

I.

It was generally the custom of Lewis, when he had any new piece on the eve of representation, to take particular pains to impress upon the minds of his friends his anticipated conviction of its failure, and his perfect indifference on the subject. "Yes, it comes out to-morrow, and will be damned to a certainty—*that* I've made up my mind about!" Then followed the slight faint laugh, and the hasty glance of the eye, that betrayed, in spite of himself, the author was not quite so indifferent respecting the children of his fancy, as he would have it appear.

II.

Lewis was considerably deficient in conversational tact, nor was he much of a courtier, as the following act of apparent rudeness, which must have proceeded from sheer thoughtlessness, will prove. In the earlier period of his introduction to the Princess of Wales, being one of her circle on some festive occasion, he most injudiciously chose to dilate upon his unconquerable objection to the artificial means employed to heighten female beauty, within hearing of the princess herself, whose cheeks at the moment were glowing with the vivid tints of Parisian art. The princess, it seems, did not receive the lapsus quite so good-humouredly as was her wont; for, on a future scene of festivity being proposed, her royal highness passed round to her assembled guests, and gave a separate invitation to each individual present, pointingly omitting to extend it to Mr. M. G. Lewis. However, they were very good friends shortly after this little blunder on his part.

III.

In the theatrical world Lewis was truly in his element, and ever interested in whatever happened to be going on; and many an amusing anecdote would he recount, over the dessert at his mother's

table, of the rehearsal acting of Prompter Powell, and the mock consequence of little Bob Chatterely; he also depicted the ludicrous distresses of Elliston on various occasions, at this early period of his theatrical career.

Then there were reminiscences of Wroughton, gravely setting forth the intolerable impropriety of suffering dogs to be admitted into the green-room—the moral of his *argument* being suddenly cut short by the appearance of his own little bob-tailed pug Tippoo;—suggesting a deprecating clause to the purport of "that dog being a tolerably quiet one, why *he* might be admitted." Lewis's imitations of the same well-meaning actor, assiduously poking the green-room fire, to the demolition of certain roasting apples, placed there by the lad Duruset, and his fellow-pupil, Huckell, were very amusing,—both the lads choosing rather in silent horror to witness the destruction of their cookery than to confess the fact. Then, too, Beau Fisher, Billy Brown, Potts, and Appleby, Dignum of mellifluous pipe, and "too, too solid flesh," each in turn the whetstone of the Protean mimickry of Mathews; and last, the civil little Master Seymour, who, in his vocation, was wont so politely to summon to their scene of action the "ladies and gentlemen

demons." All these afforded food for Lewis's comic efforts when in the vein.

IV.

Lewis had a particular aversion to his own Christian names, and was frequently heard to declare, that he would rather be called by the cognomen "Monk," of which the public had become the sponsor, than his real one of "Matthew." On this subject he delighted to indulge in a quizzing accusation against his mother: some such colloquy as the following has been frequently heard between them.

Mat.—Names, madam! names! Who ever heard of such names as mine?—names, madam, that have ever been my horror, my abomination.

Mrs. Lewis (*calm and deprecating*).—Why, my dear, how can you talk so? Surely it is not a matter of such real consequence!

Mat.—Yes, ma'am, I repeat, 'twas cruel in you to permit such a name. You have no idea of the impression caused by a name. One expressive of dignity or sentiment, noble or pastoral, had done wonders for me, by calling up, as it were, a *corresponding figure* in the mind's eye; but think ma'am, think of my two — *two* ugly names! *Matthew! Gregory!*

Mrs. L. (*still earnest and explanatory*).—Why, really my dear, Matthew being the name of your father, and Gregory the name of—

Mat. Ma'am, not any of my relations could offer an excuse for such barbarous treatment of a poor little innocent suckling, unable to open its mouth in its own defence. Heavens, madam! not content with permitting my helpless infancy to be outraged by the name of *Matthew*, you, without a murmur, permitted the additional infliction of *Gregory!* *Two*-fold barbarity ma'am; I repeat, two-fold barbarity!

He used to act his imaginary anger so well, that Mrs. Lewis never perceived the joke; but expressed her surprise that a sensible young man, like her son, could make so much of a trifle!

The narrator of the foregoing anecdotes has frequently heard Lewis give the following scene, with all the piquancy arising out of an exact imitation of the persons introduced; and he declared it to have actually taken place.

V.

A SCENE AT CARLTON HOUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

His Royal Highness, George Prince of Wales.
R. B. Sheridan, Esq.—(An orator—a great statesman, and—*somebody—in his way.*)
Mr. Samuel Appleby.—(Also an *occasional* orator, and —*somebody*—in *his* way.)

Scene—*A Dining-room at Carlton House.*

The Prince and Mr. Sheridan present.

(The latter is suddenly informed that his immediate presence is required at the theatre.)

Sheridan.—Your royal highness will pardon me, I'm sure—tumult in the theatre, I find.

Prince.—By all means, do as you think proper. Will you like to see the messenger?

Sheridan.—Oh, no—'tis only little Appleby, and—

Prince.—Ha! Appleby? I've heard of him—we'll have him in, eh?

Sheridan.—Oh! he'll not amuse your royal highness, I'm sure.

Prince.—I'm of a different opinion; so, desire Mr. Appleby to walk in.—[Appleby introduced.] —Well, Mr. Appleby, how do you do, sir?—[With dignified affability.]

Appleby.—Thank you, Misser Prince—begging your pardon—royal highness—but there's a grand row at the the-*a*-tre—Misser Sher'dan called for—Appleby wanted.

Prince.—*You*, Mr. Appleby?

Appleby.—Yes, Misser Prince—begging pardon—royal highness. Misser Sher'dan, my friend —I'm one of his Majesty's servants—so's Misser Sher'dan—I can't do without him—*he* can't do without *me*. It's Appleby, Sher'dan—Sher'dan, Appleby.

Prince.—Bravo! what do you think of that, eh, Sherry?—tolerable close reasoning. Here—glass of wine for Mr. Appleby! Well, sir, and—what do you think now of affairs in general?—[Gracefully and condescendingly.]

Appleby.—Think, Misser Prince?—begging your pardon—royal highness. Think, sir? I'm a little man, but think a great deal for all that, royal highness.

Prince.—Well said, Mr. Appleby! Your health, sir. Well now—and *what* do you think, eh? what do you think of—what do you think of *me?*

Appleby.—Think you're a good man, royal highness—very good man,—but—*never make half so good a king as your father!*

THE DEATH OF LEWIS.

SINCE the foregoing pages were prepared for the press, our notice has been directed to an article which appeared in the Court Magazine for February, 1834, entitled "The Death of M. G. Lewis, on board the Sir Godfrey Webster; by a fellow-passenger." We here subjoin it for the perusal of our readers, premising, that as the writer confesses she was a "mere child" at the time Lewis's death took place, (she was one of the children of Dr. P——, to whom allusion is made in our own account,) it would have been a more gracious act to have withheld the account altogether, than to publish, after a lapse of sixteen years, the recollections of the child, so highly tinged by the *prejudices of the woman*; for, from the *on-dits* of the world in after years, *alone*, could the writer have known any thing of Lewis's character, and it is quite evident that she formed

her opinions from the many uncharitable rumours prevalent regarding it.

"As no particulars respecting the last moments of this highly-talented and eccentric individual, have ever yet appeared before the public eye, the writer of the following recollections of the event is in hopes that they may not prove altogether unacceptable to the literary world, particularly as even little things relative to the fate of genius have always been considered worthy of interest.

"It was erroneously asserted, many years back, that the late M. G. Lewis (otherwise known by the title of Monk Lewis) died of sea-sickness, on his passage to England fr om the island of Jamaica; but the malady that carried him off was of a far more awful description. It was the yellow fever, which had been raging for a long time at Black River, where he embarked on the 1st of May, in the year 1818, on board the ship Sir Godfrey Webster, commanded by Captain ——, who now trades to India in the Coromandel. For some days previous to Mr. Lewis's deseace the weather had been blowing a strong gale, which subsiding all at once into a dead calm, left the vessel as it were spell-bound in the dog latitudes. Here the heat became intolerable, and this change in the atmosphere visibly affected Mr. Lewis's general health and spirits. He grew

restless and impatient, continually pacing up and down the deck, and spouting forth Italian and German poetry, in a wild impassioned tone, accompanied with violent gestures.

"On the 13th of May, these serious symptoms rapidly increased in him, and becoming every hour worse and worse, at six o'clock the following morning he expired in the greatest bodily and even mental agony; for such was his delirium, that loud and bitter groans, and fearful imprecations, burst from his lips whilst suffering the last pangs. It seemed as if that same fatal affection for atheistical sentiments which had, at an earlier period, pervaded his compositions, had again taken hold of his imagination, in the form of those delirious ravings; for previous to this dreadful crisis, his manners and conversation had been *utterly free from levity of any description.*

"But the scene before us could not fail to produce in some of even the most unreflecting a deep conviction of the Almighty's displeasure against the sin of 'forgetting our Maker in the days of our youth.' And though the dying man, forgiven his early transgressions, might be unconscious of the spectres his words conjured up, *we*, in a manner, saw them, to tremble and be warned.

"It is very much to be regretted that the remains

of this accomplished gentleman (and perhaps too celebrated author) were not preserved and brought home, to be buried in the sepulchre of his family; the dust of genius being in some measure sacred to the soil from which it sprung. But, on the contrary, the corpse of the deceased was carried on deck, almost as soon as the last breath had departed; and being rolled up in the ship's colours, it was laid on the stern, where it remained until a slight shell of deal boards was nailed together by one of the carpenters.

"Into this humble coffin the body was then carefully fastened down by the lid, and four eighteen-pounders attached to it, in order to sink it; a common white sheet, such as sailors use in their hammocks, was finally wrapped round the whole; why or wherefore, it is difficult to guess. Captain —— then proceeded to read over the burial service, several of the passengers, and most of the crew being present; after which, in obedience to his commands, the deceased was committed to the deep. At the first plunge, the coffin disappeared entirely; but rising again, the sheet that had been fastened round it became partially disarranged, and the air introducing itself between its folds, inflated them, and buoyed the coffin up, so that it floated on the surface of the waters, just like a

boat with its sails full set. It was first observed by a few of the passengers, from a window in the front cabin, where suddenly, to their surprise and terror, they beheld this novel and spectre-like object borne up by the swell of the sea, almost on a level with themselves. Never shall I forget the thrilling sensation caused by so appalling an apparition! Imagination can scarcely picture any thing more horrible, coming as it did so unexpectedly. I was at that time a mere child, almost an infant, but such impressions pass not away! Around the vessel that coffin-bark danced like a fearful mockery; then, heaving heavily over the surf, as if unwilling still to part from the living world, it bent its course towards the shores of the Havanna, and was soon lost to the straining sight of the awe-stricken spectators: whether it arrived at those shores, or was swallowed up in the whelming waves, we have never been able to ascertain.

"The impression that Mr. Lewis made on my parents, was that of a very reserved yet very kind-hearted man; he appeared to feel for the sufferings of any occasionally indisposed on board, and particularly for my eldest sister, who almost fell a victim to the same fatal disorder which terminated his career. Before it manifested itself in

him, he used to come frequently, and rap at the door of our berth, and ask after her health in the gentlest tone, never forgetting to accompany such inquiries with some little gift for the fevered invalid; such as a shaddock or a bottle of soda-water—articles of which he had brought on board a plentiful supply.

* * * * * *

"Before I close this little article, I must not forget to mention, that the subject of the preceding anecdote expired in the arms of the same person who was afterwards present at Lord Byron's death; and of whom his lordship speaks in his journal with the highest praise, as forming one of the most faithful servants in his household. His name was Baptista or Tita (for short). He was a Venetian by birth, and certainly his attention and devotion to Mr. Lewis during his fatal illness, and in his last moments, fully deserve a similar tribute here; and with pleasure the writer bears witness to the unchangeable character of a dutiful servant, an humble friend, faithful unto death.

"J. A. P."

WILL OF M. G. LEWIS.

In the name of God, amen.—I, Matthew Gregory Lewis, of Albany, Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament, in manner following (that is to say): I give and bequeath unto my dear mother, Fanny Maria Lewis, and her assigns, one annuity, or yearly rent-charge of £1000 sterling, for and during the term of her natural life (exclusive of and besides any jointure or rent-charge which she may otherwise be entitled to out of my estates and property hereinafter mentioned), to commence at my decease, and to be paid half-yearly, the first half-year's payment to be made six months after my decease, and the said annuity to be payable on the Royal Exchange of the City of London, free from all charges and expenses whatsoever of remittance, premiums on bills, or otherwise howsoever, and interest at 5 per cent. to be paid from the time each half-yearly payment shall

fall due; if not punctually paid the said annuity to be issuing and payable out of all and every my plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, slaves, tenements, and hereditaments, in the isle of Jamaica, and which I hereby expressly charge and make liable with the payment thereof; and I hereby give to my said mother such and the like powers and remedies for recovering and enforcing payment of the said annuity when in arrear, and the interest thereof, as are usually inserted in marriage settlements for the recovery of jointure rent charges when in arrear, and subject to the said annuity and the powers and remedies for the recovery thereof.—I give, devise, and bequeath, limit and appoint, all my said plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, slaves, tenements, and hereditaments, in the said isle of Jamaica, with their and every of their rights and appurtenances, and all my right, title, and interest therein or thereto, and all and every the cattle, mules, live and dead stock, plantation utensils and implements, and instruments of planting and husbandry, and all other property and effects upon or belonging to the said plantations or sugar-works, penns, and lands, and all the rest, residue, and remainder my estates real, personal, or mixed in possession, remainder, or reversion, expectancy or otherwise however, in law or equity, or over

which I have any power of appointment whatsoever, unto and to the use of my friends and uncle, William Luther Sewell Tevyford, in the county of Sussex, and Robert Sewell, of Oak-end Lodge, in the county of Bucks, Esquires, and my friend, Cyrill Jackson, of Filpham, near Chichester, in the said county of Sussex, Dr. in Divinity, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, according to the different nature and qualities of the said premises respectively; but upon the trusts nevertheless, and to and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned, expressed, and declared, concerning the same—that is to say: upon trust that my said trustees and the survivors and survivor of them shall do, manage, cultivate, and improve all my said plantations or sugar-works, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in Jamaica, to the best advantage; and shall for that purpose, from time to time, support, repair, and keep up all the works and buildings upon the said plantations, penns, and lands, and erect new works or buildings when necessary; and also, from time to time, to purchase and put upon, provide and supply the said plantations, penns, and lands, with all and every such slaves, cattle, stock, and other matters and things which may be necessary for the keeping up, supporting, and improving the same; and also

where, for the use of the said plantations, penns, and lands, such slaves as they or he, in their or his discretion, shall think proper, or make good leases, or otherwise; all which outgoings I do hereby direct and declare shall be decided and considered as annual contingencies in the respective years in which the same shall be incurred, and that they, my said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, do and shall, as soon as may be after my decease, convert all my personal estate in Great Britain, which shall not consist of monies, stocks in the public funds, or good securities, into money; and do and shall lay out and invest all the monies to arise therefrom, as well as all such monies as I shall be possessed of at the time of my decease, in the public stocks or funds, or on good real securities in England; all which stock, funds, and securities, as well as such stock or securities as I shall be possessed of at the time of my decease, I do hereby authorize and empower my said trustees, and the survivors or the survivor of them, from time to time, to alter, transpose, call in, and vary, as they or he, in their or his discretion, shall think proper, and again to invest and lay out the proceeds thereof in the like or other stocks, funds, and securities, and so from time to time as they or he shall see

occasion; and upon further trust that they, my said trustees and the survivors or survivor of them, do and shall, subject to the payment of the said annuity to my said mother in the manner aforesaid, pay over one moiety of the clear net proceeds, rents, issues, and profits, interest, and dividends, of my said plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, slaves, cattle, stock, and other effects, upon or belonging thereto, or from time to time to be upon and belonging thereunto, and of the personal estate in Great Britain, converted or to be converted, as aforesaid, unto my dear sister, Fanny Maria Lushington, wife of Sir Henry Lushington, Bart., for and during the term of her natural life, for her own separate use and benefit, without being subject to the debts, control, or engagements, of her present or any after-taken husband, and her receipts alone from time to time to be signed after such monies shall be actually in the hands of the said trustees or trustee, ready to be paid, and not by way of anticipation, shall be the only sufficient receipts and discharges to my said trustees or trustee, from time to time respectively, for such monies so to be paid; and from and immediately after the decease of my said sister, Fanny Maria Lushington, upon trust that my said trustees, or the survivors or survivor of them, do and shall,

by good and sufficient ways and means in the law, convey, assure, transfer, assign, deposit, and make over, one full moiety, or equal half-part undivided, of, and in all, and singular, my said plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, slaves, hereditaments, cattle, stock, and other effects, upon and belonging to my said plantations, penns, and lands, and of and in all and every my said residuary real and personal estate, of whatsoever the same may then consist, subject to the payment of one moiety of the said annuity of 1000*l.* to my said mother, if she shall be then living, unto and to the use of all and every the child or children of my said sister, Fanny Maria Lushington, who shall be living at the time of her decease, equally to be divided between them as tenants in common, and not as joint tenants, and their respective heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, with cross remainders between them; and if there shall be but one such child, then wholly to such child, his or her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, provided always that if any child or children of the said F. M. Lushington shall have departed this life in her lifetime, leaving a child or children, or issue, and such last-named child, or children, or issue, shall survive my said sister, F. M. Lushington, then such child, children, or issue, of each such

deceased child of the said F. M. Lushington, shall be entitled to such share, or part of, and in such undivided moiety of my said plantation, sugar-works, penns, lands, cattle, slaves, stock, and property, in Jamaica, and of and in the said rest, residue, and remainder of my said real and personal estate, of whatsoever the same may consist, as his, her, or their parents would have been entitled to in the event of his or her having survived the said F. M. Lushington, equally with and for the like estates as any child of the said F. M. Lushington, who shall be living at the time of her decease, may be entitled to the same, and the same shall be by my said trustees or trustee for the time being, transferred and assigned accordingly; and provided also, that if my said sister, F. M. Lushington, shall not leave any child living at her death, but shall leave a child, or children, as issue of any child, or children, who shall have died in her lifetime, then the child, children, or issue, of each child of the said F. M. Lushington, who shall have died in her lifetime, shall be equally invested among them as tenants in common to the part or share which his, her, or their parent would have been entitled to, if he or she had survived the said F. M. Lushington, and to their respective heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns; and

if there shall be only the child, children, or issue, living at the death of the said F. M. Lushington, and if one such child of the said F. M. Lushington, who shall have died in her lifetime, all her other children, and the issue of such of them as may have had issue being then deceased, then that child, children, or issue, at the decease of the said F. M. Lushington, shall be entitled (equally between them, if more than one, and if but one, then solely) to the whole of the said undivided moiety of my said plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, tenements, slaves, cattle, stock, and of all my said residuary real or personal estate, of whatsoever the same shall then consist, and to their respective heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, and my said trustees or trustee for the time being shall thereupon convey, transfer, and assign the same accordingly; and upon further trust that they, my said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, do and shall, subject to the payment of the said annuity to my said mother in manner aforesaid, pay over the moiety of the clear net proceeds, rents, issues, and profits, interest and dividends, of my said plantations or sugar-works, penns, lands, slaves, tenements, and hereditaments in Jamaica, and of all and every the slaves, cattle, stock, and other effects, upon and

belonging thereto, and from time to time to be upon and belonging thereto, and of the personal estate in Great Britain, invested, or to be invested, as aforesaid, unto my dear sister, Sophia Elizabeth Sheddon, wife of Lieutenant-colonel Sheddon, of Prospect Lodge, Hants, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own separate use, and without being subject to the debts, control, or engagements of her present or any after-taken husband, &c. (the rest the same as to Lady Lushington),—"subject to the payment of the other moiety of the said annuity of 1000*l.* to my said mother, if she shall be then living,"—to the use of all and every the child or children, &c.

[The rest indemnifies the trustees, unless for wilful neglect or default of their own; and allowed all charges, &c., concerning the estate.]

Dated 5th June, 1812.

(Signed) M. G. Lewis.

(Witness) Richard Grant, Russell-place.
Charles Naddon.
Charles Rillet.

CODICIL.

There will probably be found a will* made many years ago, as also another will made since my father's death. If any thing contained in this codicil should be contradictory to any parts of those two wills, it is my injunction that the preference should be given to this codicil, and to the second will, before the first. In other respects (I mean, the instructions contained in those wills, as to the disposition of my property), are to stand good. I have left a book containing a full account of my property, November 1st, 1815. I possess, besides my two estates in Jamaica, some thousands of pounds, still in the hands of my father's executors, probably six or seven thousand pounds. I also possess five shares of 100*l.* each, in Drury-lane Theatre. I have 1800*l.* in the 5 per cents., and either 200*l.* or 400*l.* (I am not certain which) in the 3 per cents. I have also lent 1000*l.* in the 5 per cents. to the Hon. T. F. Stapleton, which his father, Lord Le de Spencer, has engaged to pay, and replace to me (and has done so by a bond), and which sum, I desire my executors to demand

* It has been destroyed since writing the above.

of Lord Le de Spencer, on the 24th of next September, with such interest as may be due upon it, when there will also be due from him 60*l.*, being the year's interest at 5 per cent. All other debts to me I remit entirely, except those for which I possess bonds or other acknowledgments.

I bequeath 1000*l.* to my eldest sister, Fanny M. Lushington, and 1000*l.* to my sister, Sophia E. Sheddon, for each her sole and separate use. (This is over and above any other bequest.)

I bequeath to the Right Honourable Lord John Campbell 1000*l.*; and all my plate, except the gilt silver,-I bequeath, first, to Lady Lushington and her heirs, and in their default, afterwards to Mrs. J. Sheddon and her heirs, to descend as an heir-loom according to my father's wish. I bequeath to the Honourable Thomas Stapleton 1200*l.*, being the amount of Lord Le de Spencer's bond, to be paid by my executors *into his own hands*, for his sole and separate use; and I also bequeath to him my chambers in the Albany, (for which I paid 600 guineas) with all the furniture, except such articles as I may particularly except from this donation. Should any interest be due upon Lord Le de Spencer's bond, a similar sum is to be added to this bequest to the Honourable Thomas Stapleton.

I bequeath my books *of all kinds*, except such

MS. books as are in my portfolios, to the Honourable William Lamb.

I bequeath all my letters and journals, written papers and books of all descriptions, to Sir Henry Lushington, requesting him to burn all such as he may judge improper to be seen. If there are any which he wishes to keep for himself or for my sister, he is at liberty to do so.

I bequeath all such furniture of mine as may be in her possession at the time of my decease, and my diamond ring, (left by my uncle, William Lewis, to my father, and containing his hair), to my mother, requesting her to put some of my hair in the place of that which is there at present. Should this ring be disposed of, she is to have her choice among such of my trinkets, &c., as are not otherwise bequeathed.

I freely remit to Geo. Aug. Fred. Dawkins all sums which I may have lent to him: I bequeath him also 1000*l.*, in case his father should be still alive, and a seal at his own choice.

I bequeath my five shares of 100*l.* in Drury-lane Theatre to Wm. Martin Kelly, requesting him never to part with them: I also bequeath him 500*l.*, to be paid him on the day of his reaching twenty-one years of age, when I wish it to be laid out for him in that way it appears to my executors

to be most to his advantage. I add 500*l.* to the above legacy.

I bequeath two years' wages to such of my servants as shall have lived with me for a complete twelvemonth and shall be in my service at the time of my decease.

I bequeath 100*l.* to each of my executors.

I bequeath to my former servant, Thomas Bunn, of Windy-hill, now a farmer on Sir Thomas Havering's estate, near Durham, 100*l.*, in token of my remembrance of his faithful services.

I bequeath 100*l.* to Mrs. H. Johnston, late of Covent-garden Theatre, requesting her to purchase with it some trinket to wear constantly in remembrance of one who was always sincerely anxious for her welfare and happiness.

I bequeath my book of caricatures to the Right Honourable Lord Holland.

I bequeath my gold watch, chain, and the amethyst seals, which were given me by the Honourable Henry Cadogan, to the Honourable William Frazer, and a legacy of 1000*l.*

I bequeath 100*l.* to the Honourable Charles Douglas, and one of my seals at his choice, except such as I may mention or have mentioned; which seal I request him to seal with, for the sake of one of his earliest friends.

As I leave no debts (or very trifling ones) of any kind, I presume that there will be ready money enough to discharge all these legacies, all of which I desire to be paid with the greatest possible despatch. But should there not be ready money enough in hand, then I direct that the deficiency should be supplied by annually setting aside one-half of the clear profits of my estates in Jamaica, till the whole shall have been discharged; till when the legacies must be discharged proportionally. If I have enemies, I forgive them; but, God be thanked, *I know of none.* It is my intention that my estates which I have bequeathed to my two sisters, should not be equally divided between them, but in proportion to the number of their children at the time of my decease.

(Signed) M. G. Lewis.

I leave my two sisters jointly my residuary legatees.

(Signed) John Hatchard, 190, Piccadilly.
John Hatchard, jun., 100, ditto.
Benjamin Wooddebrow, 190, ditto.

To prevent disputes, I leave to my eldest sister, Lady Lushington, and her heirs, my estate of

Cornwall, in Westmoreland, in Jamaica; and to my youngest sister, Mrs. John Sheddon, and her heirs, I leave my property on the estate of Hoadly, in St. Thomas's, in the island of Jamaica: the number of their respective children nearly equalizing the value of the two properties. This is in lieu of leaving the two sisters both those estates jointly; in every other respect the conditions of the former bequests are to be adhered to.

(Signed) M. G. Lewis.

Instead of the legacy to William Martin Kelly, I bequeath him 104*l.* yearly, desiring my executors to take measures for that sum being paid him by weekly instalments of two pounds each, as I have no other means of securing him from starving, through his own imprudence and misconduct of every kind.

I bequeath my large seal (containing five seals in one) to the Honourable Thomas Stapleton.

I bequeath 50*l.* to my servant, late Elizabeth Spillar, but now married (I know not her husband's name), for her own sole and separate use. I desire that my aunt, Mrs. Blake, may have her choice of one of those seals which I have not

already otherwise disposed of. I desire that all these my legacies may be paid as soon as possible.

(L. S.) (Signed) M. G. LEWIS.

JOHN HATCHARD, 109, Piccadilly.

THOMAS HATCHARD, Albany, Nov. 1, 1815.

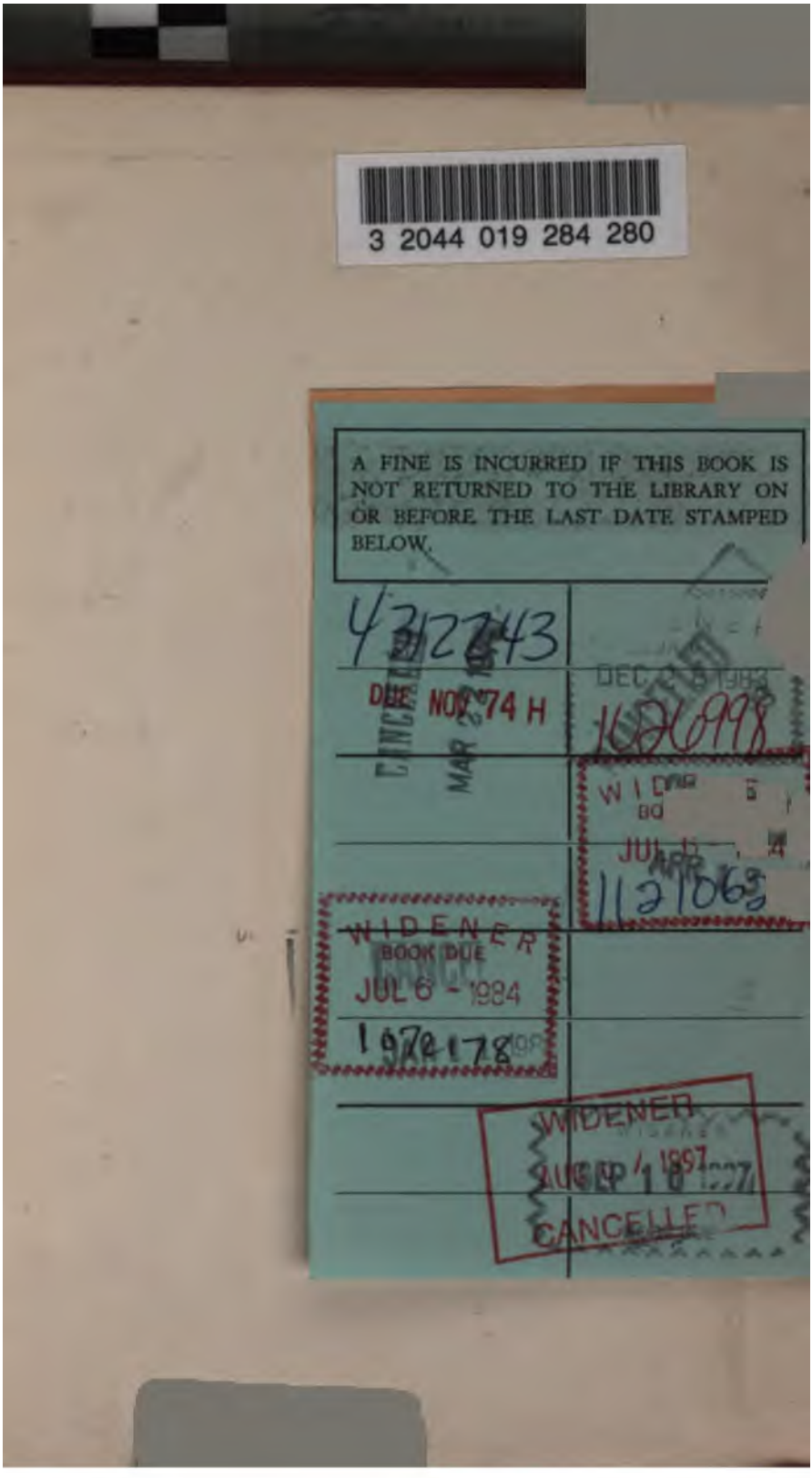
JOHN RILLOCK, 53, Great Marylebone-street.

THE END.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.






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